

May 1981

Reader's Digest

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In his latest best-seller, the author narrates how the Afrikaners devised a cruel and tragic set of racial laws in South Africa, which mocked the freedom they prized so much

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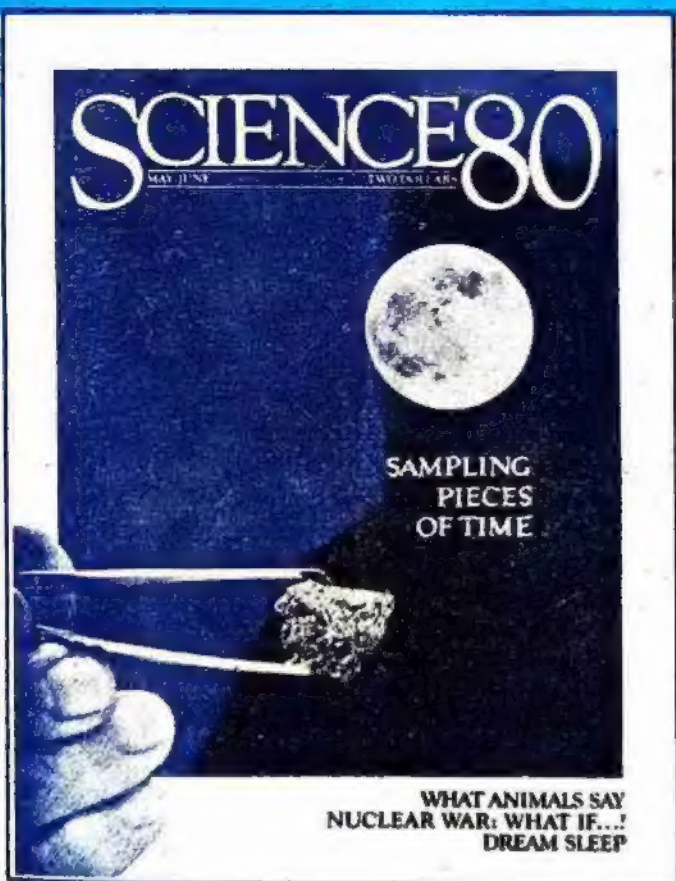
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APPRECIATION is like an insurance policy. It has to be renewed every now and then.
—D.McI.

WE MAY be willing to tell a story twice but we are never willing to hear it more than once.
—William Hazlitt

A BOOK should serve as the axe for the frozen sea within us.
—Franz Kafka

THOSE who fail in life often pursue the path of least persistence.
—D.C.H.

AN ACQUAINTANCE is a person we know well enough to borrow from but not well enough to lend to.
—Ambrose Bierce

TECHNOLOGICAL progress has merely provided us with more efficient means for going backwards.
—Aldous Huxley

LOVE is not measured by how many times you touch each other but by how many times you reach each other. —C.M.

THIS MONTH'S COVER

"Butterflies and Flowers"

Unknown—Ching Dynasty

The National Palace Museum,
Taiwan

Reader's Digest

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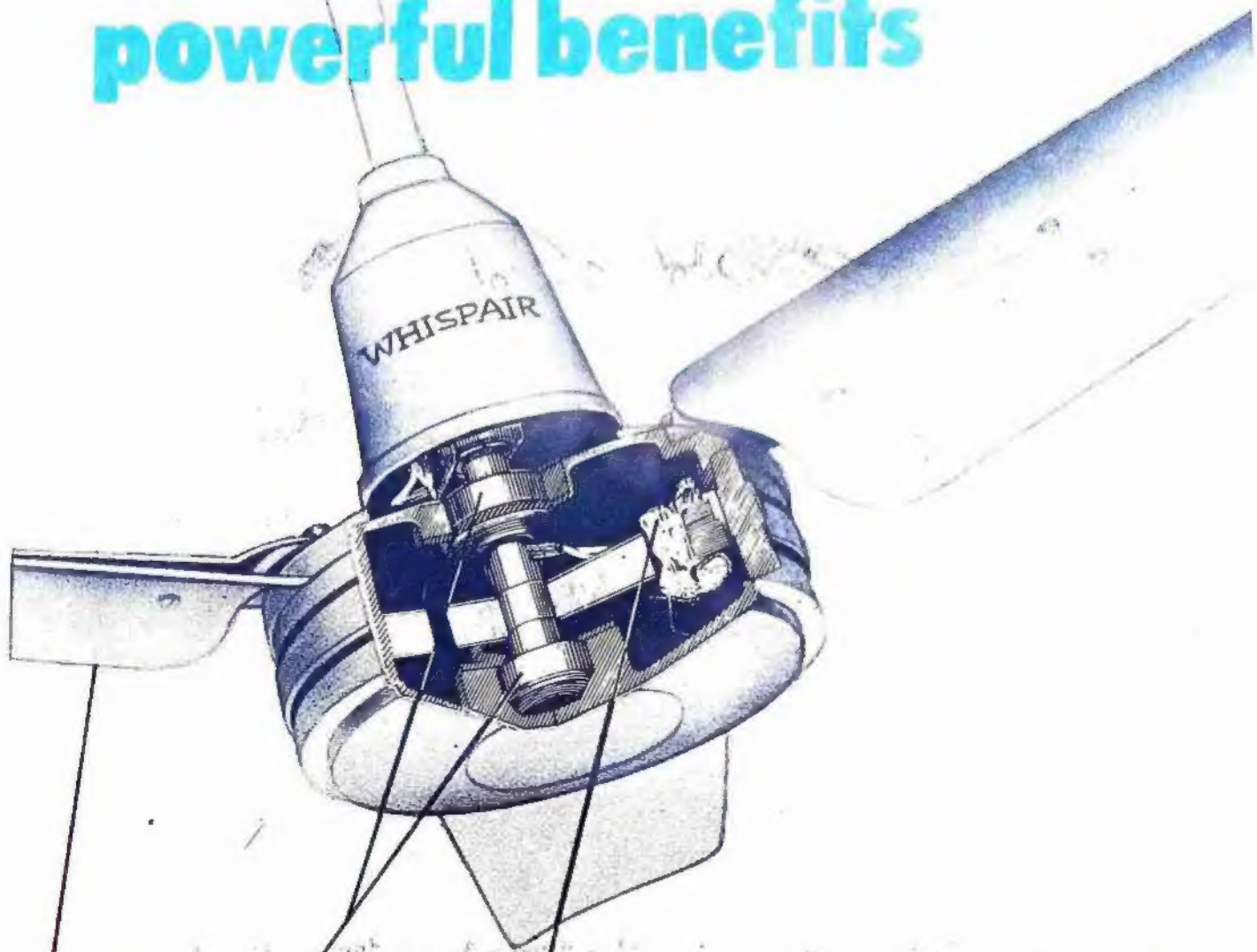
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It Pays to Enrich Your Word Power

BY PETER FUNK



Tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

- (1) **envisage** (en viz' ij)—A: to visualize. B: inspect. C: surround. D: idealize.
- (2) **tremulous** (trem' yew lus)—A: domineering. B: frantic. C: inadequate. D: trembling.
- (3) **encroach** (in kroach')—A: to infest. B: spread out. C: weaken. D: trespass.
- (4) **whorl**—A: excitement. B: rare gem. C: spiral arrangement. D: focal point.
- (5) **inexpedient** (in ik spee' dee unt)—A: shrewd. B: trivial. C: ambiguous. D: inadvisable.
- (6) **temper**—A: trial. B: mood. C: synchronization. D: moderation.
- (7) **stigma**—A: summary. B: disgrace. C: obstruction. D: honour.
- (8) **surmount**—A: to overcome. B: influence. C: flourish. D: estimate.
- (9) **incognito** (in cog' nī toh; in cog nee' toh)—state of being A: unaware. B: exceptional. C: anonymous. D: foreign.
- (10) **façade** (fuh sahd')—A: level embankment. B: cosmetic. C: building front. D: long arcade.
- (11) **foretaste**—A: bitterness. B: anticipation. C: strength. D: sweetness.
- (12) **savannah**—A: grassland. B: harbour. C: garment. D: mat.
- (13) **fecund** (fek' und)—A: fruitful. B: changeable. C: decayed. D: strong.
- (14) **impregnable** (im preg' nuh b'l)—A: vulnerable. B: full. C: unconquerable. D: stern.
- (15) **dross**—A: drudgery. B: thread. C: shine. D: impurity.
- (16) **balm**—something that A: soothes. B: covers. C: irritates. D: blesses.
- (17) **centrifugal** (sen trif' yew gul)—A: in the exact centre. B: rapid. C: moving away from a centre. D: consolidated.
- (18) **expunge**—A: to drain. B: lie. C: distort. D: obliterate.
- (19) **copse**—A: thicket. B: box. C: stone hut. D: cloud.
- (20) **insouciance** (in soo' see uns)—A: impertinence. B: unconcern. C: cleverness. D: humour.

Answers to

It Pays to Enrich Your Word Power

- (1) **envisage**—A: To visualize; grasp mentally; consider as a future possibility; as, to *envisage* international peace. French *envisager* (to face).
- (2) **tremulous**—D: Trembling; quivering; timid or fearful; as, to feel *tremulous* in the presence of death. Latin *tremulus*.
- (3) **encroach**—D: Trespass; infringe on another's rights or territory gradually or stealthily. "Russia's *encroaching* threatens the Baltic." Old French *en* (in) and *crochier* (crook; hook).
- (4) **whorl**—C: Spiral arrangement; having a coiled or circular appearance; as, the *whorled* shell of a nautilus. Middle English *whorwil* (whirl).
- (5) **inexpedient**—D: Inadvisable; not suitable, useful or wise in the circumstances. "Advocating war was politically *inexpedient*." Latin *in* (not) and *expeditus* (unshackled).
- (6) **temper**—B: Mood; frame of mind. "My diary is a subjective view of the *temper* of the times." Old English *temprian* (blend).
- (7) **stigma**—B: A mark of disgrace. "Divorce has lost some of its *stigma*." Latin (brand put on slaves).
- (8) **surmount**—A: To overcome difficulties; conquer. Old French *surmonter* (rise above).
- (9) **incognito**—C: Anonymity; using a disguise or an assumed name to hide one's identity; as, to travel *incognito*. Latin *incognitus* (unknown).
- (10) **façade**—C: Imposing front of a building; false or superficial appearance; as, to hide behind a *façade* of bravado. French.
- (11) **foretaste**—B: Anticipation; a slight experience or knowledge of something to come later; as, a passenger boat torpedoed—a *foretaste* of war. Middle English.
- (12) **savannah**—A: Tropical or subtropical grassland, sometimes with scattered trees or shrubs. Spanish *zavana*.
- (13) **fecund**—A: Fruitful; fertile; producing an abundance; as, the *fecund* variety of exotic plants. Latin *fecundus*.
- (14) **impregnable**—C: Unconquerable; strong enough to withstand attack. "His arguments were *impregnable*." Old French *imprenable*.
- (15) **dross**—D: Impurity; scum of melted metals; waste matter; figuratively, anything worthless. "There is no *dross* about him." Old English *dros*.
- (16) **balm**—A: Something that soothes, heals, comforts or restores; as, the delicious *balm* of water. Greek *balsamon* (balsam tree having an aromatic resin).
- (17) **centrifugal**—C: Moving away from a centre as if caused by a spinning force; as, *centrifugal* influences that upset our balance. Latin *centrum* (centre) and *fugere* (to flee). *Centrifugus* coined by Sir Isaac Newton.
- (18) **expunge**—D: Obliterate; erase so thoroughly as to wipe out completely. "References to his misdemeanour were *expunged* from the records." Latin *expungere*.
- (19) **copse**—A: Thicket of small trees or bushes; as, a hillside *copse*. Old French *copeiz*.
- (20) **insouciance**—B: Unconcern; a calm, carefree attitude; indifference. "She spoke with charming *insouciance*." French.

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- 16 or more correct excellent
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11-9 correct fair

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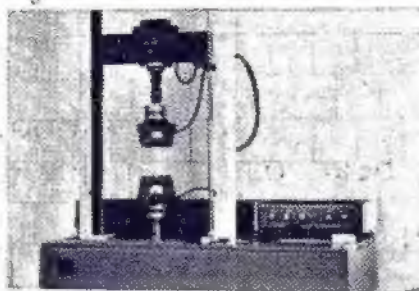
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The Dog Who Wouldn't Drown

BY HUGH LEONARD

As the wind shrieked
and a great maddened swell
boiled around the pier, I saw
my father gather up Jack
and drop him into the sea

OUR DOG, Jack, a large, shaggy beast with the head of an Alsatian and the back half of a collie, was anti-clerical.

That was the opinion of Mr Quirk, who lived next door, but my father clung to the theory that the dog simply detested the colour black. At any rate, let a priest or a group of nuns appear on our road and Jack's mane rose like the quills of a porcupine. In a moment he would be in front of them, de-

termined that they should not pass. He growled, snarled and bayed at them, his teeth almost at the hem of a robe or the fold of a trouser leg.

His victims did not know that he was a fraud—the one time he caught a rabbit he tossed the unfortunate animal into the air with his snout, then held it down gently with one paw until to his puzzlement it died of fright—but one look at those savage jaws must have convinced many a Little Sister of the Poor that her martyrdom was at hand.

Enter the "Cat". At last the inevitable happened and Jack picked on the wrong nun. She fetched him a blow between the eyes with her reticule, whereupon he seized her sleeve and shook her arm so vigorously from side to side that she seemed to be imparting a blessing to the entire neighbourhood. When she managed, quite literally, to tear herself loose, she made straight for the police station, while the dog trotted proudly back to our doorstep, bearing in his jaws the enemy's colours.

My mother feared only two kinds of people: the clergy and the policemen. Now we were in trouble with both.

That same day at tea-time a gigantic civic guard came stooping through our front door. He was the "Cat" McDonald, so named because he had once leapt

HUGH LEONARD is the pen-name of John Keyes Byrne, the Irish playwright.

from a three-metre wall to catch an apple thief. He had pale eyes, with the bluish tint of sun on ice. There was long dark hair on his cheeks, and he craved to be feared the way other men need to be liked.

My father, who knew him for a gouger who would begrudge you the time of day, stared sullenly at him. My mother, lost to all shame, was doggedly flirtatious; she shoved a chair against McDonald's unyielding knees, declared that he would have a cup of tea with us ("You will, you will!") and implied with a nudge of her eyes that his steeliness was just a disguise.

Stern Warning. The Cat bided his time until her voice ran down like a clockwork toy. When he spoke, the words were baton blows. We were the custodians of a dangerous animal. A complaint had been lodged. Intimation of prosecution was given. Good-day to us.

At the door he turned to regard my father. "Listen here to me, my good man," he said, with a voice that could rattle the windows. "This matter is coming to court. If you want a lenient view to be taken you will destroy that animal. There is a gun in the barracks for such purposes and any one of the guards will put a bullet into him."

He was a clever one. I knew by my mother's face that she would grab at the straw and he knew it, too. My father might bluster, but

it was she who ruled the roost and her terror of the law was almost primeval.

The next day at breakfast-time I said, "You won't kill Jack, Mummy, sure you won't?" She was silent, and my father said, "Not at all. Don't mind her."

I stayed close to the house all that day. Towards tea-time I was sent with a message to Toole's shop. Hurrying back, I caught sight of my father turning out of our lane and leading the dog by a length of rope tied to his collar. I knew straight off that the errand was a red herring and that he was on his way to the harbour to drown the dog.

I know that my parents were not cruel; in fact I often heard my father protest against people who abandoned unwanted animals. But he believed drowning to be a humane death. Call it ignorance, or say that he simply lacked the imagination to feel in his mind the panic, the struggle for breath, the bursting of lungs. And out of obstinacy he would not give the Cat the satisfaction of seeing Jack die with a police bullet in his brain.

At any rate, watching him and the dog disappear down Victoria Road towards the sea, I began to cry, hating my mother and despising my father for his weakness in not defying her. Then I followed him to the harbour, running to catch up and crying as I ran. More

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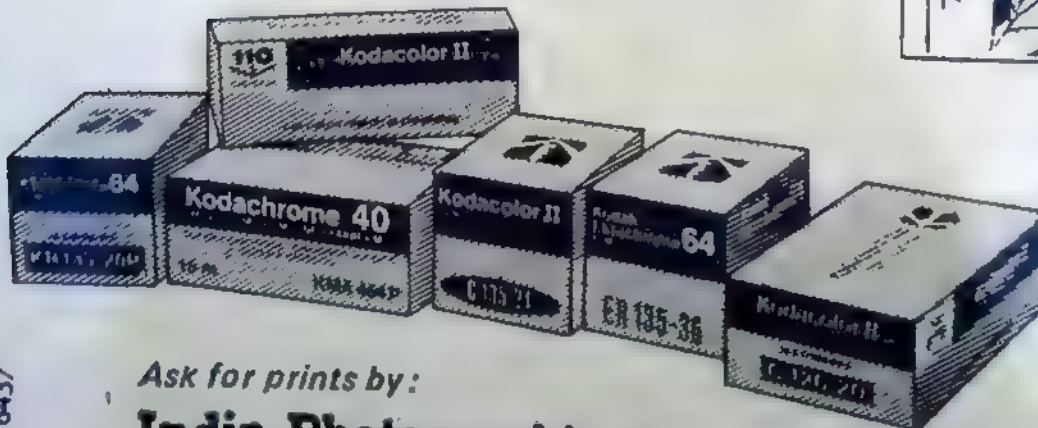
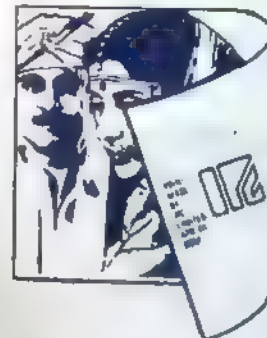
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and the concrete in his arms and dropped them over the wall into the sea.

I stopped dead a few metres from him. I have never seen such a stricken look on a human face as when he turned and saw me. Then another green wall of water came rushing in between the piers, and I saw Jack, unbelievably on its crest, his paws flailing like paddle wheels.

Less from bravery than impulse, I started down the steps cut into the granite. Unknowingly, I was running down into the trough of the previous wave, and before I had time to be amazed the sea rose from nowhere; it was around my waist, my chest and then had swallowed me.

The steps were no longer under my feet. I opened my mouth to gasp and was breathing sea water. Then I felt a tug, my own heaviness and the agony of being pulled upwards by my hair. I was hauled back up the steps and dumped like a bag of washing on the pier. I choked and vomited and the wind knifed through my wet clothes. I had also lost a shoe.

After a moment I could make out the blurred figure of my father below me on the steps. He was hanging on to an iron mooring ring with one hand and reaching out for the dog with the other, shouting, "You cur, you whelp, will you come here to me!" He stooped to grab him by the collar,

a wave broke over him, and then the dog was on the steps, scrambling with his paws to hold on, for the concrete block was still tied to the rope.

My father carried it as if it were a bridal train, and cut it loose when they were safely on the pier. He sat in a pool of water from his own clothes and looked at me and the dog, who was shaking himself nonchalantly.

Tearful Welcome. The three of us set off for home, my one shoe squelching with water, his wet trousers snapping like a whip in the wind, the dog leading the way, tail high, with every appearance of having enjoyed his swim. "She'll murder us," my father said. "The woman will hate us." The litany of his woes embraced my missing shoe, our ruined clothes, unavoidable pleurisy for himself, certain consumption for me, and his utter failure to drown the dog. When our house came into view a moment later he could not have looked more despairing had it been a gallows.

As soon as Father opened the door the dog squirmed past him, and into the lighted kitchen. We followed him, expecting to hear his survival greeted with shrieks and execrations; instead, we saw my mother on her knees. Tears were streaming down her face, and her arms were wrapped around the dog's neck.

"God love him, he came back to

me," she moaned, while Jack gave her face a lick and looked around for his dinner. "Ah, he's wet, the creature. Did they try to drown him?" she asked with a fawning shamelessness that made us reel. She fondled his head. Then her eyes strayed from him to two spreading pools of water on the linoleum, and she looked up and saw my father and me.

The prosecution never mat-

erialized. Perhaps the local sergeant, in whose side the Cat was a long-festering thorn, simply ran his pen through an entry in the summons book, and that was that. My father bought a muzzle for the dog in a spirit of appeasement, but that canine Houdini managed to escape from it on the first day and chewed it to pieces.

He lived, persecuting the clergy, for another nine years.

Is It Really Safe?

EVEN SERIOUS trade journals have their lighter side. This report appeared in the *European Chemical News*:

Imperial Chemical Industries has announced the discovery of a new fire-fighting agent known as WATER (Wonderful And Total Extinguishing Resource). It is particularly suitable for dealing with fires in buildings, timber yards and warehouses, and is fairly cheap to produce. It is intended that quantities of about 4.5 million litres should be stored in open ponds or reservoirs near urban areas and installations of high risk.

WATER is already encountering strong opposition from safety and environmental groups. One group member has pointed out that if anyone immersed his head in a bucket of WATER, it would prove fatal in as little as three minutes. Each of ICI's proposed reservoirs will contain enough WATER to fill half a million nine-litre buckets. Each bucketful could be used a hundred times, so there is enough WATER in one reservoir to kill the entire population of the United Kingdom.

Did we know, asked a fire brigade spokesman, what would happen to this new medium when it was exposed to intense heat? It had been reported that WATER was a constituent of beer. Did this mean that firemen would be intoxicated by the fumes?

The Friends of the World said that they had obtained a sample of WATER and found it made clothes shrink. If it did this to cotton, what would it do to men?

In the British House of Commons, the Home Secretary was asked if he would prohibit the manufacture and storage of this lethal new material. A full investigation was needed, he replied, and the Major Hazards Group would be asked to report.

Forget the itchy, burning misery of prickly heat!

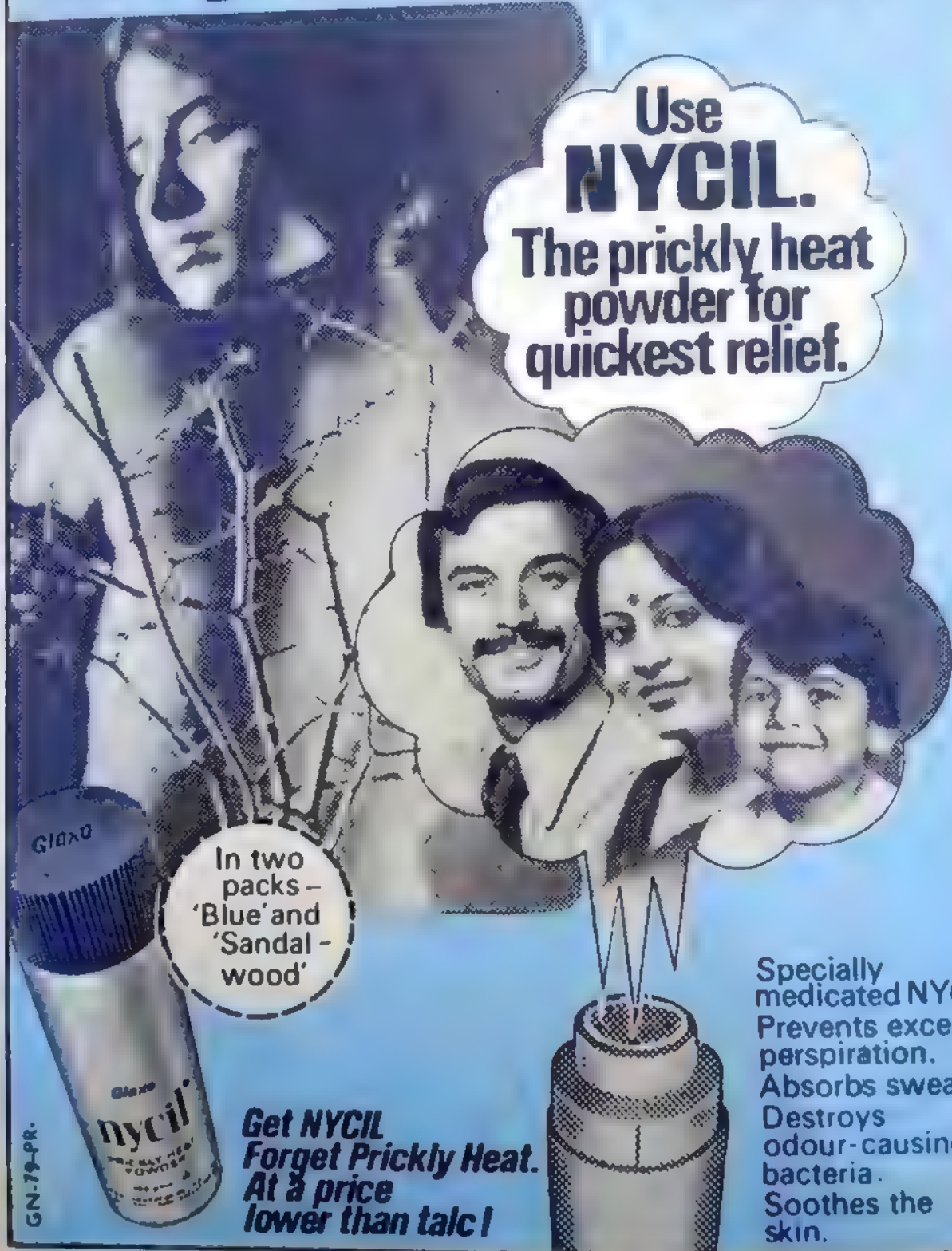
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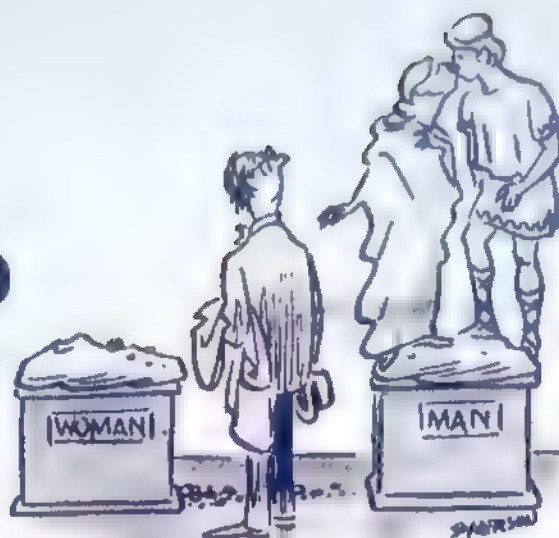
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Points to Ponder



SAMUEL BUTLER, on an open mind:

It ought not to be so open that there is no keeping anything in or out of it. It should be capable of shutting its doors, or it may be found a little drafty.

AN ARTIST can look at a pretty girl and see the old woman she will become. A better artist can look at an old woman and see the pretty girl she used to be. A *great* artist can look at an old woman, portray her *exactly* as she is and force the viewer to see the pretty girl she used to be. More than that, he can make anyone with the sensitivity of an armadillo see that this lovely young girl is still alive, prisoned inside her ruined body. He can make you feel the quiet, endless tragedy that there was never a girl born who ever grew older than 18 in her heart, no matter what the merciless hours have done.

—R. Heinlein in *Stranger in a Strange Land*

HORACE MANN, an eminent nineteenth-century American educator, once delivered an address at the open-

ing of a reformatory for boys. He made the statement that if only one boy were saved from ruin it would pay for all the cost and care and labour of establishing such an institution. Later, in private, a gentleman tested Mann: "Did you not colour that a little when you said all the expense and labour would be repaid if it saved one boy?"

"Not if it was my boy," replied Mann.

—A. Purnell Bailey,
Los Angeles Times Syndicate

AMERICAN author Jim Bishop:

Education is the carpentry of the mind. It is an edifice of information and logic. An educator once said, "Raising a child is very much like building a skyscraper. If the first few storeys are out of line, no one will notice. But when the building is 18 or 20 storeys high, everyone will see that it tilts."

—King Features

CHARLES McCABE, on the art of cursing:

One of the most accomplished cursers I ever encountered never

used a dirty word. "You are an ignorant and tedious vacuum," he might say. Or "You are a miscegenation of the worst qualities of the ghetto and the Stock Exchange."

A good curse should have as much work in it as a good prayer. Anger is an honest and dignified emotion. Tired four-letter words simply debase it.

—San Francisco Chronicle

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG, professor of criminal justice at the State University of New York at Albany, on capital punishment:

A failure to terminate a murderer's life isn't a celebration of human life but exactly the opposite. Those who believe in the sacred right of an individual to live his life span uninterrupted by murder cannot affirm their devotion to that principle by dealing frivolously with those who violate it.

The proposition is best understood in a demonstration of *reductio ad absurdum*. A society that punishes a murderer by giving him a jail sentence of one week is a society that does not set much store by human life. A society that holds human life so sacred that it is prepared to execute anyone who takes another innocent human life is a society that believes deeply in the sacredness of human life.

SOCRATES in an anonymous anecdote about gossip:

"Have you heard, O Socrates—"

"Just a moment, friend," said the sage. "Have you made sure that all you are going to tell me is true?"

"Well, no. I just heard others say it."

"I see. Then we can scarcely bother

with it unless it is something good. Will it stand the test of goodness?"

"Oh, no, indeed. On the contrary."

"Hmm. Perhaps, somehow, it is necessary that I know this in order to prevent harm to others."

"Well, no—"

"Very well, then," said Socrates, "let us forget about it. There are so many worthwhile things in life; we can't afford to bother with what is so worthless as to be neither true nor good nor needful."

—The Liguorian

THERE'S so much spectating going on that a lot of us never get around to living. Life is always walking up to us and saying, "Come on in, the living's fine." And what do we do? Back off and take its picture.

—Russell Baker in *The New York Times*

DAVID FOWLER, on anonymity:

The real heroes of human existence are those who are camouflaged by unpretentiousness. I think a symphony best characterizes my feelings: a large group of musicians, each proficient in his chosen instrument, each humble enough to lend his talent so that the whole is brought to life and fully appreciated.

—The Christian Science Monitor

ROBERTO ROSSELLINI, late Italian film-maker, on learning:

I have an immense treasure: my ignorance. For me it is a great joy to overcome it. If I can get others to profit from what I acquire, I have twice as much joy. As long as I go on discovering new things, life will be beautiful, but it will be too short for everything I want to learn.

—Claude Le Gentil in *Daily Express*, Manila



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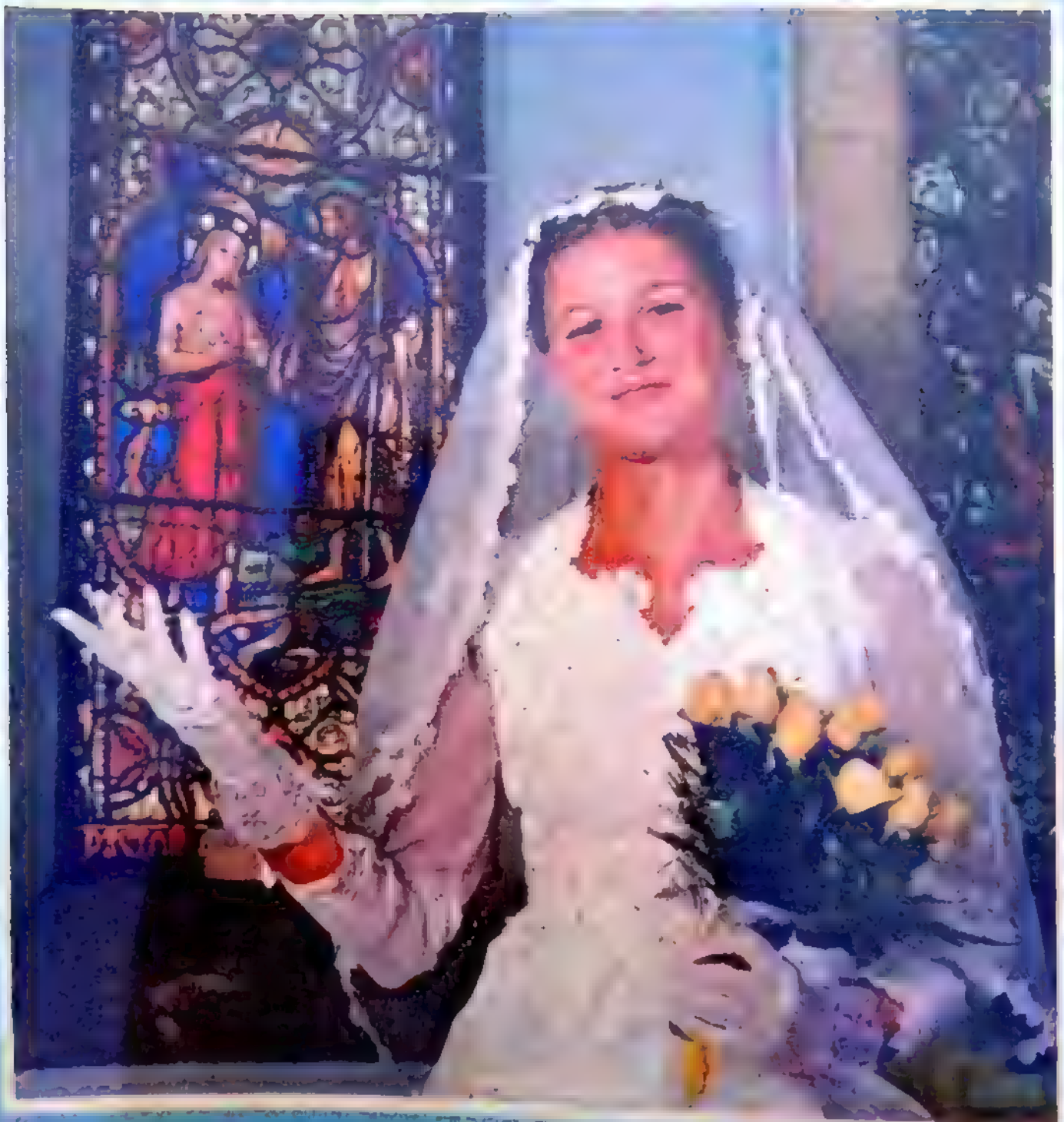
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Lady Samantha on her eighth and final wedding day, sans the famous emerald necklace from Sothebys. "My VIPs are my adornments now."

He was but a dark shadow as he shinned up the old brownstone. "Tonight she look me up" the well-waxed moustache did a grim fandango. "Whether she like it or no."

But hark! What light shone yonder? It was the soft glow seeping through her skylight. "Beulah" he could hear her say faintly, "Peel me another grape."

He crashed through the glass, landing neatly at her feet.

"Reeves" said Lady Samantha, "Have the pane attended to immediately. One feels a slight draught in here." She turned towards him and her words hung like icicles ... "Since you're already in, you might as well have a drink."

"No spikka da English" said the Count, kissing her hand, "But the language of love I am to spik very well. A hundred moments you refuse to eye me. My diamonds you say no. My gold-plated Ferrari you say no. No?..."

"You are being a crushing bore" Samantha flounced her skirts. "Just like George ... my fourth, you know ... or was it the seventh? Oh dear!" she touched a hand to her temple, "Keeping count of husbands tires me so."

"That it is! That it is! After the Count, you count no more. And tonight, I surely melt your heart with someone specially ... the VIP from India."

"Oh, I know him" she yawned. "Wasn't he in Gstaad last year?"

No more. The VIP luggage is in India.

The Count clapped his castanets and men in waiting did a parachute drop through the skylight laden with VIP luggage.

Oh, how magnificent they were! Short ones, tall ones. Big ones, slim ones, sleek ones, small ones. What beautiful colours! And with room perhaps to fit in a teenage elephant or half a dozen ermine-lined robes. And even combination locks to keep them from escaping.

"Kind sir" said Samantha, hypnotised, "Your gold-plated Ferrari I care not for. But your VIPs are absolutely irresistible!"

"Do you marry me, no?"

Her eyes shone like olives. "I do, I do, I do, I do, I do" she sang.

And she did.

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past mark one's final jesting place

LAST WRITES

By GYLES BRANDRETH

The author, who enjoys walking around graveyards, has actually seen most of these epitaphs on tombstones; a few were written for publication rather than inscription.



*Beneath this stone,
the lump of clay,
lies Uncle Peter
Daniels,*

*Who too early in the month of
May*

Took off his winter flannels.

Medway, Massachusetts

*Here lies
Lester Moore
Four slugs
from a .44,
no Les,
no more*

Tombstone, Arizona.

*Here lie the bones of Richard
Lawton*

*Whose death, alas! was strangely
brought on.*

*Trying his corns one day to mow
off,*

*His razor slipped and cut his toe
off,*

*His toe, or rather what it grew to,
An inflammation quickly flew to.*

*Which took, alas! to mortifying,
And was the cause of Richard's
dying.*

Moreton-in-Marsh, Gloucestershire

*Ruth S. Kibbe, wife
of Alvin J. Stanton
May 5, 1861
Apr 5, 1904*

The Lord don't make any mistakes.

South Plymouth, New York

READER'S DIGEST

*Beneath this stone, a lump of clay
Lies Arabella Young
Who on the 21st of May
Began to hold her tongue.*

Hatfield, Massachusetts

*Sacred to the memory of
Elisha Philbrook and his wife
Sarah.*

*Beneath these stones do lie;
Back to back, my wife and I!
When the last trumpet the air
shall fill,
If she gets up, I'll just lie still.*

Sargentville, Maine

*Here lies the body of our Anna
Done to death by a banana.
It wasn't the fruit that laid her low
But the skin of the thing that
made her go.*

Enosburg, Vermont



*Played five aces,
Now playing the harp.*

Dodge City, Kansas

He called Bill Smith a liar.

Cripple Creek, Colorado
TO THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE ROAD

*Sacred to the memory of
Jared Bates
who died August the 6th 1800.
His widow, aged 24, lives at 7 Elm
Street, has every
qualification for a
good wife, and yearns
to be comforted.*

Lincoln, Maine



*Underneath this pile of stones
Lies all that's left of Sally Jones.
Her name was Briggs, it was not
Jones,
But Jones was used to rhyme with
stones.*

Skaneateles, New York

*Here lies the body of Mary Ann
Lowder
Who burst while drinking a Seid-
litz powder
Called from this world to her
Heavenly Rest
She should have waited till
it effervesced.*

Burlington, New Jersey

*Sacred to the memory of inesti-
mable worth of unrivalled excel-
lence and virtue, N.R., whose
ethereal parts became seraphic,
May 25th, 1767.*

Litchfield, Connecticut



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in food drinks for over
100 years.



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of one full rupee
with the Refill Pack



*In memory of
Mrs Alpha White
Weight 140 kilos
Open wide ye heavenly gates
That lead to the heavenly shore;
Our father suffered in passing
through
And mother weighs much more.*

Lee, Massachusetts

*Here lies Jane Smith,
wife of Thomas Smith,
marble cutter. This
monument was erected by
her husband as a
tribute to her memory
and a specimen of his work.
Monuments of the same
style 350 dollars.*

Springdale, Ohio



Entry, Please

IT DOES not often happen that a bird virtually knocks at the gate for admittance to my bird sanctuary, "The World of Birds," in Hout Bay, South Africa.

I had never seen crowned plovers in the Hout Bay Valley before. It was therefore noteworthy to see one fly across our park, making such a racket that no one could miss him. He circled once or twice and landed outside the fence next to the aviary that houses five crowned plovers and eight dikkops. For a while he walked up and down along the fence, screaming loudly the while. Then he flew over the fence to repeat the performance in front of the aviary. He spent all morning there and became so persistent in his efforts to join the "boarders" that he ignored any human approach and refused to budge.

Then I saw his predicament. One foot was crippled. There was only one toe, which was bent sideways and upwards. The scars showed that the injury had probably been caused by nylon string.

An injury is a complimentary admission ticket to "The World of Birds." The aviary door was opened, the bird rushed in, ruffled his feathers in slight embarrassment and the screeching ceased. You could see that he was pleased with the arrangement.

—Walter Mangold in *The World of Birds News Letter*, South Africa

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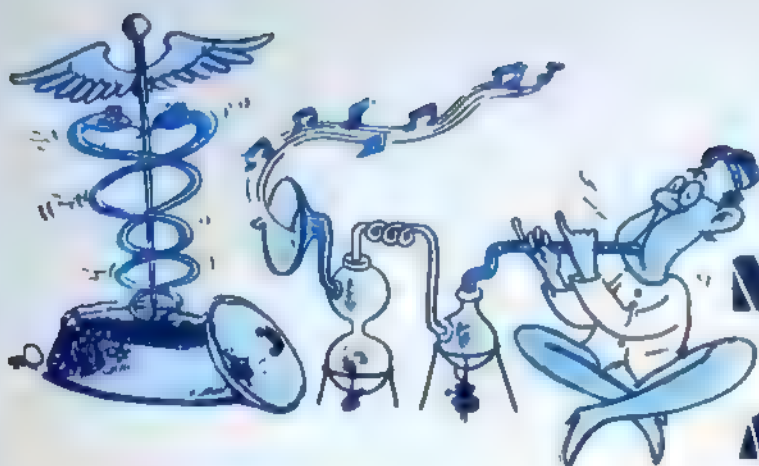
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NEWS FROM 'THE WORLD OF MEDICINE

A New Look at Homosexuality

WILLIAM HOWELL MASTERS and Virginia Johnson, the famous American sex-research duo, have produced a thought-provoking book *Homosexuality in Perspective*, which compares 176 homosexuals with 681 heterosexuals. The book's main point is that there are no differences between heterosexuals and homosexuals in the physical processes of sex. Perhaps the most intriguing finding is not about homosexuals, but about heterosexuals: programmed to get the job done, heterosexual couples often hurried sex, misread signals and communicated poorly. Homosexual couples made more of the erotic possibilities available to them and communicated individual needs more easily, presumably because they do not have the burden of deciphering the needs of the opposite sex.

Another finding: between 1968 and 1977, in something of a pioneering venture, the researchers provided sex therapy for 67 homosexuals who wanted to convert or revert to heterosexuality. The results indicate a permanent, or at least long-term, switch to hetero-

sexuality is possible more than half the time among homosexuals who are highly motivated to change. For professional therapists, many of whom believe that such conversions are rare, this is likely to be the book's most surprising statistic. —*Time*

Conductors Live On and On . . .

Now, a quasi-medical study has confirmed what music aficionados have long believed: conductors seem to enjoy extraordinary longevity. The genius Arturo Toscanini, for instance, remained active until he was 90, and Leopold Stokowski was still going strong at 95.

Symphony buff Dr Donald Atlas, of La Jolla, USA, assembled a random list of 35 deceased conductors, and then checked their ages at death. He found that they lived an average of 73.43 years—nearly five years longer than the average for American males.

Why? In the technical magazine *Forum on Medicine*, Atlas discusses two theories: 1. Conductors enjoy an uncommon sense of self-fulfilment, thrive on public adulation, have superior intelligence and drive. Previous medical research has

acknowledged the importance of psycho-medical factors such as satisfaction and recognition in prolonging life. 2. Conductors wave their arms so much in rehearsals and performances that the exercise strengthens their cardiovascular systems.

—A.P

Sodium Bicarbonate Curbs Smoking

UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA researchers may have found a "revolutionary, biochemical way to help people give up smoking." The treatment involves simple sodium bicarbonate (baking soda). Columbia University psychologist Stanley Schachter earlier found that persons with high levels of acid in their urine generally smoked more than those with lower levels. Highly acidic urine tends to excrete more unmetabolized nicotine from the body, which in turn creates a greater physical craving to replace the lost nicotine. Bicarbonate lowers the acid level in urine.

Working with the American Lung Association, psychologist A. James Fix and researcher David Daughton of the University of Nebraska enlisted 88 volunteers, 42 of whom eventually completed the experiment. They were divided into three groups, matched by sex, age and cigarette consumption. The first group took almost four grams a day of bicarbonate tablets, the second one and a half grams a day of vitamin C, and the third nothing.

The results, which Fix emphasizes are preliminary, indicate that "the bicarbonate people did best on every measure you can get—in total cessation and the ability to cut down." During the first four weeks of the

study, comparable rates of decline were seen among all three groups. By the fifth week, however, the bicarbonate group's average daily consumption dropped drastically to 0.14 cigarettes, while the other two groups stopped at 7.8.

This study does not prove that sodium bicarbonate helps cure smokers, says Fix, who also cautions that taking bicarbonate may be dangerous for some people—for instance, those with high blood pressure. But the results do offer hope.

—*Science News*

Is There Memory After Sex?

SEXUAL intercourse may be hazardous to your memory, reports Dr Richard Mayeux of the Neurological Institute of New York in the *New England Journal of Medicine*. He tells of several cases where patients have experienced "profound memory loss and disorientation" following sexual intercourse with their spouses. The symptoms usually strike middle-aged and elderly people, and in most cases the patients have past histories of hypertension. The sudden memory loss—a syndrome called "transient global amnesia"—generally lasts for several hours before the patient returns to normal.

"Fortunately, most patients experience only a single episode," says Mayeux, and, although it is a good idea to consult your doctor, it is not usually medically serious. Nor is it a reason for a person to abstain from sex.

UPI

Leukaemia Cure

"CURABLE" is not the word ordinarily used to describe childhood acute lym-

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Makers of the Tyre with Muscle

phatic leukaemia — yet it's exactly the word used in a recent report on leukaemia by Stephen George and his co-workers at St Jude Children's Research Hospital in Memphis, USA. According to the report, modern treatment with anti-cancer drugs, plus radiation and other treatment to clear leukaemia cells from the nervous system, is resulting today in many cures.

For treatment to succeed, it must be prolonged. First the child receives medicine until the cancer goes into remission. If that goal is achieved, then treatment goes on for another two and a half years. More than one-third of the leukaemic children reported in the St Jude study remained free of the cancer four years after treatment ended—and, since relapse beyond that point is rare, doctors consider them cured.

—Dr Alan E. Nourse

Foetal Test for Haemophilia

ALTHOUGH virtually all of the 25,000 Americans afflicted with the inherited blood disorder haemophilia are males, the disease is passed on to them by their mothers. Until now, women who suspected they carried the genetic trait for haemophilia often avoided having children, or had an abortion if they learnt through amniocentesis that the foetus was male. However, there is a 50-50 chance that boys conceived by these women will be normal.

The problem has been determining before birth which boys are healthy and which are bleeders. Now, with a new test developed by doctors at the medical colleges at Yale, the University of Connecticut and

Case Western Reserve, physicians can tell before birth whether a baby will have haemophilia.

During the procedure, doctors use an instrument called a foetoscope to draw foetal blood from the placenta. Then they analyse the blood to determine whether it has the protein necessary for clotting.

In their study, published in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, the doctors tested the method on the male foetuses (as earlier determined by amniocentesis) of six women in their fifth month of pregnancy. All their families had cases of severe haemophilia. Using this method, the doctors correctly determined that three of the foetuses were normal and three haemophiliac.

—AP

The Ultimate Hypochondriac

THE MUNCHAUSEN syndrome, named after the eighteenth-century German baron with the reputation for telling very tall tales, describes the patient who habitually turns up at the hospital in an often successful quest for treatment of an acute, but completely fictitious, illness. What may be the most extreme case yet to come to light is reported in the *British Medical Journal*.

Over a period of 34 years, the patient had managed to talk himself into 68 hospitals on at least 200 occasions. He received blood tests by the thousands along with hundreds of X-rays. The patient's abdomen looked like a scarred battlefield as a result of the many operations performed on him—all this despite the fact that nothing was ever really wrong. The cost? About Rs 1.6 crores to treat the patient over all those years.

—B.P.

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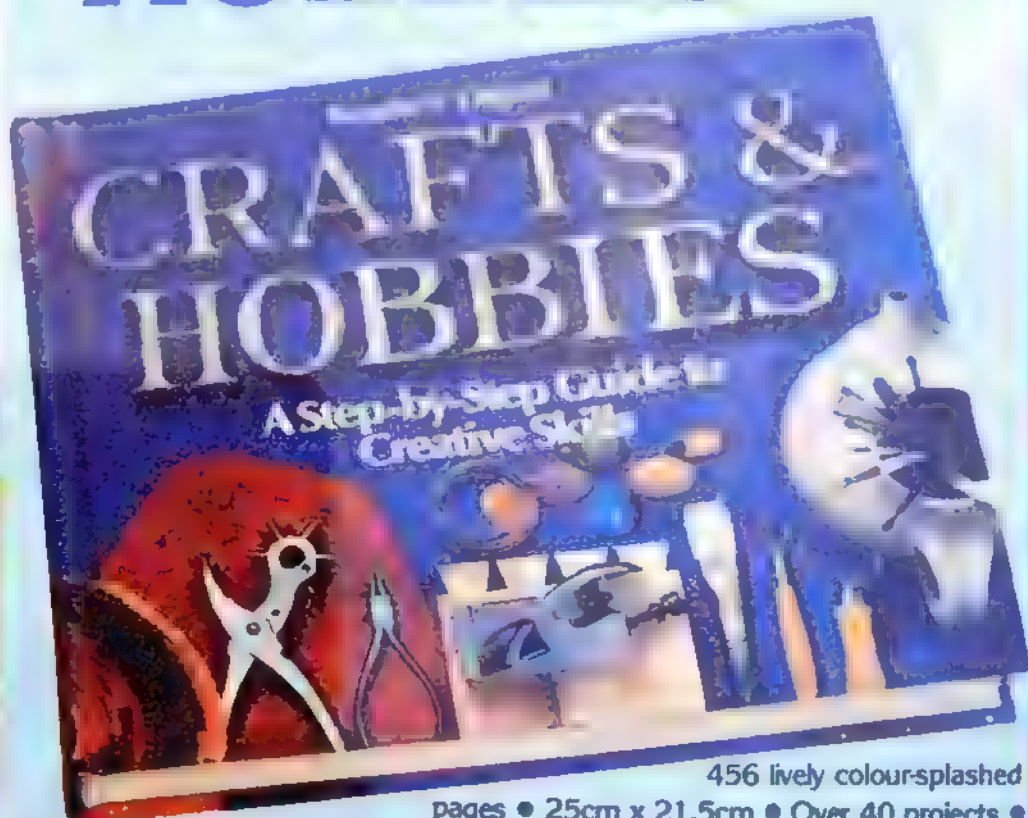


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How to Direct Your Dreams

Tired of the same
old nightmare?
Then try a change of scene

BY ALICE FLEMING

A YOUNG man I know has a recurring bad dream: on the day he is to receive his university degree, he discovers that he cannot graduate because he has forgotten to take a required examination. Yet he *did* graduate, with honours, four years ago. In discussing this with friends, he learnt that several have the same dream—and the father of one has been having it for more than 30 years!

Remarkable as this story may seem, dream researchers note that a high percentage of both adults and children have repetitive

dreams that, while not always identical, often show surprising similarities in both content and theme.

My young friend's nightmare, for example, is a variation of what dream researchers call "the examination dream." "In some versions," says Werner Karle, a psychologist at The Centre Foundation in Los Angeles, "the dreamer hasn't had time to prepare for the exam; in others, he can't find the classroom where it's being held; in still others, he fails because he studied the wrong material."

Unpleasant dream "scenarios" also include being injured or in danger, falling, being chased, flying to escape an enemy, finding oneself naked in public. Pleasant, recurring dreams tend to focus on situations in which the dreamer is loved or admired, performs some heroic feat, or proves his physical, intellectual or moral superiority by winning a prize or triumphing over an enemy.

Studies by Rosalind Cartwright, chairman of the department of psychology and social sciences at Rush-Presbyterian-St Luke's Medical Centre in Chicago, show that repetitive dreams are slightly more common among women than men and are more likely to be unpleasant. Cartwright's subjects reported they were more aware of dreaming, and were more likely to recognize their dreams as familiar,

when they were depressed, upset or under stress in their waking lives.

Like Minds. Why are so many dream images similar for so many people? "Because large numbers of men and women have similar experiences and attitudes," Cartwright explains. "A frequent anxiety dream is missing a plane or a train. This is not only something that many are afraid of doing, but many also suggest that a lot of achievement oriented people worry about being left behind."

Those people who have repetitive dreams that are not frightening are apt to regard them as mildly interesting, perhaps temporarily unsettling, but otherwise unimportant. Cartwright believes they *are* important. "Dreams stuck in repeating patterns may be a sign that other areas of your life are bogged down by old aspirations, old attitudes, old conflicts. The emotions your dreams produce—happiness, embarrassment, frustration, sadness—are clues to what is happening, or what you fear or wish might happen in your waking life."

Dream emotions not only reflect waking ones, they probably affect them as well. "The feelings of distress, disappointment or anger that dominate most recurring dreams linger on after the dream itself has been forgotten," says psychologist Richard Corriere. "These dream hang-

overs can interfere with the way you feel for the rest of the day or possibly the rest of your life."

In 1979, Cartwright conducted an experiment with a group of 60 recently divorced women, many of whom dreamt repeatedly of being reconciled with their former husbands. "In the dreams they felt marvellous," says Cartwright. "But when they awoke and had to acknowledge the reality of their divorces, their moods soon changed."

Could these women be taught to stop replaying their old dreams and tune in to new ones? Cartwright urged each woman with this problem to imagine that when her former husband appeared in her dream she no longer welcomed him back. Instead she greeted him with the news that she had remarried.

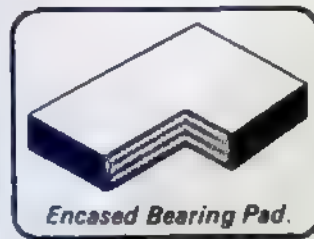
"This story was not true," says Cartwright, "but it *could become* true. And the woman would at least be looking to the future rather than to the past." Amazingly, several of the women succeeded in incorporating this alternative plot into their dreams, thereby providing important new evidence that people can train themselves to control some aspects of their dream behaviour.

The idea of dream control first attracted attention in the 1950s when psychologist Kilton Stewart published accounts of the Senoi tribe of Malaysia who teach

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Authority, Chief Engineer, Metropolitan Transport Project (Railway.)



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their children how to deal with their dreams. He claimed that a Senoi youngster who wakes up frightened because he has been pursued by a tiger is encouraged to talk about the dream and is told that, if he has it again, he must stand and face the beast so it will see he is not afraid. If the tiger continues to advance, the youngster is instructed to shout and to fight it off until help comes.

The Senoi concept that every dream be made to have a positive outcome was personally tested by Patricia Garfield, a San Francisco psychologist who had long been troubled by a terrifying dream. "It was rooted in an incident that happened when I was 13," she says. "A gang of boys tried to attack me in some woods. I managed to get away, but I had a recurring dream in which I encountered people who wanted to harm me. I always escaped, but I woke up feeling frightened and defenceless."

Chased Away. Soon after deciding to try the Senoi system, Patricia Garfield dreamt she and her daughter were walking down a school corridor when a menacing group of youths blocked their way. At first she ran; then, remembering she wanted to change her reaction, Patricia Garfield stood her ground, punching, kicking and screaming as loud as she could. "Suddenly, I had a weapon and was able to vanquish my attackers," she says. "Best of all, I

woke up feeling good, and the dream never returned. Obviously the fear lurking in my unconscious had finally disappeared."

To change your dream behaviour, you must be *aware* you are dreaming and master the art of reversing your actions in mid dream. "Since neither of these is easy," remarks Richard Corriere, "it makes sense to concentrate on changing your *waking* behaviour and outlook. Your dreams can tell you what the changes should be, and the changes in turn will give you more satisfying dreams."

Mortal Fear. Corriere tells of a woman who regularly dreamt that a huge wave dragged her into the ocean, threatening to drown her. Other people were too far away to see her struggling in the water and she was always too paralysed by fright to call for help. When Corriere asked about any parallels between her dreams and her waking life, the woman confessed she often felt overwhelmed by the responsibilities of holding down a job and running a home, but was reluctant to ask her family for help.

Corriere convinced her she had every right to ask for assistance and that her family would think no less of her. "She tried it," he says, "and her drowning dream disappeared. Although many of her dreams continue to be set at the beach, the people there are closer to her now and she is usually

having a good time with them."

Psychologists at The Centre Foundation suggest that people who want to profit from their recurring dreams ask themselves three basic questions: *How do I feel in this dream? Am I the main character? How could I change this dream to make myself feel better?*

Corriere has noticed that people who have dreams in which they are spectators or victims rather than the main characters are frequently in the habit of letting others control their lives. "If you are passive in your dreams, try to become more active and assertive in your waking life."

Even when someone is the main character in a dream, he or she often ignores the lesson of that dream. Corriere cites a 15-year-old boy's recurring dream of himself as a jockey riding the winning horse in a big race. "In reality," says Corriere, "the boy was anything but a winner. He was a poor student, regularly in trouble at school."

Corriere found out that the boy was self-conscious about his short height and unsure of himself in social situations. His dream, however, had given him a chance to feel successful. Corriere suggested he look for ways to duplicate it in his waking life.

"He found a sport, tennis, for which height wasn't important, and he practised until he became quite good," Corriere reports. "This improved his self-image and he began to feel at ease socially. He knuckled down to his studies. Before long, he was feeling as pleased with himself in real life as he had felt in his dreams."

Not all repetitive-dream stories have such happy endings, but many can provide at least a start. Werner Karle knows one man who periodically had the examination dream despite the fact that he was a successful doctor of many years' standing. "He gradually realized that the dream occurred only when he was feeling anxious or insecure and that it invariably made him feel even worse," says Karle. "He got rid of the feelings—and the dream—by reminding himself: *I passed that test. I graduated from medical college. There's no reason I can't handle the challenge facing me now.*"

Confronting the fears or hopes that a recurring dream reveals is the first step towards conquering or achieving them. If we use our dreams to discover and acknowledge our true feelings, we give them a positive outcome and can turn our dream enemies into helpful friends.

I PASS judgement not on those who live under a dictatorship and cannot speak, but on those who live in freedom and fail to do so.

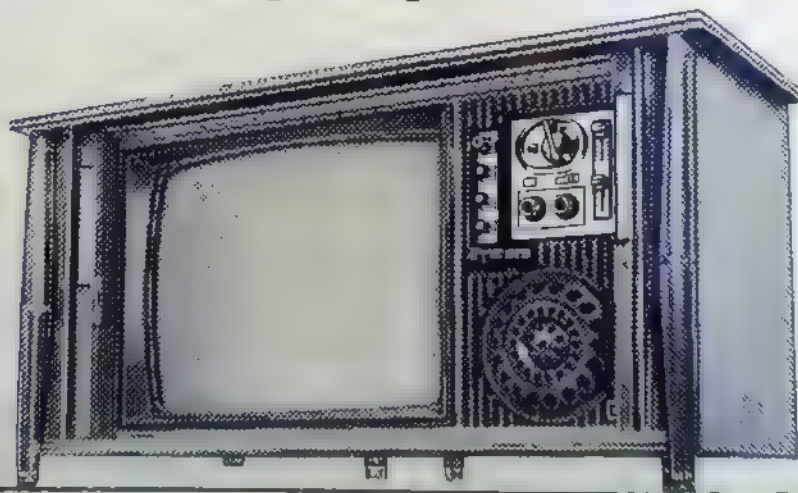
—Manès Sperber in *Beobachter*, Switzerland

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Father Ritter's Crusade

This American priest's world is the sordid one of the New York City's sex industry. His pact: to free the thousands of runaway youngsters enslaved in it

BY JOHN HUBBELL

THE 17-YEAR-OLD boy is in bad shape. He has syphilis, ulcers, intestinal parasites, lice. He is an alcoholic. He tells the priest that he has been a male prostitute for three years, that he has survived by soliciting on the streets of New York City. He has sold himself in perhaps a thousand beds and a thousand cars. He does not like what he knows of life, and he challenges the priest to tell him

why he should not jump off a bridge.

Father Bruce Ritter has been talking to youngsters like this for years, but he is frightened every time, for he knows their terrible sadness, their overwhelming hopelessness. Not a day passes but youngsters come to Under 21, his crisis centre and sanctuary near Times Square, New York, and talk to him of suicide — one recent

Friday alone there were eight, aged between 13 to 19. Now, again, he is, literally, contending for a human life. He must say exactly the right things and be careful not to let his own fear creep into his voice.

Ritter listens to the boy for a long time. It is a tale of physical and psychological abuse in foster homes where the only interest in him was the money the city paid for his care. At 14, when he ran away, he could not read or write and had no job skills. But on Times Square he learnt there was a market for his body. It was all he had to sell.

Serious Concern. The priest insists that the boy has better choices than the streets or suicide. The boy finally agrees to stay over and talk again in the morning. He gets a bath, a hot meal and a clean bed. Silently, Ritter says a prayer of thanksgiving. Perhaps he'll be lucky with this one.

He wasn't lucky with 17-year-old Gayle. Her pimp had brutally beaten her one night just before Christmas for holding back a little extra from her earnings as a prostitute. Ritter could not make her understand that she was not the pimp's "property" and did not have to go back to him. A few days after she returned to the pimp to seek his forgiveness, parts of her dismembered body were found in Christmas-wrapped packages around metropolitan New York.

Nor was Ritter lucky with Veronica, a 12-year-old with a dozen arrests for prostitution. She, too, went back. No one knew whether she jumped or was pushed to her death, but in bars along Eighth Avenue her pimp boasted he'd "thrown a bitch out of a window."

The anguished priest prays for all the youngsters he has known who didn't survive and he worries about those he might be able to help—a pregnant 16-year-old, for example, who has gonorrhea and pneumonia. Ritter worries, also, about a boy who phoned and said he was 13 and for three years had been forced to make pornographic films. He wanted to get out, but he was sure he would be killed if he ran. Before the priest could get his name and location, the terrified youngster hung up. Pray God he will call again!

Massive Destruction. Father Bruce Ritter, 54, is a pleasant, gentle, quietly tough Franciscan whose doctorate is in medieval theology and whose life's work is a battle against the horror continuously unfolding in and around Times Square. He runs Covenant House, a rescue-protection agency, headquartered in a former drug-rehabilitation centre which New York State rents to him for \$1 a year. The place is known as Under 21 because it's open to anyone under 21 years of age. Some 12,000 youngsters seek

help there every year.

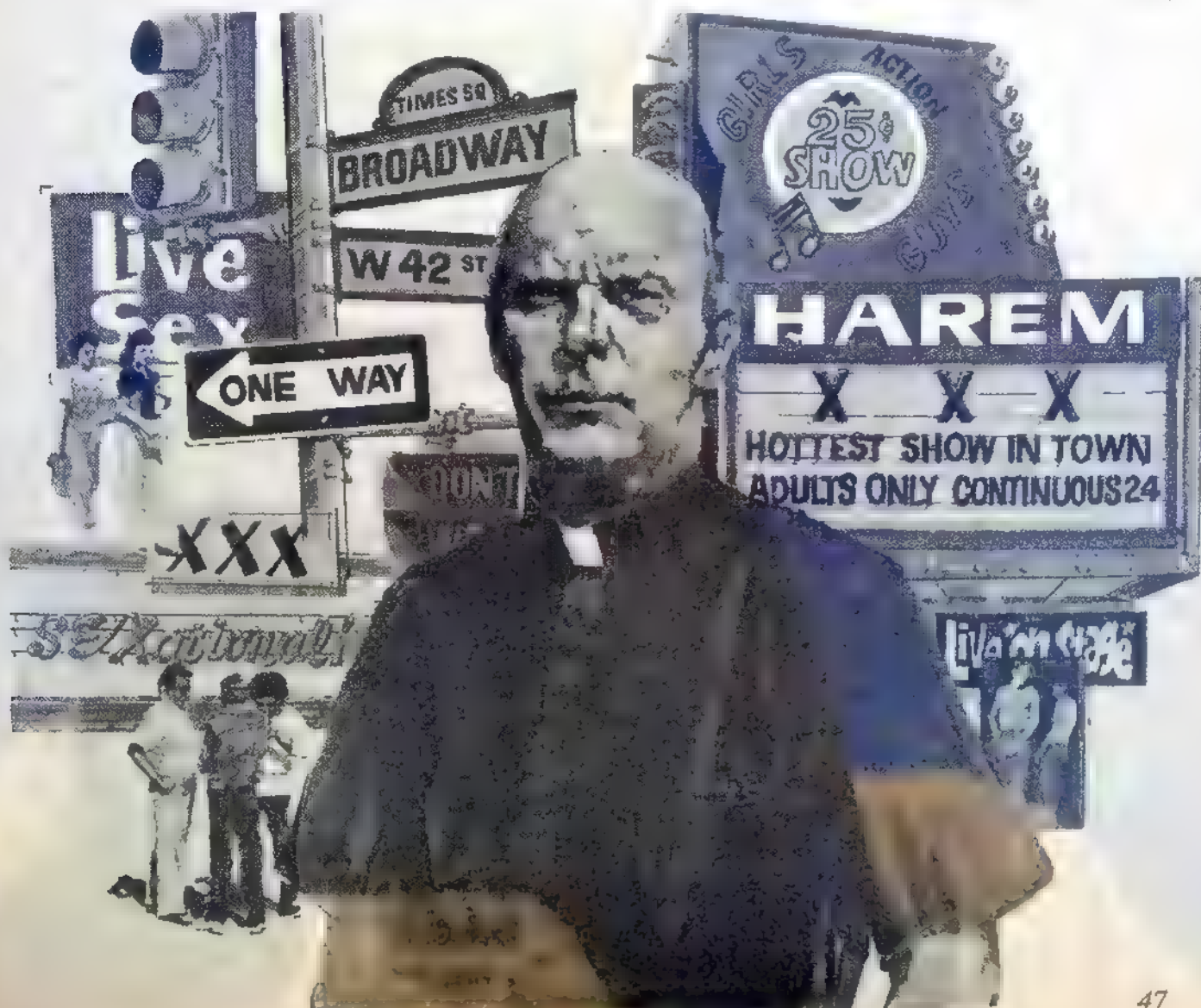
Much of the Times Square area is a rotting sewer of a place. Cinema houses offer round-the-clock pornographic films and live sex, and streets are lined with porno bookstores, strip shows, transvestite bars and cheap peep shows. The neighbourhood crawls with male and female prostitutes and pimps. Anything-goes sex is the major industry and its chief commodity is young bodies, which are always in good supply—there are an estimated 20,000 under-16 run-aways in New York and thou-

sands more between 16 and 21.

"They aren't *bad* youngsters," Ritter says. "Most have run away from parents or guardians who abused them, or they're throw-aways whose parents kicked them out.

"They come to New York because it's a big city and they think they'll be able to find new lives here. Most are unemployable. Pimps pick them up, pamper them, feed and give them lodging—then beat, rape, exploit, torture and even kill them.

"In one three-year period, 176 prostitutes, including many



youngsters have been murdered. But that doesn't include suicides and the ones who were given drug overdoses: you want some troublesome youngster dead, you overdose him. Who cares? It's just a stupid little prostitute or some foolish youngster who overdosed, and that's the end of it."

Nearly everyone who comes to Under 21 is frightened and apprehensive, but the atmosphere soon induces relaxation. A youngster is asked only his name, age and home-town. He is offered medical attention, food, a bath, a bed, and free use of a telephone to call home. Says Ritter's top aide Stephen Torkelson, 37: "We surround the entrant with a lot of good people who really care about him. We want him to know that he is safe here. If he has no home to return to we want him to stay with us. We don't want him to go back into the streets. We don't press. We try to convince him there is an alternative to his destructive lifestyle."

But far more often than not, the destruction has been massive; some 70 per cent of youngsters who walk into Under 21 do not stay. For many, their experiences have worked an evil magic; they will not give up drugs, alcohol and the street. Others, unschooled and unskilled, simply lack confidence that they can learn to survive any other way.

Dose of Love. Yet, if Under

21's success rate seems low, some individual successes are impressive. A dozen ex-prostitutes are now full-time college students. The 17-year-old boy whom Ritter steered away from suicide is now a restaurant cook, enthusiastic about his job and life. Ritter howls with laughter while reading a letter from one lad he persuaded to go home—the boy became an insurance salesman and now wants to sell the priest an insurance policy.

The first step for the Under 21 entrant is an examination by Dr Peter Masella, a specialist in adolescent medicine. "These youngsters' bodies are maps of their lives," he says. "People have burnt them with cigarettes, scarred them with whips and red-hot coat hangers, and broken their bones. Many have VD—it's epidemic with our youngsters. Many have tuberculosis. Many are drug-addicts; virtually all use marijuana, and a lot use other drugs. No one has given them value systems, and often their best instincts have been destroyed. I wish I had an intravenous injection with a huge dose of love in it. That would do more good than all the penicillin in the world."

Under 21 is a big dose of love. The only rules, the new resident is told, are no drugs, no liquor, no violence. The cafeteria is open to any street youngster who needs a meal or three meals per day. Under

21 has 200 part-time volunteers who come in when they can and do what they can.

Practical things happen, too. Those desiring school can get it—certified teachers conduct diagnostic and remedial programmes, including on-the-job training. "Many of the children," says mathematics teacher Jeri Wellman, "haven't been in a classroom in years. We find they are perfectly capable of learning and want to learn."

"Scene From Hell." Bruce Ritter got into the salvaging of young lives one day in 1968 after preaching an "outrageously self-righteous" sermon suggesting that his Manhattan College students were not concerned enough about the less fortunate. "What about you, Father?" one student asked. "Why don't you practise what you preach?"

Shocked at his own smugness, Ritter apologized to the students. Soon, he left the college and took a tenement flat on New York's Lower East Side, hoping to be a chaplain to the neighbourhood's large drug-addict population. His neighbours fearing he was a narcotics agent, stayed away from him. Then, ascertaining his true identity and purpose, they burgled his flat every day for a month, stealing even his clerical garb. "Nothing personal about it," he says. "I had possessions and they had little. Once they had redressed

the economic imbalance, the burglary stopped."

One mid-winter midnight two girls and four boys aged 14 to 17 knocked on his door pleading for shelter. They had been living in an abandoned building but had been burnt out after refusing an offer from some drug-pedlars to pimp for them. Ritter put them to bed on the floor of his flat. Next morning he got on the phone. To his dismay, one social-welfare agency after another said it could do nothing. "They were too old, too young, too ill, not ill enough; or the agency couldn't be reimbursed, and so on," Ritter recalls.

Frustrated and angry, he resolved to look after the youngsters himself. He drove a taxi and preached in churches around the city, pleading for funds. As word spread about the good priest, other youngsters came. Bills piled sky-high. Often, there wasn't enough food.

By 1972 Ritter was caring for hundreds of youngsters. He obtained a child-care-agency licence that entitled him to some public funds, and formed Covenant House—its name derives from the Biblical covenant between man and God.

Five years later, after many visits to Times Square—"a scene straight out of hell" he opened Under 21, financed initially by the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of New York, his own Franciscan

order and the Charles Culpeper Foundation.

Happy People. Covenant House is constantly on the edge of financial disaster. It needs about Rs 4.8 crores a year to feed, clothe, shelter and care for its charges. City, state and central governments supply about 30 per cent; Ritter must raise about Rs 3.2 crores from private sources. He doesn't worry about it, even when his accountant warns him, as he did recently, that the food budget for the fiscal year had been eaten up in the first five months. He insists the problem is the Holy Spirit's.

For his part, Ritter keeps up his speaking engagements in churches and before civic and religious organizations. He asks for money and service. "Come work with me," he says. "Give me a year of your life and I'll give you a chance to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, tend the ill. I'll provide room and board and pay you \$10 (Rs 80) a week. Plan on three hours of prayer daily, and that's not negotiable. You'll need the strength you get from it to remain effective in the work you'll be doing."

Who responds? The widow of a

New York State Supreme Court justice; a recent graduate of the Harvard University Law College; a new chemistry graduate from a Texas university; numbers of skilled tradesmen, salesmen, high-school and college graduates from Florida, Maine, Indiana, Canada—40 in all, and there's a waiting list of 50. They find the life as austere and the work as grim as Ritter warned, but they smile a lot. They are happy people, grateful for the chance to help the youth.

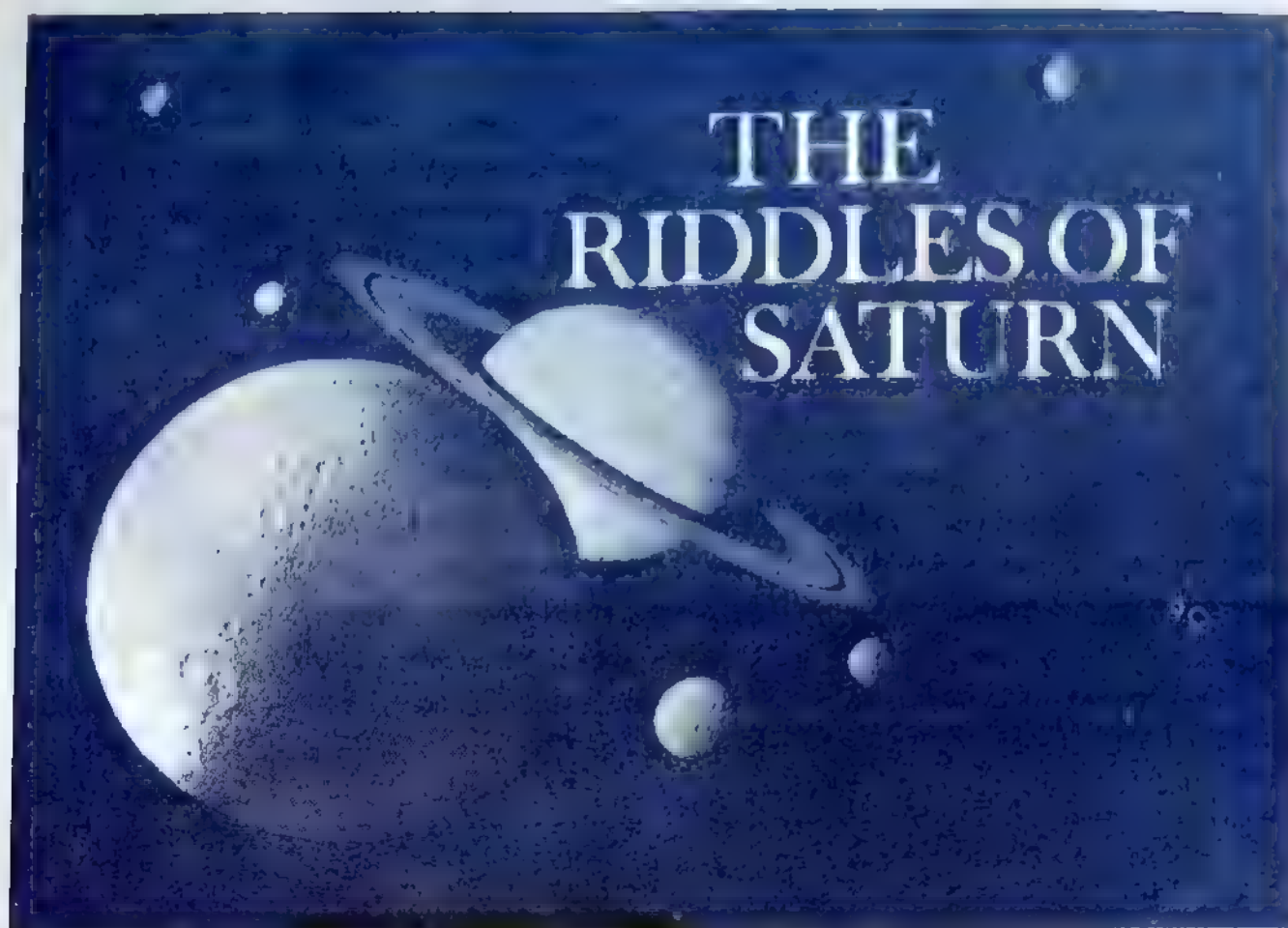
Unfortunately, the problem these people face is not just a New York one. Ritter insists it is no different from the problem in other US cities—only bigger. In speeches and interviews, he castigates politicians, prosecutors, police, and the courts for their failure to deal with it.

What to do about it? Not everybody is like Father Ritter, of course. But there is something ordinary citizens *can* do: express their outrage at what is happening to children. For the sexual exploitation of the young will stop only when people get angry enough to do something about it. As Father Bruce Ritter got angry and is doing.

Vice Versa

THERE was a time when the seas seemed endless and the skies vast enough to swallow any of the mistakes and errors of man. The world used to be big and men could afford to be small. Now the world is small and men must be big.

—E.R.



CONDENSED FROM NEWSWEEK

The Voyager 1 space probe revealed the most awesome spectacle under the sun — a world so bizarre that it defies known laws of astronomy

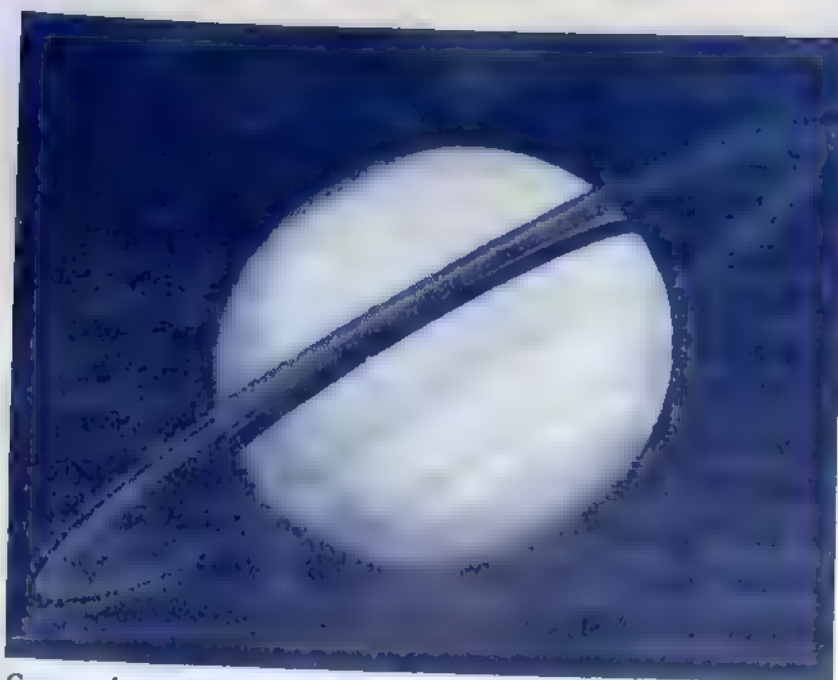
THREE hundred and seventy years after Galileo first observed the rings that surround the sixth planet from the sun, a television camera sent from Earth swivelled on its boom to bring them into focus at a range of under 160 million kilometres. Transformed into a series of binary impulses, beamed across nearly a thousand

million and a half kilometres of space to a tracking station in Spain and relayed around the globe by satellite, the image appeared on a television monitor in Pasadena, California.

In California Institute of Technology's Jet Propulsion Laboratory, astronomer Bradford Smith watched intently, awestruck, as a narrow Saturnian ring resolved itself into

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PHOTOS: COURTESY OF NASA



*Saturn's rings were the biggest surprise—
not three or four, but hundreds*

twisted strands of ice, 800-kilometre-long braids shimmering in the light of the sun, miraculously criss-crossing 80,000 kilometres above the planet's cloud tops. Said Smith, gazing at the braided ring, "It boggles the mind that it even exists."

It was as though Columbus had returned from his first voyage with snapshots of Montezuma's palace and the Grand Canyon. On an 80,000-kph swing past Saturn last November, the space probe Voyager 1 sent back images that taxed the imaginations of even jaded veterans of Mars and Jupiter missions. The giant planet, the biggest after Jupiter, showed a banded atmosphere with stormy clouds intriguingly like, yet mysteriously unlike, Jupiter's.

But Saturn was upstaged by its own moons and spinning rings, the most awesome spectacle under the

sun. Looping behind the rings (and flying through the outermost one), Voyager found totally unexpected wonders: the braided rings, lopsided rings, mysterious dark "spokes" radiating from the planet through its brightest ring. There were also fractured moons, moons cratered to the point of disintegration, two-faced moons with bright and dark hemispheres. Sniffing at the atmosphere of Titan, the brightest moon, from a

bare 4,000 kilometres away, Voyager detected frozen methane raining on the surface below.

Rings and Moons. The agent of all this excitement was a tiny man-made speck weighing less than a ton, linked to Pasadena by a feeble 20-watt transmitter. The craft had flown for 38 months since the launch at Cape Canaveral, Florida. Passing Mars, swooping around Jupiter, Voyager missed its planned rendezvous with Titan by less than a minute—because scientists did not know Titan's precise orbit. Said Charles Kohlase of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, "That's like shooting at a table-tennis ball 320 kilometres away and making the shot."

When Voyager approached its destination, three new moons were discovered—the 13th, 14th and 15th to be sighted since 1655. Two pre-

viously known moons were discovered to lie in almost identical orbits, raising the question of why they don't collide. A close-up of the moon Mimas showed a startling impact crater covering about six per cent of its surface—the scar left by a collision that must have nearly split the moon in two. And the atmosphere of Titan was shown to consist largely of nitrogen, with a sprinkling of simple hydrocarbons—a possible clue, scientists said, to the composition of Earth's primeval atmosphere.

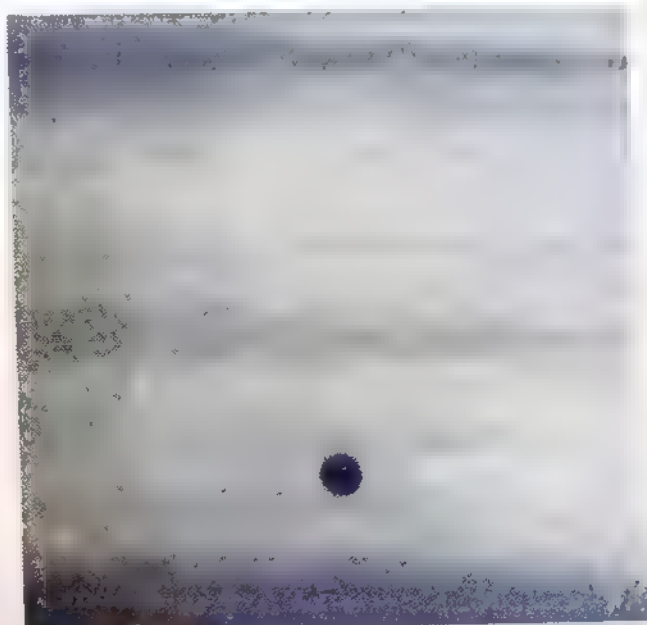
But the rings provided the most dramatic news. Seen from Earth, these appear as three or four discs, like giant washers, one inside the other. Even before Voyager closed to within 124,000 kilometres of Saturn it became apparent there were actually hundreds of separate ringlets, like grooves in a gramophone record 275,000 kilometres across. But the laws of planetary mechanics make no provision for orbiting strands of dust that appear to weave around each other like the ringlets of the F-ring.

The dark radial spokes were yet another puzzle. According to the laws of orbital mechanics, the particles of the rings closest to Saturn must rotate faster than the outer edges, so the spokes should curve and break up in minutes.

Planetary rings are more common than experts once thought. In the last three and a half years, astronomers have observed nine faint rings around Uranus, the seventh

planet from the sun. Voyager itself, flying past Jupiter in 1979, sent back evidence that the planet has a single faint ring. But nowhere does the inter-related network of rings and moons appear more complex and baffling than in Saturn's system.

Unruly Flocks. One obvious question is why orbiting debris should form discrete rings, with clearly defined spaces between them. Saturn's four separate rings visible from Earth



The shadow of the satellite Dione is seen as a dark circle on the face of the planet

are actually composed of hundreds of—perhaps as many as a thousand—ringlets of varying size and uneven distribution.

What holds the rings in place? On the basis of studies of Uranus, astronomers Peter Goldreich and Scott Tremaine proposed that two moons, one just inside a ring and the other just outside, could “shepherd” the

ring's particles between them. This effect traces to an astronomical law: an object in a low orbit travels faster than one in a higher orbit. Thus a moon just inside a ring travels faster than the particles at the ring's lower edge, and its gravitational force tends to pull them forward.

Paradoxically, this nudge does not speed up the particles but imparts added energy that lifts them into a higher orbit, maintaining the lower edge of the ring. Similarly, the slower outside moon would drag the ring's outermost particles back, dropping them into a lower orbit and curbing any tendency to drift off into space. In fact, two of the newly discovered moons seem to fill just that role: their orbits lie on either side of the F-ring.

But the shepherd's flocks are unruly, and Smith feels that some force besides gravity must be acting on the rings. A hint came when Voyager passed to the side of the rings away from the sun, and observed that they became bright when the sun was behind them. Scientists discovered that the F-ring contained dust-size particles. If electrically charged by sunlight or particles from the sun, these specks could react with Saturn's magnetic field to cause twisting of the F-ring. And the dark "spokes" may represent regions where the magnetic field causes similar particles above the B-ring to align themselves like iron filings.

Deep Freeze. The excitement over Saturn's rings nearly upstaged the

dramatic discoveries scientists were making about its moons. Four of the small ones—Mimas, Tethys, Dione and Rhea, all with diameters of 320 to 1,450 kilometres—appear to have rocky cores surrounded by a thick layer of ice. Preserved in the moons' frozen surfaces, speculates geologist Eugene Shoemaker, are records of collisions with comets or some of the most ancient objects in the solar system—"planetesimals." These are clumps of matter from the orbits of Neptune and Uranus that may have wandered into the path of Saturn's moons 4,000 million years ago.

And then there was Titan, a satellite almost twice the size of Earth's moon and the only moon in the solar system known to have an atmosphere. That meant that Titan's surface—like Saturn's—was clouded. But the composition of the cloud was mostly nitrogen, like Earth's atmosphere. Although it was inconceivable that life could exist in the puddles of liquid nitrogen and freezing hydrocarbons believed to dot Titan's surface, the possibility is intriguing that the giant moon may hold clues to the formation of organic molecules on Earth.

Titan was also given credit for another surprise of the Saturn system: a vast, doughnut-shaped cloud of hydrogen, glowing faintly blue in ultraviolet light, that girdles the planet from the orbit of Rhea (526,000 kilometres from Saturn) out to Titan's orbit (1,220,000 kilometres). Scientists speculated that

the gas is generated as sunlight breaks up complex gases at the top of Titan's clouds, and is retained in its doughnut cloud by forces as yet unexplained.

Ironically, Voyager found out little new about the cloud-shrouded surface of Saturn itself—and much of the information that it did gather had to wait for computer time behind the more glamorous discoveries about the rings. Saturn's atmosphere of hydrogen and helium is alive with swirls of giant storms, and its equator is swept by winds of nearly 1,800 kilometres an hour—a pattern very much like the one found on Jupiter. But scientists couldn't yet explain the differing details. For example, the winds that sweep Saturn's equator and its adjacent horizontal bands all travel in the same direction, from west to east. However, on Jupiter, the equator and adjacent bands are

swept by winds that travel in opposite directions.

VOYAGER 1, its job nearly done, is headed into space in search of the boundary between our solar system and interstellar space. Meanwhile, Voyager 2 is headed for its rendezvous with Saturn this year and, in 1986, a probable encounter with Uranus. If it is still alive in 1989, the second Voyager will go on to explore the almost unknown planet of Neptune, 4,500 million kilometres from the sun.

For the moment, however, there's no shortage of Voyager 1 data. Facts poured in faster than they could be processed, much less understood. Apparent paradoxes may yet be resolved, new mysteries will appear—but we have made a start, at least, on knowing just how little we really know.

Fisherman's Tale

WHEN OLD-AGE pensions were introduced in England before the First World War, an elderly fisherman named Dai Lewis was unable to produce his birth certificate to support his claim that he was over 70 and thus entitled to a pension. He was visited by local officials, and the following dialogue took place: "Where were you born, Dai?" "In the county of Cork." "You don't know when?" "No, it's a long time ago." "When did you leave Ireland?" "I ran away from home when a boy of 13 to a farm in the north of Scotland where I stayed for 19 years. After that I served as a fishing guide to a lord in the south of Scotland for 25 years. After that? I was a gamekeeper for 17 years. After that? I came here to Tregaron." "How long have you been here, Dai?" He shouted to his wife in the kitchen: "How long have we been married, Mary Anne, 34 years?" "According to this record," the official said, putting down his pencil, "you must be 108 years old." Straight away came the remark from Dai: "Good God, how time flies!"

William Evans in *British Medical Journal*

KUWAIT

Midas of the Arabian Gulf

It is a postage-stamp-size country tortured
by suffocating sand-storms and furnace-like temperatures.
Yet here, thanks to the black gold beneath the surface,
money doesn't talk — it positively roars

BY CHRISTOPHER LUCAS

IT IS Friday, the Muslim's day of rest. Three robed Arab millionaires sit cross-legged on a plastic mat in the middle of the Kuwait desert, gulping soft drinks from tins and scooping up dollops of caviare with lettuce leaves. Entrenched like settlers behind covered wagons, they are encircled by two Cadillacs, a Rolls-Royce, a Mercedes and a Porsche, whose combined stereo systems blast out disco and Arabic music.

Whatever its paradoxes, Kuwait is the quintessential Arab oil state. It is very small, very rich and very successful, and most of its 1.3 million people seem happy.

Tucked away on the inhospitable upper reaches of the Arabian Gulf,

tortured by sand-storms and furnace-like temperatures, Kuwait is 17,819 square kilometres of wretched, scrubby desert squeezed between Iraq and Saudi Arabia. Kuwait is so minute that it takes barely two hours to cross by car, yet this mini-state pulls in revenues of \$21 thousand million (Rs 16,800 crores) a year. Its per-capita income is a formidable \$16,600 (Rs 1.32 lakhs).

The beneficiaries of one of history's most stunning strokes of good fortune, the Kuwaitis — humble descendants of footloose Bedouins, traders, sailors and pearl divers — live on top of a sea of oil. One of the world's biggest oil exporters, Kuwait is a decisive force within OPEC and an awesome global financial power.

Its \$45 thousand million (Rs 36,000 crores) invested overseas can set stock markets tumbling and some major international bond issues would not take off happily without some Kuwaiti backing.

Although Kuwait remains austere Muslim, staunchly conservative and decidedly capitalist, its gigantic oil profits filter down even to the lowliest ex-camel herder. Indeed, the far-sighted, imaginative al-Sabah ruling family supports our planet's most comprehensive womb-to-tomb welfare state.

Education and medical care are free. Food and housing are subsidized. Every Kuwaiti is guaranteed a well-paid job with matching pension. A litre of petrol costs just 45 paise. Phone calls are free. Best of all, citizens pay no taxes.

Hemmed in by sandy nothingness, the city of Kuwait is a bustling 80-km square metropolis of sweeping, palm-lined streets, well-watered lawns, stylish high-rise buildings and the spiky minarets of some 500 mosques.

On a recent visit, I saw Kuwaiti women casually slip out of their black *abaya* robes to reveal the Lanvin or Kenzo dresses beneath, then proceed to bargain aggressively with some visiting Italian goldsmith or Swiss watch salesman. With domestic inflation under ten per cent, business is doing well.

A Sheikh's Gift. True sons of the desert, the tall, hawk-nosed Kuwaitis are tough, practical, charmingly hos-



pitable and very much the children of their proud past. Their nation dates back to the early eighteenth century when a Bedouin tribe, the Sabah, fled a terrible drought in the inner Nejd of the Arabian Peninsula and migrated to a promontory on the Gulf where they built a fortress, or small *kut*. (*Kuwait* is a diminutive of this word.) As early as 1756, the Sabah clan appointed its first emir, Sheikh Sabah bin Jaber, and his descendants rule to this day.

Endowed with a sheltered harbour and some drinking water, Kuwait prospered. Within a century, Kuwaitis were crafting the fastest teak-wood dhows in the Arab world and their fleet of 700 pearling ships was combing the Gulf's remotest corners, while other Kuwaiti sailing vessels by the hundred traded up

and down the Gulf.

Strategically placed at West Asia's crossroads, Kuwait became the trading middleman among East Africa, Asia and Europe.

Then, in 1938, the Kuwait Oil Company, a joint venture between Anglo-Iranian Oil (now British Petroleum) and the US-owned Gulf Oil, discovered the prodigious 966-square kilometre Burgan oil field, one of the most productive on earth. Shortly after the oil began flowing, the late Sheikh Abdullah al-Salem al-Sabah quietly announced, "We want our people to be happy and we can afford it." His terse, dignified phrase became the corner-stone of national policy.

While other oil nations slumbered, Kuwait's Sabahs were spending crores on roads, schools, homes and hospitals, on huge plants to generate electricity and desalinate Gulf water. A British protectorate since 1899, Kuwait declared itself a sovereign state in 1961 and, 14 years later, took control of its oil industry. Today Kuwait has known reserves of 72 thousand million barrels—ten per cent of the known oil reserves left on earth.

Funds for the Future. How does the average Kuwaiti benefit? One week-end, I visited Abdul Aziz Hussein, his wife and two daughters. A 30-year-old government oil engineer, Hussein earns \$3,000 (Rs 24,000) a month tax-free and can retire at 45 on full salary.

His three-bedroom home has cen-

tral air-conditioning and a full-time maid from Sri Lanka. Hussein is paying off his \$110,000 (Rs. 8.8 lakhs) (no interest) government mortgage at \$240 (Rs 1,920) a month. He owns two cars, two colour television sets, two stereo sets, a refrigerator, dish-washer and washing machine. The house has telephones everywhere, floors heaped with Indian and Persian carpets, and low-slung, modern Italian furniture.

As many Kuwaitis do, Hussein and his family take one or two trips abroad each year, usually to Europe, where they're planning a second home. The mass exodus has in fact become a way of life: during June and July, the hottest months, a substantial portion of the population is away.

Yes, it's the good life. For the emir, Sheikh Jaber al-Ahmad al Sabah, has taken personal charge of every Kuwaiti's future welfare. In his early 50s, the bright, bearded ruler is a former finance minister and prime minister, and the driving force in Kuwait's government. Says Ali al-Mousa, assistant under-secretary at the Ministry of Planning, "We realize that our oil is limited and that we must act now to assure a continuing source of income for our descendants."

One of the key instruments is the Fund for Future Generations, which each year skims off ten per cent of government revenues and is now worth at least \$23 thousand million (Rs 18,400 crores). Like Kuwait's



A luxurious bathroom in the home of a Kuwaiti businessman



An everyday scene of wealth in Kuwait — parking areas full of expensive cars

private and public investments of surplus capital, worth another \$22 thousand million (Rs 17,600 crores) the fund's money is invested overseas in property, blue-chip shares and other opportunities.

In the meantime, Sheikh Ali Khalfah, minister of oil, has cut Kuwait's oil output by 25 per cent to conserve this natural resource. He is also maximizing the profits of what oil is drawn out; Kuwait has just built

a huge gas-liquefaction plant, keeps adding to an already impressive fleet of 66 ships and tankers and, within three years, will have the capacity to refine 750,000 barrels per day, or half its output.

Aware of its industrial limitations, since it has no raw materials—outside oil and gas—and limited local manpower, Kuwait is instead building an advanced, high-technology, service economy. To keep its crores

moving, Kuwait plans to develop traditional trading by expanding its nine thriving banks, insurance and financial houses, and equipment, communications and business-consultancy companies.

Twin Priorities. But who will implement all these ambitious ideas? At this stage, it's one of Kuwait's major paradoxes that native-born Kuwaitis are outnumbered roughly six to one by their expatriate workers (mostly Palestinians; then Egyptians, Syrians, Iraqis, Iranians, Indians and others)—a shifting, foreign mass that ranges from street sweepers to research scientists. The result is a swirling, cosmopolitan society of 117 nationalities in which outsiders make up fully 74 per cent of the work force while Kuwaitis fill 54 per cent of all government jobs.

The Kuwaiti élite guards its privileges jealously, and under the country's double standard, a Kuwaiti government clerk will earn, say \$740 (Rs 5,920) a month, while a non-Kuwaiti will receive only \$370 (Rs 2,960). Although earning far more than they could in their own lands, expatriates tend to feel like second-class citizens, and can be resentful.

A more disturbing paradox is that the affluent, élitist Kuwaitis — many of them barely one generation out of the desert — have a strikingly high 44.6 per cent illiteracy rate. But the expatriate illiteracy rate is only 28.9 per cent.

So, in deadly earnest, Kuwait is

pouring a massive 16.5 per cent of the national budget into its two priorities: education and health. In the last two decades, the number of schoolrooms has grown nine-fold. Meanwhile Kuwait University, founded only 15 years ago, has seen its budget rocket from \$5 million (Rs. 4 crores) a year in 1966 to \$144 million (Rs. 115 crores); promising Kuwaiti students may also study free at any foreign university of their choice, most in the United States, Great Britain or another Arab country. (There are currently some 3,000 Kuwaiti students overseas, each drawing a \$2,000 [Rs. 16,000] monthly allowance.) At the same time, the government runs 125 adult-education centres, and illiteracy is decreasing by almost seven per cent a year.

Kuwait's public-health campaign has been equally intensive. The \$360 million (Rs. 288 crores) a year programme affords medical care and supports more than 1,600 doctors, 8 hospitals with 3,850 beds and a whole battery of smaller clinics. The big, 1,400-bed Al-Sabah Hospital can handle anything from kidney transplants to brain and open-heart surgery. If necessary, the patient is flown — free, naturally — to London, where Kuwait's wholly owned, 55-bed hospital off Harley Street may take over, tapping some of Britain's finest specialists.

Since malnutrition, tuberculosis, polio, cholera and leprosy have all been controlled in the past few years,

the Kuwaiti population is now increasing by a hefty 6.1 per cent each year.

No Gambling or Bars. The remarkable Kuwaitis have also poured crores into the desert around them. Within half an hour's drive of Kuwait City, there are 16 commercial farms with 12,000 black-and-white Friesian cows, some 350,000 nomadic goats and sheep, and poultry flocks big enough to produce 67 million eggs and 5,300 tons of chicken meat each year. The cows yield about 30,300 litres of milk a day, or 20 per cent of consumption.

Thirty kilometres into the desert at Sulaibiya, irrigated with recycled sewage water, some 930 hectares of alfalfa grow so fast the crops must be cut ten times a year. Sulai-biya also produces barley, cabbage, tomatoes, potatoes, spinach and watermelon. Within ten years, Kuwait may be growing all its own vegetables.

Yet Kuwait isn't all work and pray. With all that money around, there is *some* chance for amusement. Kuwait airs two television channels, colour only, 80 hours a week, with twice-daily breaks for the Koran. Every single programme is censored, as are the films at Kuwait's ten cinemas. Definitely no kissing and no bikinis (both offend Islam); also no bad language.

For young swingers, it's a sad business. The desert racetrack has no bookies. There are no bars, and

public dating is frowned upon. There are, however, three night-clubs, each with a band. But since Islam objects to Western dancing (no public contact between the sexes), and since drinking is restricted to non-alcoholic "champagne" ciders, these places are hardly dens of depravity.

On the Muslim week-end, life does perk up. On Thursday evenings, thundering herds of Kuwaitis drive their cars, horns blaring, lights flashing, down the sea-front Gulf Road and out into the desert. On Friday, more sedately, they park their cars on the beach—side by side, kilometre after kilometre, facing the Gulf. As their car stereos play full blast, these descendants of intrepid pearl divers hitch up their robes, then take a tentative paddle in the muddy-brown waters, as their women sit in folding chairs, swathed in their *abayas*. If there's a sand-storm, Kuwaitis can always stay home, hold a traditional *dewania* open house (tea, talk, men only), telephone friends, or just sit back and count their money.

Delicate Tightrope. All of which is not to say that Kuwaitis don't worry. They do—about losing their wealth, about internal security, about being a minority in their own country. They also worry about bellicose, unstable neighbours like Iran and Iraq, and about the super-powers who could any day wantonly squeeze Kuwait in their giant nutcracker.

So how can tiny, vulnerable

Kuwait survive, placed dead centre of the West Asian powder barrel? How can it protect its crores? Certainly not by flexing its military muscle — a toothpick force of 14,000 men.

"Kuwait's best defence weapon is its Foreign Ministry," says Ra'ouf Sh'hour, managing editor of the *Al Qabas* newspaper. "It is Kuwait's role to contain and help defuse the area's many threats, block extremism, encourage a climate of freedom and maintain the equilibrium that allows us to prosper in peace."

Treading a delicate tightrope, therefore, Kuwait stays scrupulously non-aligned, with a foreign-aid programme that is one of the most prodigal on earth. Kuwait gives away or lends an impressive sum, between 5.3 per cent and 7.5 per cent annually of its gross national product.

Moreover, Kuwait's people are still not too far removed from their redoubtable Bedouin origins. And if you've survived in the desert almost since time began, perhaps you can also just retain control of a modern multi-crore-petro money machine.

Keeping in Touch

MORE THAN 80 solar-powered telephones have been installed along Jordan's roads to provide motorists with an emergency telephone service. At the top of each telephone pole is a plate of solar cells which convert sunlight into an electric current that charges a storage battery of 36-hour capacity. The telephone is connected to a UHF transmitter powerful enough to reach the nearest microwave installation. Each telephone is equipped with a series of push buttons marked for the type of emergency service needed. At the push of a button the corresponding signal is relayed to an operator at one of three central exchanges.

—*Nature*, England

UP TO now it has been impossible to receive radio broadcasts underground, except for short stretches of tunnel. Now, however, engineers of Siemens, Austria have solved the problem—not only for hearing the radio clearly in tunnels kilometres long, but even for talking via radio.

Programmes that can be heard at the entrance are picked up by a tunnel control office and relayed by amplification and cable into the tunnel. Police patrols, rescue squads and firemen can communicate with each other or with the tunnel superintendent over this system, and motorists with car telephones can have their calls put through.

In addition, tunnel personnel in the control office can interrupt regular broadcasts with emergency announcements, which will be heard only within the tunnel area.

Straight Talk About Cancer and Cancer Check-Ups

AN INTERVIEW WITH DR D. J. JUSSAWALLA

BY COOMI CHINYOY

Cancer—the eighth leading cause of death in India—is one of the few diseases that may be cured. (There are no cures for diabetes, cirrhosis or arteriosclerosis, often none for severe heart disease and stroke.) In India, more than 75 per cent of the patients whose cancers are detected early are cured. Thus, regular cancer check-ups, early diagnosis and treatment can save lives. And where check-ups are concerned, Indians in major urban centres are better protected than most other nationalities because of the free cancer check-ups offered to all men and women over 35.

However, misinformation has created confusion about cancer detection and treatment. To get the facts, the Indian Reader's Digest interviewed an internationally recognized cancer expert.

Q. Doctor Jussawalla, what are the important facts about cancer which people should know?

A. First, many people still think of cancer as an incurable disease when

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in fact, advances in treatment have made many cancers controllable. Secondly, cancer is not contagious like tuberculosis, mumps, measles or other communicable diseases; it is not caused by germs. Cancer is a malignant new growth of certain cells developed from one's own flesh, which can prove fatal if not treated properly and in time.

Q. Which cancers are the most

ADAPTED FROM AN ARTICLE BY WALTER ROSS

common in India?

A. Mouth, throat and gullet cancers account for 70 per cent of all cancers in men—a world record. Cancer of the cervix and uterus accounts for 33.7 per cent of all cancers in women. Breast cancer comes second, afflicting 18.8 per cent of women with cancer. It is not as serious in India as in the West, except among Parsees in whom the incidence is 48 against the total Indian average of only 20 per 100,000 women. Spinsterhood, late marriages, birth of the first child after the age of 30, consanguineous marriages, westernized diet and habits are the probable reasons for this high incidence.

Q. Are cancers related to environment and diet?

A. Forty per cent of male cancers in India are linked with tobacco, a known cancer-causing agent. Chewing *paan*, betel nut with tobacco and *choona* (slaked lime), or a preparation of powdered tobacco and slaked lime, cause mouth and throat cancers. Cigarette and *bidi* smoking and *hukka* puffing lead to lung and throat cancers. Contrary to popular belief, *bidis* are as harmful as cigarettes; they have a higher content of toxic agents than non-filter cigarettes. *Paan* chewers who hold the wad in their mouths for long periods and those who rub tobacco over their gums or teeth are all potential cancer victims.

Heavy consumption of alcoholic drinks can be an associate cause of

mouth, throat, oesophageal and liver cancers. A diet heavy in fat and low in bulk or roughage seems to affect the incidence of stomach and colon cancer. Skin and lung cancers and leukaemia are related to occupational exposure to industrial pollutants such as asbestos, nickel, tar, soot, benzene and high doses of X-rays. These cancers can be prevented by wearing proper safety apparel or masks to cut down the levels of exposure.

Q. Is it possible to detect cancer early?

A. Many of the commonly prevailing cancers can be detected when only a few cells have become abnormal and not yet formed a tumour. The surest way to detect cancer in any part of the body is for a surgeon to cut into the tumour under local anaesthesia and have it examined under a microscope. Such a test, called a biopsy, can determine whether the tumour is benign or malignant.

Q. Won't piercing the tumour spread cancer cells?

A. There is no reason for such worry. If the tumour is cancer, we treat it, and if it is not, it won't spread. A biopsy is the *only* way a doctor can diagnose cancer and decide whether to treat the patient with chemotherapy (treatment by special drugs), radiotherapy (treatment by X-rays), surgery, or a combination of them.

Q. Which cancers are easy to detect?

A. Cancers of the mouth and throat, large bowel, uterus and breast are easy to detect even in the early stages. But cancers of the ovaries and kidneys, silent lung cancers, and prostate cancer are difficult to detect.

Q. What are the warning signs of mouth cancer?

A. Ulceration and cauliflower-like growth usually appear inside the mouth or on the tongue, pharynx or larynx. In India, a special lesion called submucous fibrosis causes the mucous lining of the mouth to lose its elasticity, so that the person cannot open his mouth wide. In acute cases, not even a teaspoon can be inserted. A jagged or sharp tooth or ill-fitting dentures constantly rubbing against the inside of the mouth, or the irritation of smoking or *paan* chewing can cause ulceration which may turn cancerous. These symptoms are often reversible if the irritant is removed. Cancer of the mouth has a cure rate of 90 per cent if detected early.

Q. Can uterine cervical cancer be detected early enough for cure?

A. Uterine cervical cancer can be detected even before it arises by means of a simple and painless test called the Pap smear. Cells regularly shed by the womb are collected on a slide and if pre-cancerous cells are detected, the lesion can be removed by minor surgery, leaving the patients free of any disease and still able to bear children.

Q. What are the warning signs

and what precautions would you suggest to curb the high incidence of uterine cancer?

A. Early symptoms are: unusual blood-stained discharge, irregular bleeding between periods or excessive or continuous monthly flow. Pain in the pelvic area or the legs is a late symptom.

If more women over 30 would overcome their shyness and fear and come for examinations, chances of cure are 95 per cent. The Pap test should be repeated every 12 months, especially by women having a family history of infection in the pelvic area or those who bear children in unhygienic surroundings. Injuries sustained during childbirth should be promptly treated by a doctor.

Q. What about cancer of the digestive organs?

A. Stomach cancer symptoms are often confused with those of peptic ulcer—such as nausea, vomiting, pain after intake of food and loss of weight. A lump may be felt on palpating the abdomen. Bowel cancer accounts for one-third of all cancers among adults. The small intestine is rarely affected but the large bowel including the rectum is a common site.

A change in normal bowel habits, especially alternating diarrhoea and constipation, is a warning sign. Stomach and intestinal cancer can be detected by having stool samples tested in a laboratory. The test will show if there is occult (hidden) blood present. (Of course, if visible

blood is passed, the person should see a doctor at once and not—as often happens—simply assume that the problem is due to piles.) Barium X-ray examination and a check-up with a lighted instrument known as a sigmoidoscope help to detect cancerous and pre-cancerous lesions in the bowel. At least 80 per cent of those with localized bowel cancer can be cured if the cancer is detected and treated early.

Q. Is breast cancer susceptible to early detection and cure?

A. A simple breast self-examination can reveal a cancerous lump in the early stages when the cure rate is almost 90 per cent. Every woman should be taught to examine her breasts once a month. She can learn the proper technique from a doctor or nurse or from illustrated pamphlets distributed by the Indian Cancer Society.

If a woman discovers a breast lump, she should see a doctor immediately. Chances are it won't be cancer, but a biopsy should be undertaken to settle any doubts. In women over 50, mammograms or breast X-rays help to detect tumours even less than one centimetre in size. A woman in the high-risk group—one with a family history of breast cancer—should after the age of 35, have herself examined by a doctor every six months. Should a woman delay having a breast lump checked and malignancy spreads to the lymph glands, her chances of obtaining a cure are reduced by 50 per cent.

Q. Can all early detected cancers be cured?

A. Unfortunately not, if the tumour is very aggressive or malignant. This is particularly so of certain lung, kidney and liver cancers. Ovarian cancer is difficult to detect early, but current advances in pathology enable the doctor to determine what stage the cancer has reached and decide on the line of treatment. Even when cure is difficult or impossible, life often may be prolonged and treatment can minimize the patient's suffering.

Q. Is cancer hereditary?

A. Only a few rare cancers of the eye, colon and a few other areas are hereditary. The presence of cancer in one or both parents or close blood relatives, should keep a person on the alert, but there is no reason for undue anxiety or a fatalistic attitude.

Q. To what would you attribute our low cancer mortality compared to the USA or Europe?

A. Our cancer mortality rate of 135 per 100,000 is almost half that of the USA, which is 250 per 100,000. But cancer, like heart disease, is on the increase in India and will pose a major threat to public health within the next few decades. Atmospheric pollution due to industrialization is one reason for this increase. The other more disturbing trend is the growing number of teenagers and women who smoke. While a large number of sensible people in the USA and Europe have given up smoking, our people seem

oblivious to the health hazards of smoking and chewing tobacco.

Q. How can people reduce the risk of getting cancer?

A. First, you can avoid over-indulgence in smoking, drinking, eating, and prolonged irritation from dangerous chemicals. Secondly, consult a doctor if there is persistent coughing, indigestion or difficulty in swallowing, bleeding or any other unnatural discharge from a body opening, or if a sore refuses to heal or a lump is present anywhere in the body.

Thirdly, have an annual cancer check-up, if you are over 35. A check-up takes only an hour or so, is

absolutely painless, and is the best way to detect a cancer before it has done any harm. Unfortunately, many people avoid such a test out of misplaced fear, optimism or modesty in exposing themselves to a medical examination. At the Tata Memorial Hospital, about 70 per cent of the cancer cases referred are in an advanced stage.

We could do a lot more if patients came to us early. I wish more people would take advantage of the free check-up facilities offered by the Indian Cancer Society. You have only to telephone or write for an appointment to the Detection Centre nearest to you.

Grand Slam

AT THE annual family-reunion picnic, a young bride led her husband over to an old woman busily crocheting in a rocker. "Granny," she said, touching the old woman's hand affectionately, "this is my new husband."

The woman eyed him critically for a long moment, then asked abruptly, "Do you desire children?"

Startled by her bluntness, the young man blushed and stammered, "Well-uh-yes, I do, very much."

"Well," she said, looking scornfully at the large tribe gathered around the six picnic tables, "try to control it!"

—C.B.P.

That's Asking Too Much

WHEN former US President Carter visited Jerusalem, Israel's Prime Minister Begin took him to the Wailing Wall. "Oh God," Carter prayed, "please help the Arabs and Israelis to find peace."

"Amen," said Begin.

"And please, God, let the Egyptians and Israelis live in peaceful co-existence."

"Amen," said Begin.

"And please tell the Israelis to return to the Arabs all the territories they occupied in the 1967 War."

"I would like to remind you, Mr President," said Begin, "that you are talking to a wall."

—Free Press Daily, Malaysia



Life's Like That

DURING a guided tour of the House of Commons in London, my mother felt the need to rest her feet so she sat down, unwittingly, on the government front bench. Said the tour guide in an unruffled voice, "Please don't sit there, madam—at least not until we have elected you."
—N.T.C.

A FRIEND of mine whose children keep numerous pets looked out of her window one day to see a young man at the door. "Can I help you?" she asked.

"Not exactly," he replied, "but there is a rabbit on your doorstep and I don't think he can reach the bell."
—Mrs Hilary Boyle, Ireland

AT A JUMBLE sale my wife had organized, I spotted a curious object which I was told was a baby-bottle warmer. It was only 10p (about Rs 1.50), and was fitted with a perfectly good plug which would have cost 50p (Rs 7.50) in the shops. Proud of my business acumen, I bought it, snipped off the plug, then returned the bottle warmer to the stall.

At a party some time later the conversation turned to jumble sales, and my fellow guests appeared duly impressed with my tale of the bottle warmer—until my wife spoke up.

"Actually, darling," she said. "I didn't like to tell you at the time, but it was *our* baby-bottle warmer."
—J.K. Stoker

MY EYES were streaming so much as I chopped up onions for a curry that I hit on the idea of donning my diver's snorkel mask. This did the trick, and I was chopping away happily when the paper boy came cycling up the drive.

As he caught sight of me through the window, his eyes widened in fear, his bicycle wobbled furiously, and with a terrified scream he crashed into the front of the house.
—A.J.R.

AT THE girls' secondary school where I work, one of the masters received two birthday presents from his class of 30 teenagers. Opening one, he found it contained a bottle of sherry. Delighted, he thanked the

watching girls and unwrapped the second parcel. Inside were 30 paper cups.

—Mrs S. Collard

RECENTLY, my parents and I visited London. After having to make quick jumps on and off many moving buses, my mother got a little bit upset. Finally, she decided to do something about it. "I must have jumped a metre to get on to this bus," she said indignantly to one of the conductors.

"Well, don't tell me, lady," was his quick reply. "The driver gives out the prizes." —Judy MacDonald, Canada

ASKED by the doctor to call in the next patient, my father dutifully opened the waiting-room door as he left the surgery and called, "Mrs Colchester, please."

My father walked some 200 metres along the road when a small voice behind him enquired, "Where are we going, then?" —Mrs J. Ward, England

DRIVING through the lion reserve of a safari park, a visitor disregarded the warning notices and wound down the car window so that he could film the animals. Suddenly his wife, sitting nervously beside him, noticed what he had done. "Shut that window this second," she screamed, "or I'm getting out!"

—R.H. Harvey

I WAS recently captain of a cargo aircraft taking some wild animals from East Africa to a zoo in Nigeria. Just as we were preparing to take off, a zebra began to panic, and kicked violently against the bars of its wooden cage. Fearful that it might break loose, I asked the African in charge of the animals if we had a humane

killer on board.

"Yes, sir," replied in faltering English. "We have two. A lion and a cheetah."

Captain C.M. Jackson

THE CHIEF clerk was kneeling in front of the safe, stowing away his ledgers, as I left the office for lunch. When I returned he was still in the same position, his hands clasped in apparent supplication. "Whatever are you doing down there?" I asked.

"Praying for your return, of course," he replied acidly.

The safe's self-locking door had slammed shut and caught both ends of his tie. The keys were on the desk behind him—just out of reach.

—O. Hughes

ON MY birthday, my two children ordered me to stay in bed, and I lay there looking forward to being brought my breakfast as the inviting smell of bacon wafted up from the kitchen.

At last, rather to my surprise, the children told me I could come down. I found them sitting at the table, each with a large plate of eggs and bacon in front of them. "As a birthday surprise," one explained, "we've cooked our own breakfast."

—G. Tubb

MY FATHER, who is hard of hearing, has the habit of pinning notes on his front door when he goes out so as not to miss or disappoint a visitor. They range from "Gone to the chemist" to "At church—back by noon." One day when I visited my parents, I was amused to find this note on the door: "Knock harder—we're in." —Michael Comitis, South Africa

In the Footsteps of Robert Burns

BY JANET GRAHAM

A romantic journey on the trail of Scotland's best-loved poet

AT THE blue and white signpost showing Robert Burns's romantic features, we turned left to the Ayrshire village of Alloway. We were starting our pilgrimage along The Burns Heritage Trail devised to help the tourist. It forms a chain of some 40 houses, inns, farms and landmarks associated with Scotland's best-loved poet—with surely his land's most visited unstately home: a one-storey white-washed thatched cottage known as the "auld clay biggin."

Here Robert Burns was born on January 25, 1759—a birthday celebrated throughout the world as Burns Night dinners with bagpipes, whisky and haggis, songs, recitations and speeches.

My daughter Jenny and I walked through the barn and the

cobble-stoned cattle-byre, complete with hayracks and wisps of straw, which made up half of the cottage. Beyond, in one of the two tiny low-roofed rooms, was the box bed—a mere alcove in the kitchen wall—where Robert was born, the eldest of seven children.

Beside the near-by fireplace, with its bannock-toaster and its iron girdle in the inglenook, Robert's mother taught him many of those old Scots ballads and folk songs still sung to this day, thanks to Burns's years of unpaid labour as one of Britain's first—and foremost—folklore collectors.

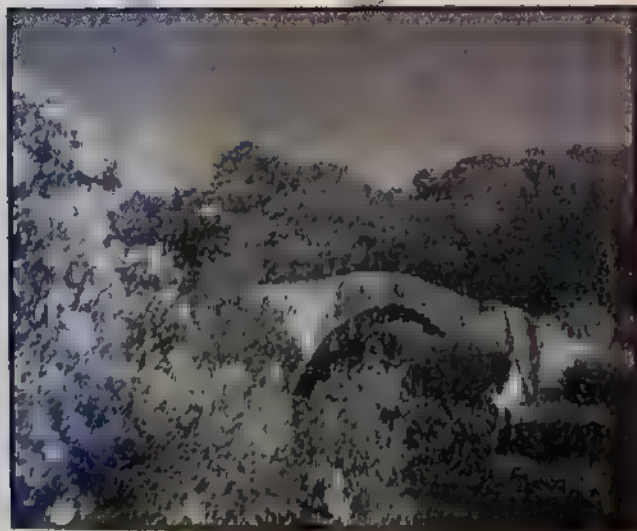
In the museum beside the birthplace, we pored over the poet's transcript of one of the world's most famous songs, *Auld Lang Syne*, and other lovingly preserved relics: his walking stick, his razor



Box Bed where Burns was born



The Bachelors' Club, Tarbolton



The Brig o' Doon



Tam o' Shanter Inn

and shaving mirror, his candle stick and snuff-horn. Most moving was the one-guinea note on which he had scrawled some verse, bewailing the poverty that forced him to plan emigration from his homeland.

Before we left, we signed the visitor's book, with its signatures from Scandinavia, South Africa, Russia, Canada, New Zealand—an eloquent reminder that Burns is the nearest thing to a world poet that the world has yet produced, his works cherished in 37 languages, including Chinese and Gurmukhi. "He was such a lovable man, with such feelings for people's troubles," an Ayrshire woman standing near by explained to Jenny. "That's why he's still remembered."

Green Braes. Later we picnicked beside Alloway's sparkling River Doon, its banks and braes still blooming fresh and fair, just as Burns nostalgically remembered them. Armed with a glossary to help her with unfamiliar Scots words, Jenny settled down to read Burns's dramatic tale of Tam o'Shanter who stayed too long at the tavern on market day, and on his homeward ride from Ayr was pursued by witches whose revels he'd disturbed in Alloway's "auld haunted kirk."

After that, we set off to find the kirk—a spooky ruin, just as in Burns's day—and the Brig o'Doon, the hump-backed medieval bridge

over which Tam escaped the clutches of the witch Cutty Sark. And that evening, at the annual Burns Festival in Ayr, we saw Burns's rollicking masterpiece come excitingly to life. Outside the ancient Tam o'Shanter Inn, a mounted procession watched Tam's exuberantly re-enacted attempts to remount his grey mare before departing towards the haunted kirk.

Though Burns never made his home in Ayr, he lived within 19 kilometres of the Firth of Clyde town for his first 30 years. When he was seven, his family left Alloway to rent 28 stony hectares of Mount Oliphant, two and a half kilometres away. Robert and his brother Gilbert toiled with their father on the poor upland soil, often attending school every alternate week, since their father could not spare both from the farm at once.

But Burns's father was determined to get his boys an education. At 16, Robert was sent to learn mathematics and surveying in the near-by village of Kirkoswald, then the haunt of whisky-smugglers. In the cottage which had belonged to Burns's friend, the village cobbler John Davidson, Scottish National Trust caretaker Mrs Elizabeth Johnston showed us the narrow smuggler's window opening into a curtained box-bed.

"Although Burns probably didn't take part in smugg-

ling like all the others," she told us. "He must have got to know the tricks of the trade, which would have helped him later when he became an excise-man."

After 11 years of a struggle at Mount Oliphant, the Burns family moved 15 kilometres north to Lochlea Farm near Tarbolton. Here Burns at 21 helped to form a literary and debating society, the Bachelors' Club. Its meetings were held in a room above the village brew-house, another Burns site preserved by the Scottish National Trust.

Caretaker Sam Hay, a burly ex-mining clerk, took us up to the low-ceilinged parlour where Burns used to meet a dozen of his cronies once a month; and told us of the club rules formulated by Burns: every member "must be a professed lover of one or more of the female sex," and strictly limit himself on the amount of drink he might consume.

When Burns's father died in his early sixties from poverty and exhaustion, the family left Lochlea and Robert, with Gilbert's help, rented Mossgiel Farm, a few kilometres away. But misfortunes dogged him. Over-worked, under-nourished and outdoors in the rawest weather, he contracted the rheumatic fever which plagued him all his short life.

Yet however hard he laboured, Burns continued to write; poetry was, for him, "a darling walk for

my mind." Following Sam Hay's directions, we managed to find the field where Robert had turned up a fieldmouse's nest with his plough and, overcome with remorse at upsetting the home of the "wee, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous, beastie," wrote the touching apology that became one of his most famous poems.

Passionate Lover. Many of his other verses were less tender—vigorous, witty satires upon local characters like "Holy Willie," a hypocritical elder of the Kirk in near-by Mauchline. Such verses in Burns's flowing script were passed round from hand to hand to the entertainment of his friends and the consternation of his more pompous neighbours, among them the master mason James Armour, whose daughter Jean was one of Mauchline's beauties.

Since Robert's early manhood, the local girls had adored him for his tall, handsome good looks, his zest, witty talk and kindness. And all his life, Burns loved not wisely but too well. Now he fell in love with Jean Armour. Her parents forbade the association, but in spring 1786 the couple went through a form of marriage by declaration, a procedure which remained legal in Scotland until 1940.

Then Jean's father learnt that his daughter was pregnant by the impoverished farmer-poet:

he had their names cut out of their marriage document, packed Jean off to relations and took out a warrant for Robert's arrest to enforce payment from him for the upkeep of the unborn child.

Best Laid Schemes. Robert in desperation decided to go to Jamaica, where he had been promised a job on a plantation. To raise the passage money, he decided to try to publish some of his poems. With friends in Kilmarnock—the only Ayrshire town with a printing press—guaranteeing costs, 44 of his finest poems were printed in the famous “Kilmarnock Edition,” priced then at three shillings but now a sought-after treasure worth thousands of pounds. Warmly acclaimed in the Edinburgh journals, the edition sold out within weeks, and Robert found himself a celebrity overnight.

Jenny and I drove up to Kilmarnock, today a busy manufacturing town 19 kilometres north-east of Ayr, with its Burns Monument and Museum housing one of the world's finest collections of Burns manuscripts. At the Dick Institute, we visited the headquarters of the international Burns Federation, with nearly 1,000 clubs on its roll, from Alloway in Ayrshire to Wollongong, Australia.

“Burns doesn't just belong to the Scots,” Jock Thomson, the

Federation's energetic secretary, remarked. “The Russians, for example, love his work. And they admire him so much in Japan that there are no less than 500 works about him in Japanese.”

With the success of the Kilmarnock edition, Burns abandoned plans to emigrate and set off for Edinburgh to arrange a second printing of his works. He was lionized by the society of the capital, had a romance with the well-born Agnes McLehose—the “Clarinda” of his poems and the inspiration of *Ae Fond Kiss*—and in February 1788 returned to Mauchline in triumph, with £500 from the sale of the Edinburgh edition.

Poverty-Stricken. Now that Burns was famous, Jean Armour's father withdrew his objections, and the couple were able to marry conventionally. At the Burns House Museum in Mauchline's Castle Street, we saw the little upstairs room they rented, and the box bed where Jean bore twin girls—who died tragically within the month. Later, in the near-by churchyard, we found graves of many who figured in Burns's poems, including “Holy Willie” and “Poosie Nansie” of Burns's cantata, *The Jolly Beggars*.

Next day, we drove 70 kilometres south through the beautiful Nith valley to Ellisland Farm, rented by Robert in 1788. By the door of the white-washed cottage,

red roses reminded us of his most famous love song, *O my love's like a red, red rose*, written here for his bonnie Jean who bore two sons at Ellisland. Inside, a fire burnt brightly in the kitchen grate, and ham hooks hung from the ceiling. In the adjoining parlour, caretakers Robert and Jean Stevenson showed us Burns's books, his travelling trunk, and Jean's nursing chair beside the peat fire. "Jean loved him and understood him," Mrs Stevenson told us. "She took him with all his faults because she knew the compassionate man beneath."

For all its exquisite setting however, Ellisland could not yield a living. Leaving its everyday working to Jean, Robert found work as an excise-man, and before long was riding 300 kilometres a week. Conscientious but humane, he dutifully recorded tax defaulters—then pleaded for them in court if they were too poor to pay.

It was during this period that Robert helped collect old Scots folk songs, first for Edinburgh engraver James Johnson and later for publisher George Thomson. Burns worked tirelessly, questioning old people, listening intently in taverns and cottages. Poor as he was, he refused all payment, feeling he was saving a vital part of his national heritage. In all, he collected nearly 300 songs, many of them re-written and refined, like

the *Auld Lang Syne* transcripts we had seen in Alloway.

Devoted Wife. Eventually Burns managed to find a post in Dumfries, then a thriving inland port. Here he lived first in a flat in the "Stinking Vennel" (now more decorously named Bank Street), and then in the handsome two-storey stone house, today an impressive Burns museum, where he spent the last three years of his life.

Now able to pursue his excise duties on foot, Robert had much more time for writing—and for visiting his favourite tavern, the picturesque Globe Inn off the High Street. Ever susceptible to a pretty face, he courted the barmaid, Anna Park; she produced a daughter by him, the week before Jean bore him a son.

Anna went away soon afterwards, and Jean brought the child up as her own, shrugging her shoulders and saying, "Oor Rab should hae had twa wives." No wonder Robert wrote that Jean had "The most placid good nature and sweetness of disposition; a warm heart, gratefully devoted with all its powers to love one."

While he was in his middle thirties, Burns's health deteriorated rapidly, due to recurring attacks of rheumatic fever. After a doctor had recommended cold sea bathing in the Solway Firth—probably the worst possible remedy Robert returned to

Dumfries desperately ill. On July 21, 1796, aged only 37, he died. Jean gave birth to their ninth child four days later, the day of his funeral.

Burns was buried with full military honours, attended by a crowd of 12,000 people. A grieving public subscribed to erect a mausoleum in St Michael's kirk-yard. The blue and white classical temple contains a bas-relief showing Burns's handsome figure standing at the plough, the field-mouse at his feet, with the muse of Poetry spreading her mantle over him.

Before he died, Robert had told Jean, "Don't worry, I'll be more respected in a hundred years than I am now." And so it has come to pass. The first Burns Club was formed in Greenock only five

years after his death: the first Burns Dinners took place on his birthday soon afterwards. Within a few decades, poets such as Keats and Tennyson made their way to his birthplace, just as 125,000 people do each year today. His relics are so reverently preserved that we heard one small girl in the Alloway Museum ask, "Was Robert Burns a saint?"

A saint he would never have claimed to be—merely a flawed, courageous member of the human race, whom Ralph Waldo Emerson called "the poet of poor, anxious, cheerful, working humanity." For Burns knew that whatever a man's character, whatever his faults and misfortunes, whatever the accidents of his class, race or income, "A Man's a Man for a' that."

Tooth on the Wing

A TEXAN, dentist has an unusual painkiller—birds. I can attest to their effectiveness. I was so busy watching the greedy birds feeding that I forgot I was having a tooth extracted. The dentist keeps grain in a cage hanging in a tree directly in front of the window the patient faces. Dozens of birds darting in and out of the cage, scrambling over one another with gusto, provide a motion picture so engrossing that the dentist has finished his treatment before you know it. —P.T.V.

Protective Packaging

THOUGH the eggs sent by train from a poultry farm were packed in wooden boxes and labelled "Handle With Care," many of them were found broken on arrival. One of the poultry farm employees then suggested that the eggs be packed in earthen pots.

Though the suggestion was greeted with considerable scepticism, a trial consignment was sent by this unorthodox method. It turned out that very few eggs were then broken in transit—for the railway handling staff, afraid of breaking the earthen pots, handled them with special care.

—Kumudam

More Remarkable Names of Real People

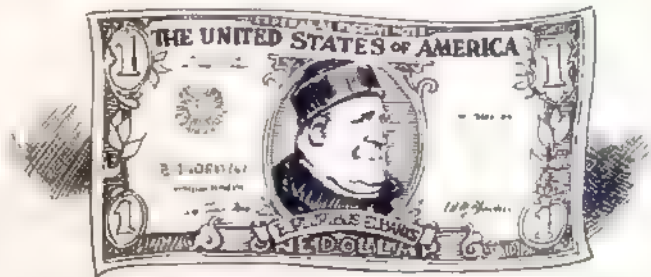
COMPILED AND ANNOTATED BY JOHN TRAIN

Name collector John Train is at it again, pursuing his favourite pastime—the study of proper names. Here, plucked from his new garden of exotic blossoms, is a nosegay of nomenclature you won't easily ignore. And every name has been that of an actual person, hard as it may be to believe.



CHEATHAM & STEELE,
bankers

C. SHARP MINOR,
silent-film organist
DOCTOR DOTTI,
psychiatrist



E. PLURIBUS EUBANKS, *longshoreman*

OPHELIA BUMPS, USA

SARA STRUGGLES NICELY, USA

NOBLE PUFFER,
superintendent of schools

COMFORT and SATISFY BOTTOM,
sisters

VOID NULL, USA

URE A. PIGG,
restaurateur

DR E. Z. FILLER, *dentist*

GRETEL VON GARLIC, USA

I. MINOR WISDOM, *judge*

IVA ODOR, *housewife*

HOGJAW TWADDLE, USA

I. M. ZAMOST, *lawyer*

HALIBUT JUSTA FISH, USA

KUHL BRIEZE, USA

MARMALADE P. VESTIBULE,
firewood salesman

VERBAL SNOOK, *professor*

CARDIAC ARREST DA SILVA,
tax collector

GOOFTY GOOFTY BOWMAN,
Shakespearean actor

HEIDI YUM-YUM GLUCK, *artist*



Soviet Muslims: How Serious a Threat to Moscow?

The Russians have a new worry:
increasing discontent, racial tensions and
feelings of nationalism among the 43 million
Muslims within the USSR's borders

By NANCY LUBIN

BY THE standards of Soviet Central Asia, Saura Abdullaeva is a modern woman. She lives in Tashkent, the most up-to-date city in the vast Asian reaches of the Soviet Union.

Unlike most women in the republic of Uzbekistan, Saura has a career; she works in a tractor factory. And she and her family enjoy many possessions that Russians in Moscow often lack: a sewing machine, contemporary furniture, even a car.

Yet for all her Western veneer,

NANCY LUBIN, who is completing her doctorate at Oxford University, lived for nearly a year in Uzbekistan while researching her dissertation on labour and nationality problems in Soviet Central Asia.

Saura faithfully observes most of the major Islamic holidays and spends the bulk of her free time participating in the endless round of weddings, funerals and festivals that have constituted the core of Uzbek social life since time immemorial. And despite the modern conveniences available to her, she keeps house in classic Uzbek style: the family sleeps on the floor; her kitchen is a stone oven on an earthen floor; a deep hole in the ground serves as her refrigerator.

It was characteristic, too, that when she met me, a young woman living alone in her country, Saura insisted on "adopting" me. It didn't matter to her that I am an



American. "What you need," she told me, "is a good set of parents and lots of good brothers and sisters." Family, tradition and hospitality are the most important things in Saura's life; the material benefits and values of the West—or, more precisely, of Soviet society—are real enough, but emphatically secondary in her scheme of things.

How Saura Abdullaeva and the 30 million other Muslim Central Asians look at the world is a subject that preoccupies the Kremlin these days. The basic reason: the Central Asian Muslim population of the Soviet Union is growing five times as fast as the country's ethnic Russian popu-

lation. This means that ethnic Russians soon will be a minority and that there may be as many Central Asians as Russians entering the labour force and the military.

These facts alone would be enough to make Moscow—and its enemies—keep a close eye on Central Asia. But the region also has other claims on the world's attention. The Muruntau mining complex in Uzbekistan is said to be the world's largest single producer of gold. And Soviet technology is extracting rare metals and natural gas from the Asian desert.

Perhaps the most important aspect of Soviet Asia, however, is its location. Bordered by Iran,

Afghanistan and China, and lying only a few steps from the Arabian Gulf, the area plays a major role in the Soviet Union's relations with the nations on its southern flank.

All these things—burgeoning population, resources and strategic location—make Soviet Central Asia an area of vast potential for the USSR. But paradoxically, they also make it an area of great risk. With both Iran and Pakistan in the grip of an Islamic political revival and Islamic guerrillas fighting a holy war against the USSR in Afghanistan, some Western analysts argue that the odds are strong that this religious ferment will sooner or later infect the Muslims of Soviet Central Asia.

Battle of Tongues. Before 1920, Islam formed the basis of life in Soviet Central Asia, and the people there were closer to the neighbouring Iranians and Chinese than to the Russians who ruled from Moscow. But over the past 60 years, large numbers of Russians and Ukrainians have come into the region, bringing Soviet policies and attitudes with them. As a result, the area has become a schizophrenic blend of two worlds and two eras.

The decline of Islam began with the Bolshevik Revolution, when an ideologically zealous new regime set out to eradicate religion, make Russian the dominant language and modernize the econ-

omic and social life of the region. To help achieve these goals, Moscow sent waves of Russian emigrants into Central Asia; today they account for 15 per cent of its population. Yet, some of Moscow's successful efforts to modernize Central Asia now appear more of a threat than a reinforcement to Soviet unity.

For example, fluency in Russian is more common now than it was even a few years ago. But even those Central Asians who know Russian now use their native language—both on and off the job—more than they did. Soviet officials fear that the increased use of native languages may represent a political statement. "Even at government and party meetings," an Uzbek who belongs to the Communist party told me, "there is resentment that none of the Russians bother to learn the local languages. An Asian who knows Russian will begin to deliver a speech in, say, Tadzhik. Inevitably, some Slav in the audience will ask for a translation into Russian—and the speaker will bark, 'Why don't you learn the language spoken *here*?'"

Religious Fervour. The frequency of such incidents has led to an increase in the number of hours the Asians are required to study Russian in school. Yet officials know that the most effective way to shape the thinking of Asians is to address them in their own

tongues, and local authorities encourage higher levels of proficiency in local languages. So along with the drive to increase use of Russian has gone a seemingly contradictory one to increase the number of books, newspapers and journals published in Central Asian languages. And in almost every city in the region, "native" cinemas and theatres stand side by side with Russian ones, ensuring that everyone has access to the cultural messages approved by Moscow in the language he prefers.

Religion plays an even more ambivalent role in the life of Central Asia than does language. Estimates of the number of "believing" Muslims in the region range from 10 to as high as 65 per cent, though no two observers agree on what constitutes a believer. The unanswerable question of who really is a believer is a key one because of the intervention of the Soviet government in religious life. Partly to provide a safety valve for religious feeling in the area itself and partly to court the favour of Muslim nations abroad, the Soviet regime goes to considerable pains to demonstrate that there is "freedom of worship" in the USSR. In Uzbekistan alone, one Soviet official boasted to me, there are 65 registered mosques and 3,000 active mullahs and other Muslim clerics—many of whom are paid by the Soviet state. A

government-approved Muslim Religious Board for Central Asia and Kazakhstan publishes a journal hailing the vigour of religious life in Central Asia and conducts international seminars and conferences on Muslim affairs.

Discrimination. There is a catch. The Soviet citizens who attend the conferences are carefully screened for political reliability. And while it ostensibly encourages the practice of Islam, the officially atheistic Soviet government seeks to suppress religion as "an evil of the past." In fact, all schools in Central Asia must now include in their curriculum a course on scientific atheism.

Important as they are, neither religion nor language is, in my view, potentially the most explosive issue in Central Asia. Where passions run highest is over the Soviet government's all-out drive to give the Asians more education and more rewarding and responsible jobs.

The Russians continue to keep effective political power in the area in their own hands. But in every other respect, the Soviets are relentlessly opening opportunities for Asians. Whereas ethnic Russians once held nearly all the skilled and responsible jobs in Central Asia, more than half the workers and technicians in Uzbekistan are now Uzbeks—as are two-thirds of the PhDs in the republic. Members of local

nationalities have a much easier time getting into universities and technical institutes than do Slavic residents, and they benefit from an easier grading policy. Similarly, after graduation, they can find jobs according to their skills more easily than Slavs can.

Today, this reverse discrimination is one of the region's most divisive issues. Over the past decade, it has triggered vast resentment among the Slavic population. "I've lived here all my life," one Russian in Tashkent told me. "My parents lived here, and my grandparents. This is *my* home, too."

Criminal Incidents. Meanwhile, despite the competitive advantages the Asians now enjoy, their racial consciousness and nationalism are also getting stronger. The first time I went to buy washing detergent in a Tashkent department store, I found it cost 30 kopeks (about four rupees). I put down a rouble (about Rs 12).

"I'll only take exact change," the salesman told me.

"But I don't have it," I answered.

"Then you'll just have to wear dirty underwear," he said and flung the detergent behind him.

I looked at him incredulously, and he began to sense that he had committed a mistake. "Where are you from?" he asked, and when I told him America, he apologized

profusely. "I thought you were Russian," he said — and then gave me the detergent and my change.

"In a way, it serves them right," many Uzbeks said when I told them my detergent story. For, fairly or not, Central Asians blame the Russians for the rising crime rate in their cities, for the increase in alcoholism and for the Western music, clothing and "hippie culture" that have infected their youth. Sometimes, these nationalist feelings become explosive. In 1978, for example, a chemical factory in a small town outside Tashkent was blown up only a day after it was completed. The incident was hushed up, but an Uzbek nationalist assured me that it was "not by accident." Incidents of this kind occur with increasing frequency.

It would be wrong to assume that discontent and racial tensions will necessarily spell political upheaval among Soviet Muslims. There are strong reasons why most Asians are reluctant to do more than grumble against Soviet rule. Foremost among these is fear of Soviet might. The military troops who serve in Central Asia are largely Slavs with little affinity for the local population. "If we ever tried to do more than grumble, we'd be squashed in the twinkling of an eye," one Asian told me. Beyond that, Central Asia imports many of the things it needs from other parts of the

Soviet Union. How well it could survive without Moscow's economic support is a big question—and one that sobers would-be Central Asian separatists.

A Tough Life. Recent events in Iran and Afghanistan may have strengthened the self-confidence of Soviet Muslims by giving Islam renewed legitimacy in their eyes, but those same events may also have increased their fears of the world at large. "However much we may hate the Russians," some Uzbeks told me well before the invasion of Afghanistan, "separatism would inevitably mean that we would become embroiled in international politics and be eaten up by foreign imperialists. Perhaps things are better as they are."

It seems highly likely that the tensions now visible in the region will gradually compel major changes in the nature of Soviet rule there and in the Soviet Union as a whole. One change is

that Moscow may give Central Asians a larger voice in making economic decisions both for their own region and for the entire USSR. And eventually reorganization of Soviet military and political institutions to incorporate more Central Asians will become inevitable—although ultimate Russian control will be maintained.

And reinforcing such changes in the Soviet system will be powerful psychological constraints. "It's a tough life here," an Uzbek friend told me. "Lots of lines. Lots of shortages. It's a full-time job taking care of a family, finding a good wife for your son, then getting hold of the money and presents to pay for her. You need a lot of time to think about questions like 'nationhood' and 'rights'—and a lot of people here don't have that time. They know things could be worse, so they just don't rock the boat. Call it inertia, call it fear."

Ternabout

"THIS BEACH IS FOR THE BIRDS" is the somewhat disconcerting sign which comes into view as you drive along the Mississippi Gulf Coast's 50-kilometre stretch of man-made white-sand beach. You park your car and step out on to the sea wall. Then you see a cloud of white wings as myriads of small birds go about their home-making duties, close by a busy highway. Then you walk back to read the small print of the sign: "ENDANGERED SPECIES. Least Tern Nesting Area. Please do not disturb small birds or eggs."

It took a year or two of educating residents and tourists, but now the Beach for the Birds is a cherished part of summertime on the Gulf Coast. And each year least terns are returning in greater numbers to rear their young in the sand of their very own beach.

N.E.M.



THE BANK OF ENGLAND's printing works is heated in large part by the paper money it burns every day.

—L.M.B.

ONE OF Trinidad's most famous exports is Angostura aromatic biters, which has been produced by the same family since its formulation in 1824. The secret recipe, known to only four people, was for years relayed orally. At last, it was written out for safety's sake, but the sheet was torn in two and the halves placed in separate banks.

The four who share the secret never travel together in the same conveyance, and only they may enter the secret room where the formula is mixed.

—Elizabeth Patetke in *The People's Almanac*

BRAZIL's national passion for *futebol*, (football) draws standing-room-only crowds to Rio de Janeiro's 180,000-seat Maracã stadium. To protect players and referees from zealots in the stands, the playing field is encircled by a deep moat.

—*National Geographic*

ON LAJES FIELD, the US military installation in the Azores, the Navy flies the planes, the Army runs the tug-boats and the Air Force is responsible for the ground establishment.

—D.D.F.

IN THE opinion of Ross Arnett Jr, a biology professor at Siena College in Loudonville, New York, beetles are the most successful order of life on earth. With 300,000 named species, beetles comprise about a quarter of the grand total of 1,122,633 known species of life. There are more species of beetles than of plants. Arnett notes.

The largest insect in the world is the Goliath Beetle of equatorial Africa. It is bigger than a mouse and has a wingspread of almost 30 centimetres. The hairy-winged beetles, the *Ptilidae*, which live in the spore tube of fungus, are the tiniest insects smaller than the full-stop at the end of this sentence.

—*Sports Illustrated*

It was the custom in ancient Judea to plant a cedar tree when a boy was born and a pine when a girl was born. When a couple married, the canopy used in the wedding ceremony was woven of branches from both trees.

—*The Talmud*

"JAPANESE tradition holds, that a man's soul gets tired bit by bit, day after day during the year," says prominent sociologist Yasuji Honda. "And by the year-end, it is all worn out and dirty." So, Japanese homes get their annual winter cleaning on New Year's Eve. Shinto shrines and Buddhist temples bestow personal purification on an estimated 60 million Japanese. At midnight on New Year's Eve, Buddhist bells bong 108 times for man's 108 sins.

—A.H.M.

SWISSAIR had to ground and take apart one of its DC-10 aircrafts in

April 1978, because it reeked of garlic. Passengers on a flight from Zurich to Boston and Chicago complained about the smell, and on arrival the crew found that a vial of concentrated garlic oil in the cargo hold had broken. —UPI

THE PHILIPPINE Bureau of Income Tax has announced that all candidates for promotion must pass a psychiatric examination. Why? Their duties require them to control their temper. —P.I.

TOURS for insomniacs are offered in the US city of Baltimore, where night owls can see "the dawn's early light" come up over the city's Fort McHenry, just as Francis Scott Key did when he wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner" there in 1814. Other highlights of the tours include a visit to the press-room of the Baltimore



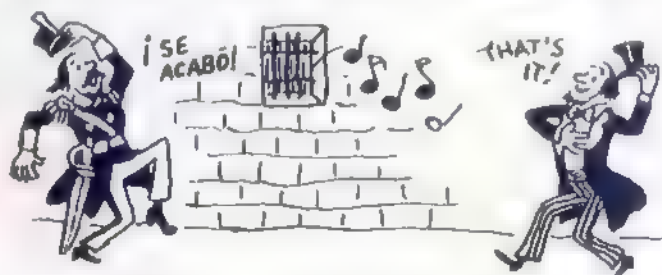
Sun and a stroll through the Baltimore fish market.

Tours start at 1.30 a.m., and participants are advised to bring torches. —R.J.D.

WITH ENVOYS from Great Britain and the United States on the way in 1853, the new revolutionary junta of Costa Rica discovered to their embarrassment that their nation had no anthem. The president summoned Manuel Maria Gutierrez, Costa Rica's best-known musician, to the palace, where

he shook his hand, called him a fine fellow and explained that he had been selected to compose the Costa Rican national anthem—in five days' time. When Gutierrez protested that he always played by ear and had never written down a note of music, the president grew impatient and had the musician thrown in prison.

After four days, Gutierrez managed to set down a lively march tune,



which was played for the envoys and remains Costa Rica's national anthem. —Bruce Felton and Mark Fowler,

More Best, Worst, and Most Unusual

WHEN the "Mona Lisa" was stolen from the Louvre in Paris in 1911 and was missing for two years, more people went to stare at the blank space than had gone to look at the masterpiece in the 12 previous years.

—Barbara Cartland, *Book of Useless Information*

DUTCH masons, carpenters and other skilled craftsmen—many of them jobless—are being called in to help with the restoration of windmills. The project in the northern province of Drenthe functions specifically to put the unemployed back to work.

The Netherlands is now down to its last 945 mills. In the seventeenth century, the golden age of Dutch history, more than 10,000 of the giant contraptions ground maize, cut wood, pumped water and contributed to the nation's prosperity. —W.C.

Drama in Real Life

When a fuel tank burst at a US Marine base outside Tokyo in October 1979, 70 young men were trapped in a sudden inferno, and many were horribly burnt. What happened in the months that followed—the pain endured, the crises met, the mutual help and inspiration given—can never be forgotten.

By JOSEPH BEASLEY

THE MARINES WHO BEAT THE ODDS

There was no way to expect it, prepare for it, defend against it. US Marines are trained to cope with the worst, but this was beyond imagining.

EARLY IN the morning of October 1979, Typhoon Tip battered its way over central Japan. Around noon, the winds and rain began lashing Camp Fuji, 112 kilometres south-west of Tokyo, where a US Marine battalion was training.



Most of the Marines in Battalion Landing Team 2-4 were relaxing in their Quonset huts, dressed in shorts and T-shirts. The rain banged away on the metal roofs like gun shot, and the wind kept blasting open the doors.

When George Dye, 20, finished mess duty that morning, he dashed from the kitchen to his hut, where he shed his wet clothes and pulled on a pair of cut-off old jeans. A few minutes later Jerry Holt darted in

from the PX and shouted, "One of you fellows are smoking out. I smelt petrol coming out."

On the outskirts of the 37,000-pound compound stood three 37,000-pound petrol bladders. One of them, containing nearly 19,000 litres of fuel, had been ruptured by the wind. Floating on top of the rain water, petrol was literally covering the compound. Suddenly, George saw flames—"high, bright, intense" that quickly encircled



the hut. "Everybody began shouting and running back and forth," he recalls. "I knew we had to get out. It was a death trap."

George bolted for the door, took a huge breath, closed his eyes . . . and ran into the inferno. He slipped, fell, rose and continued running. A voice shouting, "Over here, over here," made him open his eyes. He was out of the flames. And when he looked at himself his body didn't appear too badly burnt.

EACH OF George's friends—70 Marines in all—could repeat, with variations, this essential experience. It took each of them about five to seven seconds to pass through the flames. The memory of that horror—of not knowing how far the flames extended or whether or not they would get through them alive—will never dim.

None of the Marines, all between 17 and 24 years old, realized at first how seriously he was injured. Third-degree burns don't hurt because the nerve endings are destroyed. "It may be nature's way of being merciful," observed one burn specialist. In fact, their injuries were appalling.

When the typhoon winds subsided, military helicopters at Yokota Air Base near Tokyo churned into the air to pick up the injured men and fly them to the base hospital. After the patients

were examined, the hospital commander at Yokota phoned Brooke Army Medical Centre at Fort Sam Houston in Texas, and reported the emergency in Japan.

The burn centre at Brooke, organized in 1947, may be the largest in the world. Its doctors, nurses and technicians have unrivalled experience in dealing with burns, and treat some 300 seriously injured military and civilian patients a year.

Dr William McManus, chief of the clinical division, immediately began implementing procedures to fly a team to Japan to bring back the stricken Marines. He requested two giant Air Force C-141 Starlifters.

Meanwhile, Dr Michael Walters, chief of the burn-study branch of the clinical division, divided the medical team into three groups, each with a physician, a nurse and four technicians. Six hours after the phone call, the burn team was on its way to Tokyo.

Tough Challenge. After landing at Yokota, the burn team began evaluating and treating patients. Two Marines had died at Camp Fuji, two more at the base hospital, 28 had burns that could be treated at Yokota. That left 38 Marines with extremely serious burns to be moved to the waiting C-141s.

The immediate problem facing the team was to prevent the in-

jured men from sinking into shock from loss of body plasma. Deep, extensive burns allow these essential fluids to seep out of the body. "If the fluids aren't replaced," explains Dr Walters, "it's as if the patient is bleeding to death." Solutions were dripped into each man's blood-stream, maintaining the necessary volume of plasma. Still, one of them died en route.

As the planes sped across the Pacific, the burn unit at Brooke was being expanded, and 50 nurses and technicians were added to the staff. Treating a patient who has massive skin destruction is probably the most difficult of hospital challenges. The skin is the largest organ of the body, and extensive damage puts stress on all other organs. Treatment can require the services of specialists in surgery, kidneys, liver, intestines, lungs, heart, brain, nervous system. Accompanying emotional traumas call for psychiatrists and psychologists. Care of a single patient in crisis requires two or three nurses.

Sixteen men, with burns covering more than 40 per cent of their bodies, were wheeled into two intensive-care units, called "the cubes." Inside the cubes, the temperature always was at least 27 degrees C., for the large loss of the body's "wrapper" made the patients feel cold.

Some patients' bed areas were surrounded by reflective curtains

to retard evaporation of body fluids and help the body retain heat. All wounds were covered with a thick layer of antibiotic ointment, for burn victims are susceptible to serious infections that a healthy person easily resists.

Pure Hell. Cube patients were treated on an unrelenting round-the-clock schedule: Temperature. Blood-pressure. Pulse. Medication. Intravenous fluids. Ointments. Turning at fixed intervals throughout day and night. Physical therapy to keep the joints from freezing. And debridement, the most excruciating ordeal of all. Debridement involves the removal of dead skin to permit the application of skin grafts and healing. Much of this work was done in the "tank," a large stainless-steel tub where water or an antiseptic solution was run over the wound while staffers scrubbed away with cotton-gauze sponges at the dead skin.

Gust Miller will never forget it: "When I was told to get ready for the tank, I thought it was a whirlpool bath. But when they gave me morphine, I knew it was going to be something else. It turned out to be pure hell. The pain can't be described. We screamed and cursed, and a few men had to be strapped down."

A month after Miller's arrival, surgeons began shaving off thin sections of healthy skin to apply as grafts to his leg, neck, side and

arm. With patients whose grafts were delayed by infection or other complications, doctors applied temporary grafts of pig-skin or human skin from a refrigerated bank, to keep raw tissue covered as much as possible. The body would reject these alien grafts, but before it took such action the graft was replaced with a fresh patch of the patient's own skin.

Compassion and Encouragement. The will to live is just as important to survival as first-class medical treatment. "If a patient decides he wants to die and his mind can't be changed, there seems to be nothing medically that we can do to save him," observes nurse Captain Launa Nardella. "He becomes reluctant to exercise. Refuses to eat. Won't talk. Withdraws more and more. He dies."

To combat this process, the men got help from all sides. The doctors, nurses and therapists gave them compassion, encouragement and skill. They had the support of their families, who stayed at the hospital guest house.

Former burn patients visited the unit and told the men how they had made new lives for themselves. San Antonio residents brought flowers, chocolates, fruit and heartfelt wishes.

The burnt men also had Stevie Tolbert and fellow Marines George Dye and Issac Williams.

Stevie, the seven-year-old son

of a retired Army master sergeant, had been accidentally doused with petrol from a flaming fuel tin, which burnt his face, arms, chest and part of one leg. Depressed, listless, he had been at Brooke for 15 days before the Marines arrived. But when the men were wheeled into the unit, Stevie's father saw him "change 100 per cent." Apparently, the word "Marines" had meaning for the despondent child: courage, strength, the ability to rise above pain. He decided to become one of them.

"The boy helped me," said Mike Cummings, with 30 per cent burns on his face, hands, feet and back. "When I wanted to die, I watched Stevie. He never resisted painful physical therapy. *If he can do it, I thought, so can I.*"

Parents' Anguish. Then there was George Dye. Burnt from head to ankles, except for a small area around his mid-section, George had not been expected to live. When his parents, James and Irene, walked into the cubicle, they found their son completely covered with a thick layer of antibiotic ointment.

On the following day George whispered to his father. "Dad, don't worry about me. I'm going to live."

George was in the cubicle for six weeks. During their twice-a-day visits, his parents maintained their composure. But each even-

ing, on returning to their guest-house room, they would hold each other and let their anguish pour out.

Like the others, George was emotionally upset. He usually did his physical therapy with grit and determination, taking the pain because it had to be taken. But in exercising his tremendous will to live, George did not feel free to release the tension and hurt that had built up inside him. "I need a good cry," he told his mother one day. "But I don't want people to see me."

She reported the incident to clinical specialist David Bedard, who went to George and said, "If you want to cry and scream, do it. Go into the bathroom, close the door, and let go."

George remained in the bathroom for one and a half hours. When he emerged, Bedard said, "I didn't hear any screaming." George answered, "I cry quietly."

The next day, with Bedard's help, George donned pyjamas for the first time and eased himself into a wheelchair. His parents proudly pushed him through the unit between the beds of his fellow Marines, who waved and grinned at him.

Sound of Music. While George's grit attracted the admiration of the Marines, it was 19-year-old Issac Williams who commanded their awe. Lying in bed, the 19-year-old Marine looked like

one massive burn. He couldn't see, or breathe on his own, or eat. But he had a spirit that soared far above pain and the likelihood of death.

Whenever he was wheeled to the tank for debridement, he asked the nurse to turn on the portable radio. While she scrubbed, he sang to the music. The worse the pain, the louder he sang. His comrades could not believe what they were hearing.

"For me, Issac was courage itself," says Gust Miller, who spent three weeks in a cube with him. "His burns were far worse than mine, but he never complained. Where we were concerned with our own problems, he kept asking how everybody else was doing. We hated physical therapy and didn't want to do it. He *wanted* to do it, no matter how much it hurt."

"Issac came in here with a tube down his windpipe and a machine helping him to breathe," says Dr Goldfarb. "He fought and struggled every day, bearing every pain—debridement, dressing changes, physical therapy, the possibility of blindness, multiple surgery, repeated skin grafts. Anywhere along the line it would have been easy for him to give up and die. But he would not quit."

Incredible Faith. In the second week of January, as Issac's vision began to return, Dr Goldfarb felt his first optimism about the brave

Marine's chances for survival.

The following week the doctor asked him to leave his bed for the first time and walk. After being helped out of bed, Issac stood erect and walked stiffly and deliberately through the room. Later, with the assistance of his mother, Issac began eating solids.

Joan Williams had reached the hospital from her home in Alexandria, 48 hours after her son's arrival. "For the first few weeks I was in a daze," she recalls. "I prayed for strength because Issac gets part of his strength from me. If I hang in, I help him hang in."

For his part, Issac never doubted that he would recover. "I'm gonna live," he assured the staff and his friends. "Mama and I are gonna walk out of here together."

APRIL 1, 1980 was a big day at

Brooke Army Medical Centre. At 11 a.m., George Dye was discharged, leaving the burn unit arm in arm with his parents. Ahead of him stretched a long period of reconstructive surgery, more grafts, physical therapy and adjustment to the normal routine of living. But he had made it.

Two hours later, Issac Williams, the last of the 29 surviving Marines to leave Brooke, shook hands with Dr Goldfarb. He faced the same future as George. But he had regained 75 per cent of his vision and could look forward to more improvement. Dr Goldfarb felt proud of him. "Issac," he said, "we beat the odds."

"We sure did, and I thank you," Issac said.

And then he walked out of the hospital with his mama, just as he had vowed.

How's That Again?

FROM THE Massachusetts *Sentinel and Enterprise*: "Flights from Presque Isle to Boston will be reduced from two to three beginning December 1."

SIGN IN a yacht on display in a British boat-yard: "The shower door has been removed for your viewing pleasure." — *The Daily Telegraph*, London

REPORT in a Suffolk, England, parish magazine: "The restoration of the church was completed by the resurfacing of the driveway, when, to the applause of all who had helped, the vicar and his wife rolled in the new gravel."

Evening Standard, London

NOTICE to subscribers in the Corpus Christi *Caller-Times*: "Call the *Caller-Times* by noon today if you do not receive your paper tomorrow morning."

HEADLINE in the Attleboro, Massachusetts, *Sun Chronicle*: "Sex education students multiplying in Thacher School."

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The Coming of the Codfish

Under, over and around the lone diver
they swarmed, hungry hordes of them
in a mighty spring migration

BY FRANKLIN RUSSELL

TWELVE metres below the surface, the pale grey-green water allowed me a ghostly vision of a rock-strewn sandy bottom where tiny fish darted. Here, some 60 kilometres off the north-east coast of Newfoundland, I waited underwater to witness one of the greatest movements of animals on earth—the annual migration of codfish.

My base was Funk Island, a bleak chunk of granite set in the middle of the icy Labrador Current. The island rises from shallows that periodically teem with fish. It also provides a nesting platform for up to a million seabirds, mostly murre, which hunt the shallows in spring and summer.

It was a few minutes before

noon on a day in early April. The cod were overdue and as one fisherman had told me, "They might not come in at all. You cannot be sure from year to year."

As I flippered along in my insulated rubber wet suit, a darkish-hued fish with a lower-jaw barbel and a thick-set body about 60 centimetres long appeared before me. It was joined by a second, a third and then a score. The cod paused, fins wavering, watching through goggle eyes.

Behind this vanguard, thousands more cod assumed identity out of the murk, their flat, disc eyes moving like tilted buttons to get a better view of me. In this eerie moment, I shivered. Behind them, I knew, stretched millions of other cod. Here was one of the

most edible, most hunted, most prolific and most useful fish in all the oceans.

Nobody knows exactly how many cod live in the northern Atlantic. Fishermen catch between 400,000 to 500,000 metric tons a year in Canadian and American waters alone—about five hundred million fish. This is probably around 25 per cent of all adult cod in these waters, perhaps totalling two thousand million fish, or two million metric tons of flesh.

The fish facing me were but an infinitesimal part of an immense inshore movement of codfish closing in on the shallow continental-shelf waters of the north-western Atlantic during the months of late winter and early spring.

Once accustomed to me, they approached as though I did not exist. They had spent most of the winter resting in the blackness of the deep, conserving their fat-resources at a time when food was scarce or non-existent. Now, having spawned, they were on the move and voracious.

To fuel their depleted bodies, they must find large quantities of food. In previous years, I had seen hungry cod churning the surface into foam in their pursuit of small fish—particularly the 20-centimetre capelin, young herring and squid.

The ranks of codfish parted slightly and they moved under me, over me, around me. In this total

envelopment, massed bodies swimming fin to fin, nose to tail, belly to back, the cod closed off the last of the sun. The water's glow died to twilight, then to near-darkness. I felt a moment of claustrophobic panic as if trapped inside a doorless and windowless room.

Fight to Survive. These swarming fish, averaging about one to two kilos, were all roughly the same age—five or six years old—and many would not live much longer, so numerous were the nets and lines and hooks of the fishermen hunting them.

They had been released from their mothers' bodies in the depths as eggs, to float to the surface. There they had mingled with microscopic plant plankton and been preyed on by animal plankton such as arrow-worms and the jellyfish-like ctenophores.

For every fish around me now, perhaps a million had been lost as eggs, hatchlings and youngsters. Blue whales had strained them out of the water through their sieve-like mouths. Herring had snapped them up as eggs and hatchlings. Sea-birds squabbled among them for a share of their teeming numbers. Perhaps only one egg in a thousand would have had the chance to hatch.

Then, when the surviving young cod, each about 25 millimetres long, dropped to the bottom at about five or six months

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strengthens bone structure.

Bones can't be seen. Yet they are critical for the growth and development of your children. Calcium is a vital component of bones and teeth. Calcium deficiency results in weak and brittle bones. Teeth become loose and develop cavities.

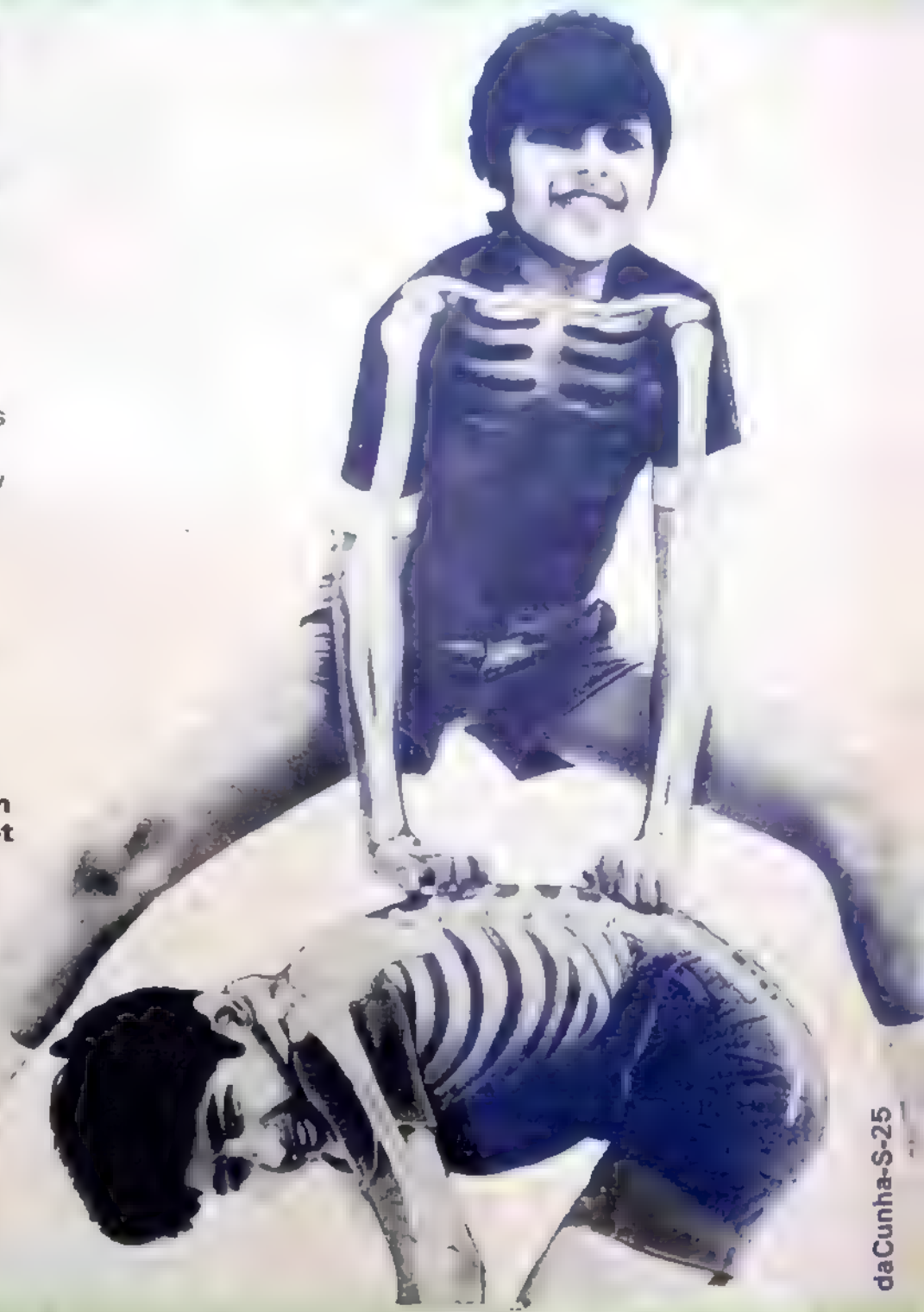
For strong teeth and healthy bones, give your child 3 to 4 vanilla-flavoured Calcium-Sandoz tablets every day. In addition to calcium, each tablet is fortified with Vitamins C, D and B12.

Your child loses calcium every day. This must be replaced. Otherwise his growth will suffer. Ordinary meals may not provide enough calcium.

Start him on Calcium-Sandoz today—before it is too late. No amount of calcium given later can repair the damage.

Remember, not all calcium tablets are the same. Insist on Calcium-Sandoz only. Do not settle for substitutes.

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For strong teeth and healthy bones





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of age, they were hunted by had dock and halibut, by rosefish and by larger cod.

These cod teeming around me had been "in the fishery," as fishermen say, for about three years. Worth catching once they were about a kilo in weight, they were survivors of highly competitive pursuit by thousands of fishermen from a score of nations. They had escaped Portuguese and Norwegian hooks strung out on long-lines.

They had fled Spanish pair-trawlers trailing giant encircling nets over the bottom. They had raced from the muted thunder of otter trawls—15-metre-wide nets held open by slabs of wood as big as barn doors, which are dragged along the ocean floor.

A Feast. In ten days of waiting at Funk Island, I had watched many small fish that the cod would hunt. The smelt-like capelin, which I had seen in great swarming schools, were the prime food for the feast about to begin.

As I swam above the ridged, olive-green backs of the cod, the sunlight glowed into a milling confusion of bodies. The cod had stopped and now quested all around them. Then, as if they had all heard a sound, they turned in one direction. They waited. Fins stroked the water urgently. I felt the tension, the anticipation of imminent action.

Now the cod moved forward, at

first slowly, and then with a streaming rush that became a massive charge. The thin nylon line which connected me to my dory, anchored near by, tugged and jerked at my waist as it was struck by speeding fish. A kind of low thrumming, perhaps the beat of all those fins, rose and fell in my ears. Within seconds, they were gone. I dropped to the bottom. Sand and other debris boiled upwards in response to the great acceleration of so many fish.

The cod had sped far beyond my capability to follow, but other creatures were not so restrained.

A murre from Funk Island which, like others of these duck-sized, sharp-beaked, black and white sea-birds, had been resting on the surface, flipped underwater and came down towards me. He used his wings to "fly" in a graceful slow motion that I knew could take him 30 metres or more beneath the surface to chase his prey. His white chest caught the light for a moment as he deflected to avoid me, then turned to follow the cod. Other murrens came down in steeply falling "flight," their heads turning to left and right.

I hesitated, possessed by the excitement of the unknown. This was a moment of supreme opportunity when, suddenly among their prey, the cod could recharge their bodies with protein. They could pile on fat that would enrich



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Come back to Nature. Share a bath with Margo. You'll emerge clean, fresh, and glowing. All over. Every time.

cleans while it cares
for every inch of every body



Margo exclusive skincare soap made with pure Oil of Neem

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their flesh and provide liver oil.

The dimly glinting stones of the bottom disappeared under a rush of bodies. A dense mass of fleeing capelin now blanketed the sand. A murre sharpened its downward flight and struck a hole into the capelin mass. The bird angled up past me with a fish protruding from its beak.

Did the cod know that their victims had outflanked them? A single cod sped past me. The capelin wavered, turned en masse and rushed away. But then, in even greater confusion, they returned. The cod came into view again. But this time, to my surprise, they

seemed in no hurry, as if they had their prey surrounded. Now they were ready for their banquet.

Escape Route. Cod appeared everywhere. The pack of fish quickly became so great that I could make little sense of what was happening. Tails flicked against me. A sharp pain on the back of my hand and a streamer of blood showed where I had been gouged by sharp teeth or maybe even a fin. Fish rushing, turning, twisting, banged against me like small solid fists striking in the dark.

The capelin had only one route of escape. They headed for the surface. But at the same time,

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NEW YORK—Medical science has discovered a new healing medication that actually shrinks piles (hemorrhoids) without surgery, except in very severe cases. In case after case, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by doctors. Even in fairly old cases, pain and itching were relieved promptly and shrinking and healing of the affected tissues were observed.

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ointment, not only helps shrink piles, but also lubricates, relieves irritation and makes bowel movement less painful.

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* Regd. User of TM: Geoffrey Manners & Co. Ltd.

211 PH-62

thousands of sea-birds had erupted from Funk Island in response to the disturbance growing in the waves. They came down through the water, like so many planes attacking a submarine.

Frantic Activity. Previously, I had wondered why fishermen sometimes found seabirds in codfish stomachs. Now I could see how the hunger of both for a common prey enabled the fish to catch the bird.

I was trapped between a great curiosity to see out the drama and a nagging anxiety that I might become a victim of it. These were killer-whale waters and I knew that these torpedo-shaped, black-and-white creatures liked to dash through massed squid, cod, herring and mackerel as they sped north in search of bigger game.

The cod came up under me, now in direct pursuit of the rising capelin. Some swam vertically, so fast they looked like dark rockets. Distantly, I could hear a steady pattering noise. I had the impression that some of the charging cod, oblivious, leapt clear of the water and were falling back into the waves, whacking the water with their sides.

In the urgent activity of so many fish, the water became a blizzard of silver. Dazed fish swam in circles. Black and white feathers hung among the wreckage of the

capelin

As abruptly as it had begun, the underwater drama of the codfish legions was done. The hunting cod at the surface sank slowly into deeper water. The birds that had been "flying" along the bottom were now passing the descending cod as they headed for the surface, many of them with last victims of the chase sticking out of their beaks. Solitary capelin darted away. As I watched, the line tugged at my waist and my air-gauge indicator showed it was time to go up.

End of a Drama. When I surfaced, the sun had gone behind a cloud. The restless sea tossed under a fresh chill wind from the shores of Labrador. When I pulled myself into the dory, my hands white and numbed, I noticed that the sea all around me was empty. The island was quiet.

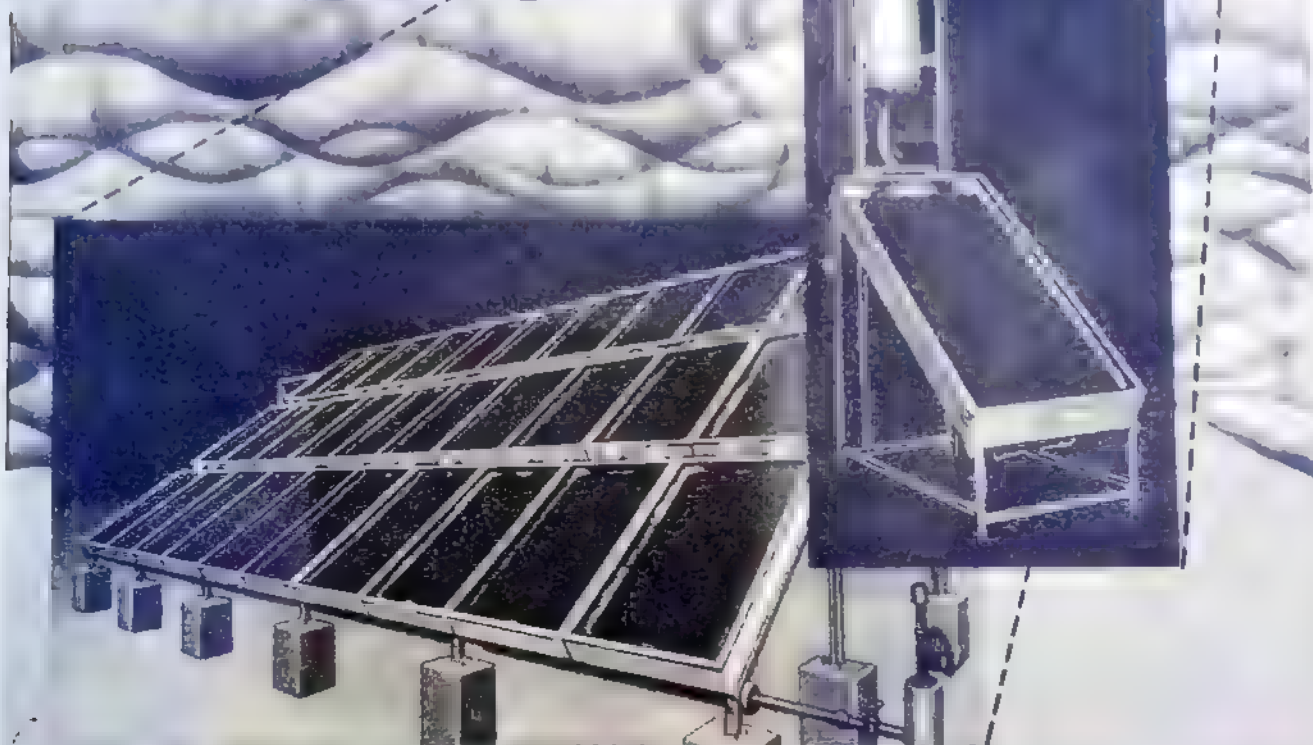
Bemused, I slumped down on the thwart. But then I saw the birds streaming away from the island again. They headed for a new hunting place about a kilometre west of my boat. Suddenly, the dory was surrounded by thousands of capelin, snapping like tiny dogs at scraps of food. They had returned to their own hunt. They had fed the cod and, soon enough, they would perhaps feed on the eggs of young cod of the next generation.

SUCCESS is precise and prompt obedience to the call of circumstances.

—Leon Blum

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"Two great ads: One better than the other. And the other better than the first!" Pegasus

For the first time, the Pegasus judges couldn't make up their minds between two great ads. And so the 11th Pegasus Award for advertising that appeared in the Reader's Digest during July-August 1980 is shared by the Luxol Silk Paint ad prepared by Lintas India Ltd., and the HMT watches ad prepared by Sista's Pvt. Ltd.

What the judges said



Dheeraj Mundkar

"Both advertisements were, I believe, equally successful in achieving their objectives: the Luxol Silk ad in giving the product an up-market positioning, and the HMT watches ad in

informing the consumer of the vast variety of watches available."



Bahadur Merwan

"The HMT watches ad packs a great punch, largely because of its dramatic visual treatment. The Luxol Silk ad, meanwhile, is memorable for its catchy line — backed

by very informative, persuasive copy."



Shashi Desh

"The British Paints ad had a class of its own, conveying product image as well as product features very well... the HMT ad had a certain power behind it, and it displayed the wide range of watches superbly. Both had to win!"



The Pegasus

An award for outstanding advertising in the Reader's Digest. Promoting professional excellence. And recognising creative talent.

THE LUXOL SILK PAINT AD

Creative team's comments

Stanley Pinto (Director)

"Our challenge was to develop a campaign for Luxol Silk that would a) set the brand apart from—and above—the welter of competitive brands and b) achieve a distinctive identity in Year 1. I believe we achieved both ends satisfactorily. Our peers in the industry say it's the only distinctive advertising for any emulsion paint this year...and the brand now commands a premium over even the market leader."

Client team's comments

Biji K. Kurien (Chief Executive)

"This paint is aimed at the upper, upper end of the market. The brief to the Agency was, very simply, to convey the exclusiveness of the product. And the ad, I believe, does precisely that."

Dhruba Ghosh

(Marketing Services Manager)

"The Agency has managed to distil the real spirit of the communications brief."

Dharit Desgupta

(Publicity Manager)

"It was teamwork all the way. An outcome of a perfect balance of agency-client understanding."



Left to right: K.R. Ananthakrishnan; S. Seetharam; P.K. Ganesh Ayyar; I.K. Amitha; B.K. Kurien; B.A. Ochane; and L.C. Paul.

THE HMT WATCHES AD

Creative team's comments

K. R. Ananthakrishnan (Copy Chief)

"When you're working on a product range as exciting as this you can't help coming up with winning advertising."

Suresh Seetharam (Art Director)

"We had a lot of fun working on this ad: we had a very interesting product to work on...and a client liberal enough to give us complete creative freedom."

Client team's comments

I. K. Amitha (Executive Director)

"The Agency has done a good job. And the market's response has been tremendous. People are now saying, 'We never knew such a wide range was available'—and sales have shot up."

P. K. Ganesh Ayyar

(Product Manager—Watches)

"It was a great challenge—getting the product the kind of attention it deserves. And the Agency has met that challenge superbly."



Winners of the Pegasus Award

British Paints Ltd: Luxol Silk Paints
Created by Lintas India Ltd. Calcutta

Director: Stanley Pinto
Account Supervisor: Ramesh Mishra
Creative Group Head: Nina Verma
Art Director: Rema Ezra
Photographer: Vivek Das

HMT Limited—Watches Division
Created by Sista's Pvt. Ltd.

General Manager, South: C. Ravi Kumar
Account Supervisor: Mathew Pothan
Copy Chief: K. R. Ananthakrishnan
Art Director: Suresh Seetharam

The Judges

Bhaskar B. Mundkur
Chairman, Ulka Advertising Pvt. Ltd.

Bahadur Merwan
Creative Group Head,
Ogilvy, Benson & Mather Pvt. Ltd.

Shashi Dash
Managing Director,
Universal Luggage Mfg. Co. Pvt. Ltd.

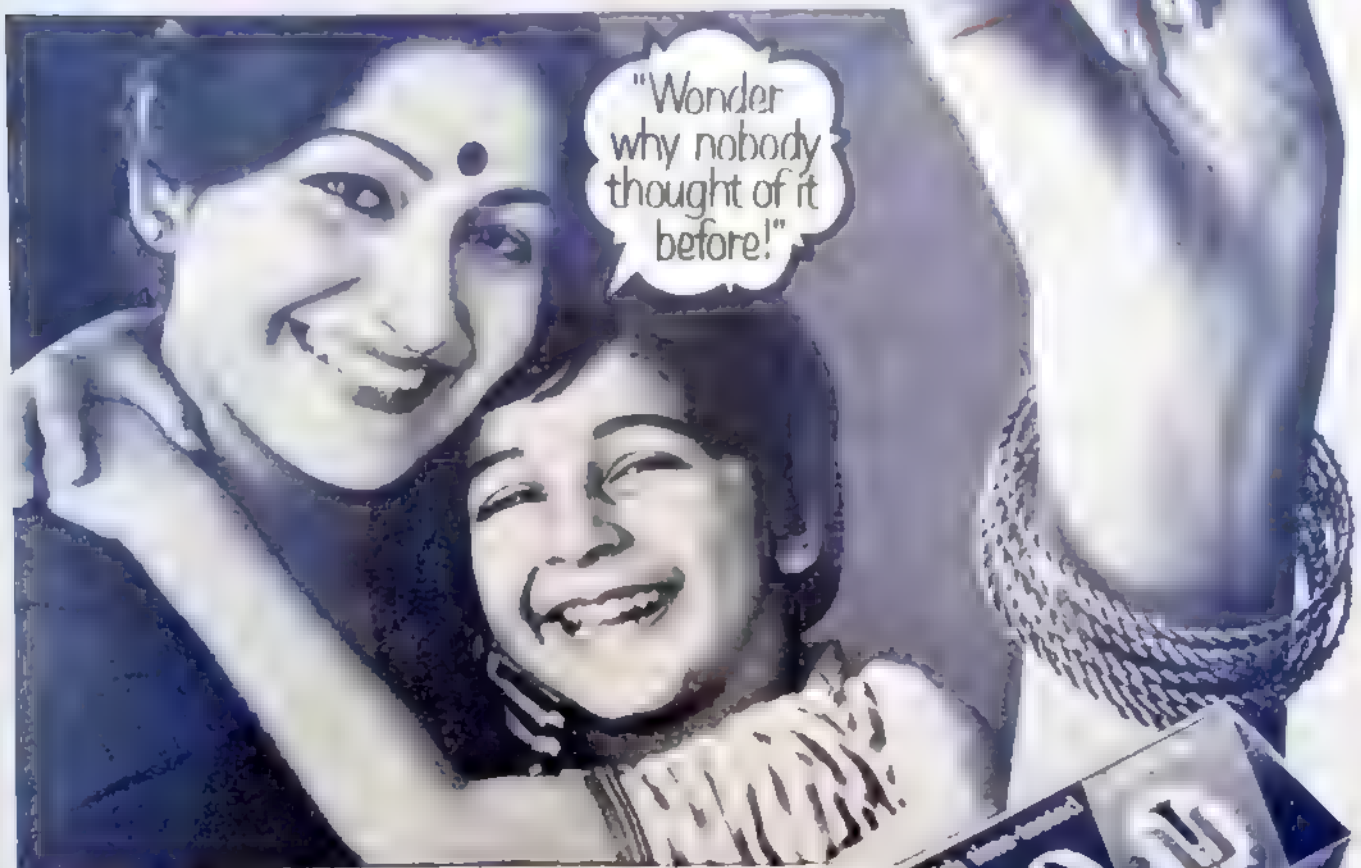
Individuals responsible for creating the winning ads have been accorded membership to the prestigious Pegasus Club.

Reader's Digest

Thousands of families are re-discovering
the time-tested qualities of Clove Oil
in

Promise the unique toothpaste with Clove Oil

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Promise

- Helps prevent tooth decay
- Refreshes the mouth
- Prevents bad breath



**Healthier teeth and gums.
Fresher breath.
That's a Promise.**

Empty tube offer now extended upto 30th June 1981 by popular demand.

THINGS YOU LEARN AFTER YOU KNOW IT ALL

BY JOHN GARDNER

WOULD you bet on the future of this man? He is 53 years old. Most of his adult life has been a losing struggle against debt and misfortune. A war injury has denied him the use of his left hand. He has held several government jobs, succeeding at none, and he had often been in prison. Driven by heaven-knows-what motives—boredom, hope of gain, creative impulse—he determines to write a book.

The book turns out to be one that has enthralled the world for more than 350 years. For that former prisoner was Cervantes, and the book was *Don Quixote*. And the story poses an interesting question.

Why do some men and women discover new vitality and creativity to the end of their days, while others go to seed long

before?

We've all known people who run out of steam before they reach life's half-way mark. I'm not talking about those who fail to get to the top. We can't all get there. I'm not talking about people who have stopped learning or growing because they have adopted the fixed attitudes and opinions that all too often come with passing years.

Most of us, in fact, progressively narrow the scope and variety of our lives. We succeed in our field of specialization and then become trapped in it. Nothing surprises us. We lose our sense of wonder.

But if you are conscious of these dangers, you can resort to countervailing measures. Reject stagnation. Reject the myth that learning is for young people. It's what you learn after you

know it all that counts.

Stimulations. Learn all your life—from your successes, from your failures. When you hit a spell of trouble, ask, "What is it trying to teach me?" The lessons aren't always happy ones. In one of his essays, nineteenth-century American poet and essayist, Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote, "Bad times have a scientific value. These are occasions a good learner would not miss."

Individuals who remain vital have learnt not to be imprisoned by fixed habits, attitudes and routines, we build our own prisons and serve as our own jailers. But if we build the prisons ourselves, we can tear them down ourselves. If we are willing to learn, the opportunities are everywhere. We learn from our work and from our friends and families. We learn by accepting the obligations of life, by suffering, by taking risks, by loving, by bearing life's indignities with dignity.

Obligations. The things you learn in maturity seldom involve information and skills. You learn to bear with the things you can't change. You learn to avoid self-pity. You learn not to burn up energy in anxiety. You learn that most people are neither for nor against you but rather are thinking about themselves. You learn that no matter how much you try to please, some people are never going to love you—a notion that

troubles at first but is eventually relaxing

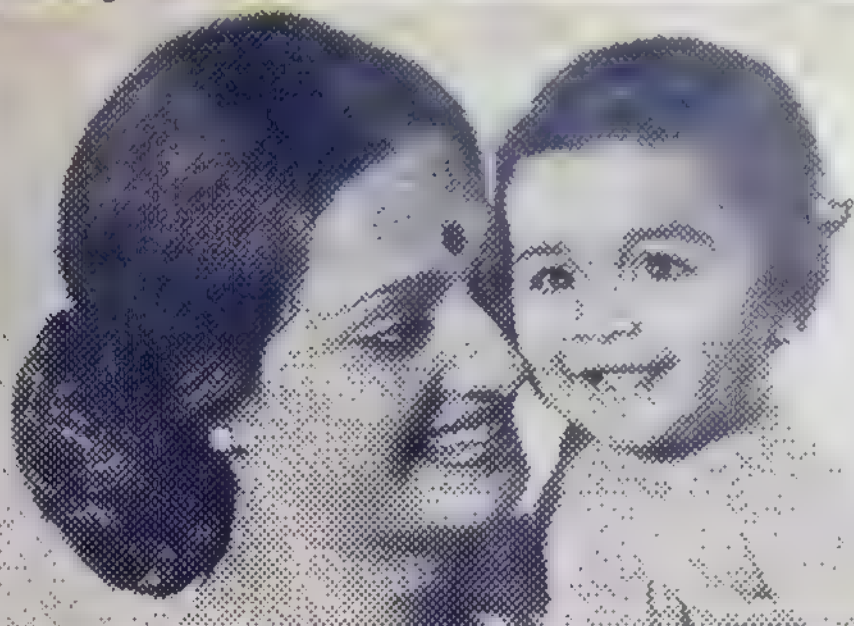
Among your obligations is an appointment with yourself. Self-knowledge, the beginning of wisdom, is ruled out for most people by the increasingly effective self-deception they practise as they grow older. By middle age, most of us are accomplished fugitives from ourselves. Yet there's a surprising usefulness in learning not to lie to yourself.

One of the most valuable things you learn is that ultimately you're the one who's responsible for you. You don't blame others. You don't blame circumstances. You take charge.

Commitments. If you're going to keep on learning, your surest allies will be high motivation and enthusiasm. Some people, somehow, keep their zest until the day they die. They care about things. They reach out. They enjoy. They risk. Above all, perhaps, they know how important it is to have meaning in their lives.

People can achieve meaning only if they have made a commitment to something larger than their own little egos, whether to loved ones, to fellow humans, to work, or to some moral or religious concept. The late British author Bernard Shaw once wrote: "This is the true joy in life, being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one . . . instead of (being) a feverish, selfish

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—Dr. Subhash C. Arya:
"Infant & Childcare for
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Baby's ideal solid food for rapid all-round growth**

CASGLF-12-152

little clod . . . complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy."

Many of us equate "commitment" with certain lines of work—teaching, nursing, the church. We feel that in such "caring" occupations one will somehow find a personal nobility greater than is possible to a steelworker, say, or an umbrella sales-

man.

But doing *any* legitimate job as well as one can is in itself an admirable commitment. People who strive for such excellence—whether they are driving a truck, or running a store, or bringing up a family—make the world better just by being the kind of people they are. They've learnt life's most valuable lesson.

The Old And The New

THERE are worlds of difference between working with new timber and wood that has seen years of service to man.

New timber has the smell of oakmoss, leafmould and, sometimes, violets. Its smooth, uniform surfaces speak of gang saws ripping through the knots and gnarls of a thick log. Old wood has a woodsy smell only when it is sawed. Then the heavy fragrances of rotting timber fallen long ago blend with the acrid odour from the finish singed by the saw. There are also hints of the room once inhabited, of a subterranean dampness or a wine spill.

New timber has not forgotten the green growth of the forest. It has sticky resin—sometimes a pocket, sometimes a sheen—and juices which make it expand and contract, curl and cup, bow and warp. Old timber is resigned to a life of service to man, and it submits to his will and whim. It hardly moves, it hardly changes. It is stable and mature, accepting of the time and space found. But, occasionally, an old board lets out a sigh that sounds like a whimper or a bullet's report.

New wood looks like a topographical map. Old wood depicts history as well: coronations, civil strife and invasions. The ubiquitous nail holes have crowns, halos and lances that can be metallic, russet or black. Discoloured streaks and patches reveal where pictures once hung, the sunlight fell or the moulding was. There are bruises and gashes, charred traces of cigarettes stamped out too late and tiny particles of ghostly chalk that seeped through from plaster boards into two-by-fours.

Used timber is an inheritance that usually goes unclaimed. It becomes one's own when it is turned into needed objects. The rehabilitation project is an adjustment; the start is where others left off.

—Charles Fenyvesi in *Washington Post*

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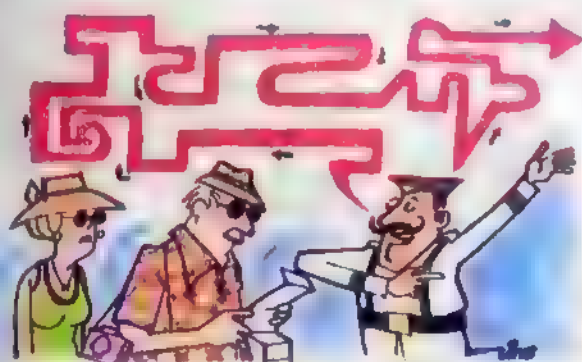
Happy days are here again...

Everybody is
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**Thums
Up**

The refreshing Cola

Towards More Picturesque Speech



Summer Musings

This is when we learn that a holiday is the shortest distance between two pay cheques —O.C.C.

A child's ear can't hear a parent's bellow from the next room, but picks up the faintest far-off jingle of an ice-cream cart —S.T.

The Business Whirl

Boss to employee: "Now then, what makes you feel that we're dehumanizing you, 624078?" —E.S.

Tycoon, on couch, to psychiatrist: "I hate my parent companies" —Schochet

Bank official to job applicant: "What other qualifications do you have besides a genuine love of money?" —B.B.

Company president on phone: "So go ahead and sue! It's just your computer's word against our computer's word" —A.K.

Boss to office worker: "Don't think

of it as a cut in salary. Think of it as another blow struck in the never-ending fight against inflation.

People Watching

She was poured into her clothes, and forgot to say when to stop

—P.G. Wodehouse

Ideas battled for place of honour on his tongue —M.S.

Her head was gift-wrapped in brown curls —S.C.

A smile so big it introduced one ear to the other —R.D.M.

Words in Play

Rough-hour traffic —P.S.

Woes-coloured glasses —*Catholic Digest*

Quip-witted —*Newsweek*

The shruburbs —L.B.

Drizmal days —M.D.H.

Professional Profiles

Manicurists make money hand over fist —L.E.

Taxidermists suffer from mounting apprehension —K.C.

Dress designers live off the fad of the land —B.H.

Auctioneers always look forbidding —L.L.L.

Forecast

Beautiful mornings trying to outdew each other —P.G.G.

Dandelions breaking out with yellow fervour —C.B.P.

SCARECROWS:



*Scarecrows may end up looking like the people who make them.
This sturdy figure stuffed with straw is probably the creation of a portly farmer*

Sentinels of the Fields

BY AVON NEAL AND ANN PARKER

FROM THE dawn of agriculture to the present day, man has relied on effigies to defend seeds and ripening fruits and vegetables against hungry birds. In Japan, farmers have erected scarecrows for centuries to protect their rice crops; in ancient Greece, statues of the ugly god Priapus, protector of farmers, were used to keep sparrows away from cherries, melons and grapes; and in America, long before Columbus, Red Indians were setting up scarecrows in the maizefields to frighten off blackbirds and magpies.

In modern times, these strange shapes are still widely used in countries steeped in rural traditions. The principle is simple: the farmer assembles two crossed sticks and dresses up this construction to make it resemble a human being, usually in cast-off clothing, with a head made of a bag or an old sock stuffed with straw. "The more a scarecrow looks like a real person, the more effective it is," says a shrewd old gardener from Brittany.

More often than not, making

Tin-can man with hubcap head. Today's scarecrows appear in spin-offs from modern technology: strips of metal, garish reflectors, tins, anything that glitters in the sunlight



Joyful dancing in the orchard, was made by a local artist

ANN PARKER



Modish pea-patch madam in Portugal. Any old shirt, apron, robe or hat is fair game for the scarecrow artist

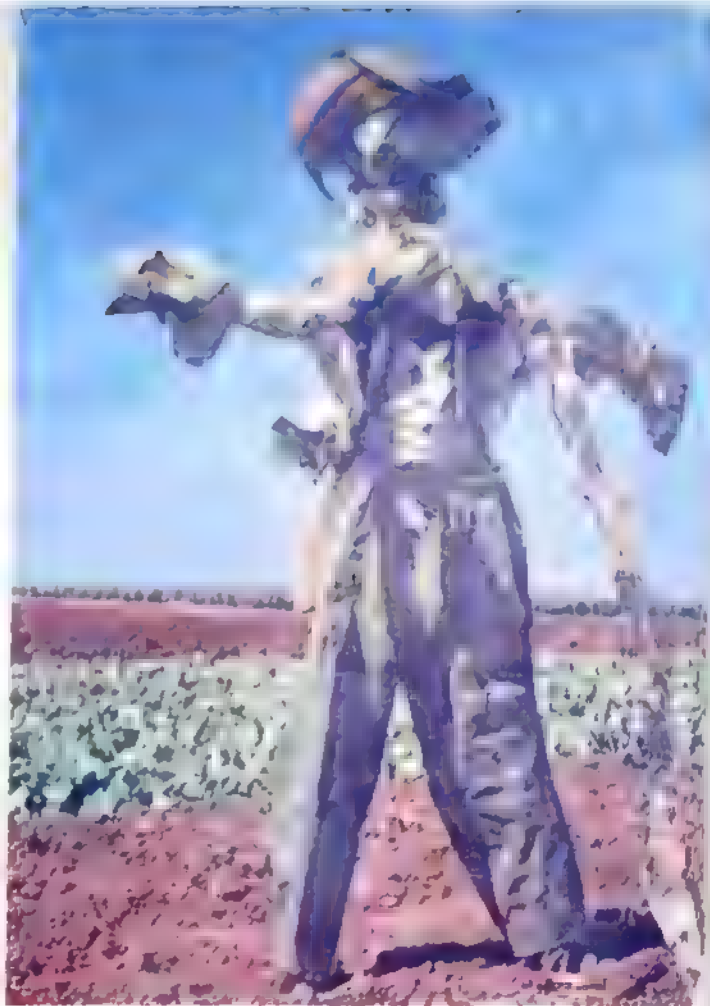
*Don Quixote stands guard
in a melon field in*

the scarecrow is a family affair—the children helping. Some farmers are natural artists with a sharp sense of realism, a curious eye and a vivid imagination. Their frightening sentinels are almost worth preserving as examples of primitive art.

And the phoney field warden have been a favourite subject for writers and story-tellers, from the Bible to modern children's books. Nathaniel Hawthorne made one the hero of a short story, while another was a companion of Dorothy on her journey to find the wonderful Wizard of Oz. More recently, in Günter Grass's *Dog Years*, one character becomes a master scarecrow maker because the birds are instinctively terrified of his creations.

In recent years, two photographers—Ann Parker, an American, and Hans Silvester, a German—independently became fascinated by scarecrows. Roaming rural areas all over the world, they photographed hundreds of them as naïve art works, spontaneous reflections of a rustic and popular culture. Until art collectors actually install scarecrows in their living rooms, these skilful photos enable us to discover their magical world and to appreciate the creativity of the raggedy sculptures that man has erected in the fields.

Ephemeral folk figure. Scarecrow faces are sometimes abstract, suggested rather than represented



HANS SILVESTER



ANN PARKER



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It started with a few pain-killers, then pills. Then came narcotics, and I was uncontrollably addicted.

I'm a Doctor— And a Drug Addict



By ANONYMOUS

A FEW OF you may sympathize with me, but most probably think of drug abusers as human garbage. I once felt that way myself.

After graduating from medical college, I was in charge of a hospital's alcohol-detoxification unit. It

seemed clear that my patients were disgustingly weak-willed people who couldn't break the habit of dumping alcohol into their bodies.

Back then, in 1974, I was taking an occasional amphetamine to keep me alert on days after I'd done additional work at nights in

the local emergency room. The long hours and chemical pep seemed justified by my \$20,000 (Rs 1.6 lakhs) education debt, my impending marriage to a woman with two young daughters, and by the fact that we'd soon move to Florida, where I was to begin a three-year internal-medicine residency paying \$9,000 (Rs 72,000) a year.

The Florida hospital had a rigorous teaching programme and throughout 1975 I was on call every third night and usually couldn't sleep. Week-ends I spent either doing additional work at night or on call. In order to maintain that brutal pace, I was taking twelve and a half milligrams of amphetamines every morning.

My family's allergies, aggravated by Florida's long growing season, forced me to hunt for another residency. None was available, but by the end of the year I landed a position in internal medicine with a group-practice clinic in a small Southern town. Adding a generous salary to what I made by continuing to work at night, I increased my annual take-home pay to \$50,000 (Rs 4 lakhs). I also increased my daily amphetamine dose to 25 milligrams.

The use of stimulants hardly seemed to me to be cause for alarm. They made me talk faster than normal, but people at the clinic had never heard me talk any other way. Serious physical addic-

tion to amphetamines, as far as I knew, wasn't supposed to be possible, so I didn't worry about periodically boosting the dosage to maintain the extra-energy effect.

Increased Dosage. By 1977, I'd purchased a nice home, repaid a substantial chunk of my study loan, and was seeing 35 patients a day. My morning intake of amphetamines had jumped to 37 and a half milligrams. My wife, Susan, a medical paraprofessional, began expressing concern in early 1978—the drugs probably weren't good for me, she'd say. Convinced that I wasn't addicted, I told her I would stop during a forthcoming holiday with the family.

I did stop taking the drugs, and most immediately my energy level plummeted. I became irritable, depressed and wanted only to lie in the hotel bed. When our girls asked if I wanted to go swimming, I told them to leave me alone. When my wife asked if I'd like to take a walk on the beach at sunset, I told her to go by herself.

Two days off, the stimulants, and I couldn't live with myself. I started taking an oral narcotic—one tablet three times a day—to smooth out my mood. I became a good father and husband again, and the rest of the holiday went nicely without amphetamines.

I thought that I'd take the narcotic for a week or so until my energy returned, but I enjoyed the



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effect so much that I just kept taking it. Soon I re-instituted my amphetamine regimen, too.

In October 1978, I moved into the newly constructed wing of our clinic and found myself no longer working closely with the other doctors. Rarely was anyone around of sufficient rank to question my behaviour, which was getting worse.

The first narcotics prescription I'd written—for 200 tablets—lasted about a month. The exhilarating "rush" began to fade. I stepped up the dosage—one every four hours, one every three, one every two—until I couldn't get "high" off a tablet an hour. Solution: take two, even three, at once. By December, I was drowning 100 tablets every three days and writing prescriptions for them at all seven chemists' stores in town. I was becoming irritable, and I began to lose my composure on the job.

Word of my personality change must have spread because one of the senior physicians called me into conference. What was bothering me? Was I having problems at home? I insisted that absolutely nothing was wrong. He let the matter drop.

Cause for Concern. Susan was supportive yet worried. She knew I'd been taking narcotics, but was stunned when I told her how large the dosage was.

The problem was compounded early in 1979 when it became difficult to keep food down and gastric pain began waking me up at 3 a.m. I'd take some antacids, but they didn't touch the pain. I finally went to my bag and pulled out the bottle of meperidine hydrochloride (a powerful painkiller and sedative). An injection of 100 milligrams did the trick.

After finding an empty narcotics bottle in the waste-paper basket, my nurse at the clinic caught on. Nothing to be concerned about, I told her. I was about to go on a ten-day leave and when I returned I'd be drug-free.

I'd studied the narcotics section of a pharmacology textbook and learnt that withdrawal from the drugs I had been taking wouldn't kill me. By keeping myself heavily sedated for about 72 hours, I thought I could shake my addiction relatively painlessly.

I sent the girls to stay with their grandparents, then put the plan into effect. For three days, my loving wife maintained a vigil at my side.

It seemed as though I was successful. I returned to work free of the drugs in February.

Two weeks later, I was back on amphetamines. Four weeks after the leave period, my daily dose had climbed to 50 milligrams.

Serious Problem. By early summer I was taking nightly 100-

milligram injections of meperidine, which seemed necessary if I was to get any sleep. Shortly thereafter, I began injecting myself each morning and every two hours during the day. I'd lock myself in the office and probe my arms, legs, ankles and feet for 10 minutes or more trying to locate a usable vein. The needle would hit, and then my mouth would become so dry that it was difficult to talk. Pure pleasure would surge through my blood-stream, I'd sweat profusely, and finally feel totally drained. It was chemical orgasm.

This became my routine: I'd see three or four patients, take a 30-minute break for my injection, change my sweat-drenched clothes, see a few more patients, and take another injection again.

Patients were getting in the way, of course. I dreaded talking with them. If one started to ramble on with minor concerns, I'd cut him short. My eyes were sunken, and my speech was slurred. I lost weight, my skin took on a leathery look, and I was chronically groggy. The rumour was that I'd turned into an alcoholic.

One Friday the crisis of my addiction began. When my meperidine supply arrived at the clinic, a part-time nurse accidentally opened the box, then showed its contents to one of my colleagues. He said he'd like to have a talk with me on Saturday.

Time of Crisis. The following afternoon, as soon as I'd seen all my scheduled patients, I left the clinic and avoided the showdown. I drove to a dead-end lovers' lane and gave myself repeated shots of meperidine, falling unconscious after each injection.

When I entered the house that evening, my wife was in tears. She'd sent the children to stay with their grandparents. Instead of being angry she threw her arms around me. I started to cry, too. We spent the next three hours holding each other and sobbing.

I was still convinced that I could stop on my own. Luckily, my wife knew more about addiction than I did. She'd been on the phone to Ridgeview Institute near Atlanta, headquarters of the Medical Association of Georgia's Disabled Doctors Programme. She was told of the difference between withdrawing from drugs and not wanting to use them any more. She understood that I couldn't overcome the desire by myself. Yet despite her insights and arguments I resisted the idea of entering a rehabilitation programme.

Rehabilitation. Sunday was my thirtieth birthday and I spent most of it bolstering my determination to stop taking drugs. On Monday I stayed home from work and continued to withdraw. By evening, the urge to inject myself had grown powerful. That's when my

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brother opened the front door and walked in—a total surprise! My wife had phoned him; he'd left his pregnant wife in California and had flown across the country to talk with me. His presence helped convey the gravity of my situation. After a couple of hours of discussion, I agreed to go to Ridgeview.

Early on Tuesday morning I met with my colleagues from the clinic. I told them that I was addicted to meperidine, and that I'd be leaving to start an extended course of treatment. I advised them to find another physician to replace me.

The doctors said they'd hold a place open for me until I finished treatment. They said I couldn't be replaced. I had trouble holding back the tears as I thanked them. We shook hands, I went immediately to a chemist's store and bought another bottle of meperidine.

For two hours—while my wife and brother were anxiously waiting to begin the trip to Atlanta—I sat in the woods and injected myself. When I finally got home, they rushed along my packing and hustled me into the car.

Desire to Control. I was dropped off at the front door of Ridgeview Institute. I was ashamed and scared. My self-esteem was at its lowest. But worst of all, despite the love shown by my family, I felt *alone*. I didn't understand what was

happening to me, or why.

Ridgeview took care of that. During the first few days, I was detoxified with the help of a tranquilizer. Then I was lodged in a cottage with 30 other addicts and alcoholics, half of whom were physicians. All of a sudden, I didn't feel so alone. Most of the physicians and psychologists who examined me were also recovering addicts. I was treated like a person, not an addict.

The big breakthrough for me came during a lecture on the disease concept of addiction. I learnt that I had a disease, with the primary symptom being uncontrollable drug use; and I could no more change that by myself than a diabetic could will his urine sugar to be negative.

The speaker went on to cite numerous studies that indicate, for certain people, a possible genetic link to addiction. My self-esteem rose 1,000 per cent.

I've since realized that, while I may not have been responsible for my disease, I am responsible for my recovery. I'll always feel compelled to abuse drugs, so I'll have to control the urge.

After a month at the institute, I moved into a half-way house with four other doctors who were also recovering addicts. We lived together for two months and, whenever our individual efforts at self-control got shaky, we set aside our pride and relied upon

one another. That's an important skill in itself.

Today, rather than return to my clinic practice, I've decided to serve the final two years of my residency at a university hospital. This won't be easy.

I still have debts to pay and a family to support, and the position

pays only \$14,000 (Rs 1.1 lakh) a year. That means I'll probably start working at night again. And when I suffer from fatigue, I'll be tempted by my prescription pad. But I won't be alone any more. A network of recovering addicts will be ready to help me out. All I'll have to do is ask.

Parting Suggestion

A VETERINARIAN in Great Britain received a phone call at midnight from an old Scotswoman. "I'm sorry to disturb you," she said, "but I can't get my two wee doggies apart."

"Why don't you try throwing a bucket of cold water over them," the vet suggested sleepily.

"I've already done that," replied the woman, "but they didn't pay any attention."

"Well . . . er . . . hit 'em with a stick."

"I've tried that, too, but they just carried on."

"Okay," said the vet resignedly. "Put the receiver back on the hook. Then carry them over to the phone, and I'll ring them up."

"Oh," the old woman said doubtfully. "Do you think that will separate them?"

"Well," replied the vet, "it's just worked with me."

—Quoted in *World Medicine*, England

Truth in Advertising?

LABEL on a box of rat poison: "An exclusive blend of natural ingredients."
—C.R.

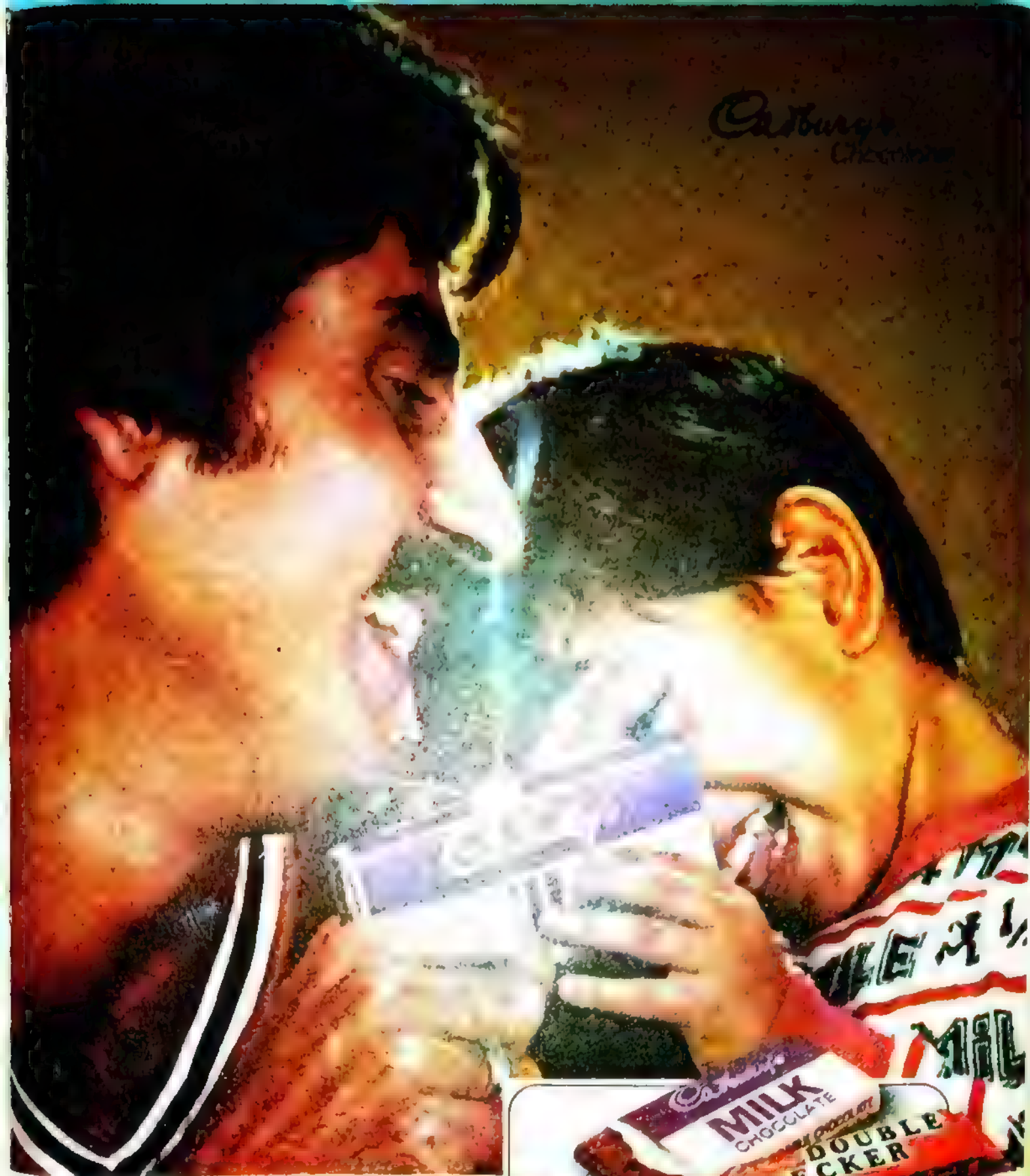
ON A package of dates: "MACHINE PITTED. Caution: May Contain Pits."
—H. C.

LABEL for a syrup bottle: "Imitation maple syrup with real maple flavouring."
—C.R.

ON A container of room freshener: "Bring the clean, natural freshness of a country meadow indoors. Freshens the air in your home with a clean, back-to-nature scent—as refreshing as the summer grass and fragrant flowers of a country meadow.

"WARNING: Inhaling the contents can be harmful or fatal." —W.R.C.

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Kissan squashes come in all your favourite fruit flavours.



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Squashes: Lemon, Lime,
Orange, Lemon barley water
Crushes: Grape, Pineapple,
Orange.





ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

MY RESEARCH includes playing recorded lessons to school children. One day, I was on my way to school, loaded with tape recorders and cassettes, when I overheard this remark: "Our children used to be bookworms; now they're becoming tapeworms." —L. Balagopal, Hyderabad

I WAS trying to lose weight, and as a reminder I propped up a small sign on my office desk reading: THINK SMALL. One morning I arrived at work to find that the card had been removed. In its place was a typed memo: "It is the policy of this company to THINK BIG. If you must think small, please do it on your own time!" —D. H.

A FRIEND of mine, waiting for replies to her job applications after graduating from college, found herself with a lot of extra time. To fill it, she became busy with hobbies and community activities.

Several months later, she found a full-time job. After her first few days at work, she stopped in to see me, and I asked her how everything was

going. "Well, I'll tell you," she sighed. "Working sure puts a dent in your day." —K.M.V.

IN OUR office we have one man who can't resist putting his arm around the shoulders of female co-workers whenever there is an opportunity. Recently, one of the women was absent for a few days with a bad cold. Upon her return, the man rushed up and, throwing his arm around her, asked, "How are you?"

"I don't know," she replied coolly. "Do I *feel* any better?" —S.D.

WHEN THE film *Magnum Force* was being made, actor Mitch Ryan got an extra day's work, and so did all the other players. "They had to postpone the scene in which I'm shot and killed," he explains. "The cause of the postponement was set forth in this note from the company doctor to the director: 'Mitch Ryan has a virus attack and is too ill to die today.'" —N.M.

CHARLES CHAPIN, city editor of the old *New York World*, was as erratic as

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ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

he was brilliant. Often, in a fit of temper, he would dismiss a reporter, only to re-hire him a few minutes later.

One day a *World* reporter failed to get a story. "You're through!" shouted Chapin. "Go to the cashier and get your salary!"

The reporter cleared out his desk. In half an hour he was ready to leave.

"Where are you going?" demanded Chapin.

"Home," said the reporter.

"What for?"

"You dismissed me, didn't you?"

"Aha!" cried Chapin. "Using that to get the afternoon off, eh?"

—F.F.W.

A BOOK entitled *How to Win Your Boss's Love, Approval . . . and Job* had a reversible dust jacket to keep people who read it in the office from getting into trouble. Turned inside out, the jacket featured the title: *How to Win Your Boss's Love and Approval*.

—*The Wall Street Journal*

AT A stockholders' meeting of a California airline, the chairman of the board asked his corporate officers to explain what they did. One member, a Catholic priest and the firm's chaplain, described his function with a grin: "I'm in charge of everything above 15,000 metres."

—B.P.

WHILE trying to locate an item in the meticulously kept files of a co-worker known for his high opinion of himself, I came upon a large folder boldly labelled: MISTAKES. Consumed with curiosity, I opened it. The file was empty.

—R.B.

ONE SUMMER, in almost all store and restaurant windows on a resort island, large signs were posted prohibiting the entry of people with bare feet. There was, however, a noticeable exception. A small shop off the main street boldly displayed the message "Bare Feet Welcome." The shop: the local sandal maker.

—L.T.

IN THE men's room of a club in Nevada, someone has written: "You Should Realize These Four Walls Are the Last Refuge of Male Privacy."

Scrawled right below is the retort: "Think Again—The Cleaning Lady."

—R.P.

THERE is a way to get out of anything, if you just think quickly enough. A telephone supervisor was taking a group of young visitors on a tour of the company's facilities. The group came upon an impressive and horribly complicated piece of electronic equipment.

"This is a switching frame," the supervisor told them.

"How does it work?" a little trouble-maker asked.

The supervisor gulped, and thought fast. "Fine!" he said enthusiastically. "Just fine. Now, if you'll all just follow me . . ."

—A.S.

AN AMERICAN had an appointment with an official of the State Bank of India. He went to the bank at 2 p.m. and found it deserted. "Don't they work in the afternoon?" he asked the commissioner.

"Sir, it is in the morning that they don't work," the commissioner replied. "In the afternoon, they don't come."

—Raj Bose, Calcutta



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darkness, silence and pain.
Then came the roll
of thunder, a bolt of
lightning and . . .

The Miracle of



Eddie Robinson

BY EMILY AND PER OLA D' AULAIRE

PATCHES of ice glistened like quicksilver in the headlights as 53-year-old Eddie Robinson guided the 19,000-kilo tractor-trailer rig down the highway near Providence, Rhode Island. It was 4 a.m., February 12, 1971. On an overbridge, a lone car ahead suddenly skidded broadside across the highway. Robinson turned the wheel to the right, hoping to squeeze between the slewing vehicle and the guard-rail of the bridge.

The car recovered safely, but Robinson's rig slammed through the guardrail and came to rest in mid-air, dangling from the trailer pin over another highway 12 metres below. Robinson's head had whipped backwards punching a hole through the rear window. Drenched with blood from head gashes and soaked with diesel fuel from the dripping tanks, Robinson had only one thought—to get out fast. Opening the door, he clawed up the side of the wreck and hoisted himself to the overbridge above.

At a near-by hospital, doctors stitched, X-rayed, poked, prodded, medicated—and pronounced him a very lucky fellow. Only superficial wounds. By 11 a.m., he was on a bus, heading back to his home in Falmouth, Maine.

That night, Robinson suddenly sat up in bed, gasping with pain. Doris, his wife of 32 years, rushed him to a local doctor early next morning. The doctor prescribed more pain-killers and sent him home to rest.

A Gratitude for Life. Several days later, a letter arrived from the hospital saying there was some confusion with Robinson's X-rays. The doctors suspected a more serious injury and recommended that he be re-examined. The new tests revealed a concussion, fractured ribs, back sprain, and haematoma of the left hip. Robinson didn't complain. He rested and waited to get better so he could return to work.

But his health grew worse. His vision narrowed. One day he stumbled into the house, visibly shaken, to announce to Doris, "I lost the whole house for a minute. I must be going blind."

Dr Albert Moulton, a Portland ophthalmologist, found that Robinson's vision was failing rapidly and put it down to brain damage. He told Robinson that it was likely he would be permanently blind within a few months. Robinson took the news calmly. When he got home, he called the Hadley School for the Blind in Illinois, and arranged to take Braille and touch-typing lessons at home. By December 1971, Robinson could perceive only the difference between light and dark. His bright blue eyes had become fixed, like a doll's eyes, staring blankly ahead.

Other problems began to crop up. He lost much of the use of his right arm, and to read Braille he had to shift to his left hand. All the while he felt a circle of pressure tighten around his head like a steel band.

Then his hearing began to go.

Soon he couldn't hear Doris even when she shouted. Hearing aids helped, but it wasn't the same. He felt trapped. He'd always been active before, often working a 70-hour week; now all was darkness and quiet.

Animal Friends. Soon he began attending the Lutheran church across the street from his house. He forgot about feeling trapped. He rediscovered the sense of tranquillity that comes only from within.

Robinson hated to have Doris doing his jobs, so he learnt to handle outside chores by feel and memory. He coiled a rope around an iron post in the middle of the lawn, tied the other end to his lawn-mower and, by going round and round as the rope unwound, was able to keep most of the grass cut. He repaired the leaky roof of his house by climbing a ladder and feeling where the shingles had crumbled.

Robinson had never had time for animals before. Now he began noticing them as he puttered quietly around the garage. Something about the blind man made the birds, chipmunks, skunks and raccoons lose their fear. He brought them food which they ate from his hand.

On a chill January afternoon almost a year after the accident, a poultry truck overturned on a near-by highway. A young hen escaped from the wreck and made her way to Robinson's yard. When he and Doris found the fowl the next morning, her feet were frozen. They carried her to the

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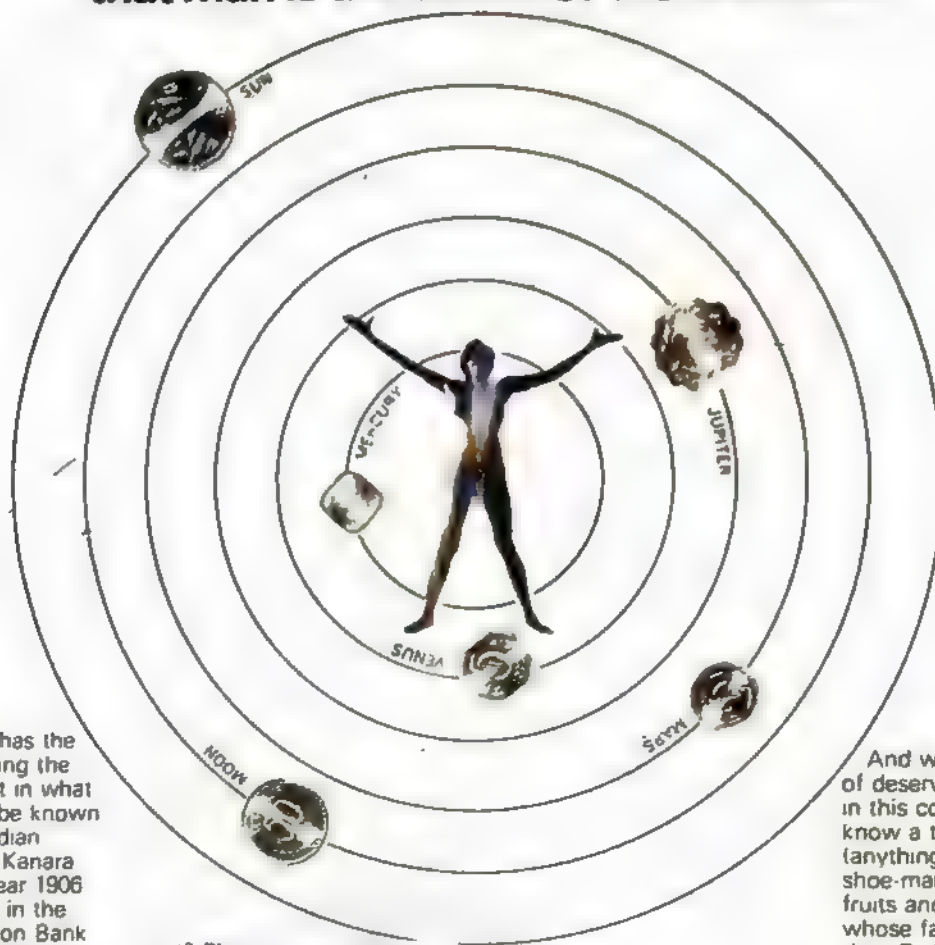
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puts man where he belongs: at the centre of the universe

cellar to warm her up. When Robinson heard the new creature clucking, he would cluck back—*took-took*. This became her name.

Took-Took soon became Robinson's favourite. Like Robinson, the chicken overcame a handicap. After her frozen toes had sloughed off, she learnt to strut around on her stump-like feet as deftly as any fully toed bird.

"I Can See!" In the winter of 1975, after clearing up the driveway of snow, Robinson had dinner and went to bed. That night he woke up to what he calls "neon signs flashing across my chest." His symptoms indicated heart problems, and he was hospitalized for observation for close to a month. He returned home in pain; his chest and arms reacted to the slightest exertion. Even walking up the cellar steps necessitated a nitro-glycerin tablet.

Yet Robinson refused to alter his daily routine—working in his garage shop, listening to his ham radio, walking into town with Doris. And, as he had every night since he lost his sight, he went into the yard and said a prayer of thanks. "I came to realize that we fail to appreciate the many wonderful things that happen around us each day. We live too fast. I slowed down to enjoy my life and was thankful."

What Eddie Robinson didn't know at the time was that he would soon have something to be truly thankful about. On June 4, 1980, at 3.30 p.m., he was tinkering in the garage when

there came the roll of thunder, then sudden rain on the roof. Using his cane to guide himself around the exterior wall of the garage, he called for Took-Took. He knew he shouldn't be out in the storm, but he was worried about her. Near a poplar at the rear of the building, he stopped to listen for her answering clucks, then heard a loud snap, like a whip cracking. Lightning had hit the tree and the charge spilled over on to the ground where Robinson stood, knocking him flat.

About 20 minutes later, when Robinson regained consciousness, he stumbled to a neighbour's house and asked for a drink of water. "I think I've been hit by lightning," he said, in a daze. With knees like rubber, he returned home, drank several more glasses of water, then went to bed.

An hour later, Robinson emerged from the bedroom, still unquenchably thirsty. He told Doris what had happened, downed two litres of milk and slumped on to the sofa. Suddenly, he realized that he was seeing the wall plaque given to him by his grandchildren. "God couldn't be everywhere," he read haltingly, "so he made grandfathers."

"What did you say?" Doris called from the kitchen. Robinson let out a shout: "I can see that sign!" Disbelieving, Doris rushed to the sitting room. "What time is it?" she asked, pointing to the wall clock. "Five o'clock," he answered. "Doris, I can see!"

Doris noticed something else.

"Where are your hearing aids?" she nearly screamed in her excitement. Robinson reached for his ears, but the devices were gone. "Dear God," said Robinson, "I can hear, too!"

Instant Celebrity. The 62-year-old man felt immensely tired. He ached everywhere. Worried that the lightning might have done him harm, Doris phoned a doctor's answering service. She was told to contact the emergency medical team, if needed, during the night, and to come in to the doctor's clinic in the morning. All that night Doris sat up to monitor her husband's breathing, still not believing what had happened.

The next day the doctor pronounced him fine. And when Dr Moulton examined his eyes, he verified the impossible. "I can't explain it," he said, "All I know is that he definitely could not see, and now he can."

The news agencies picked up the story and, almost overnight, Robinson was a celebrity. Newspapers called for interviews, photographers drove to Falmouth for a picture of Robinson and his pet chicken, television cameras arrived.

Robinson suddenly realized he no longer had to stare straight ahead. His eyes had "unlocked." Later, staying with his son and grandchildren in Virginia, he noticed that feeling was creeping back into his right arm. In fact he felt so good he mowed his son's lawn. "I didn't feel a twinge of angina pain," he recalls, "and haven't had to take a pill for my heart since

the lightning."

The hateful "band" around his head disappeared. And some varicose veins in his right leg have improved.

DOCTORS who have examined Robinson are unable to explain why his physical problems should have abated just after the lightning struck. Were his blindness and deafness indeed caused by brain damage? Or was this a psychological reaction brought on by the trauma of the truck accident? And did that bolt from the blue set everything right again, from top to bottom? Though some may argue and puzzle over the recovery, Eddie and his family don't. "It is an act of God," says Robinson simply. "What else could it be?"

In addition to his television appearances, Robinson has spoken to schoolchildren, telling them what it is like to be blind—as someone who has been there and back. "I've seen more in the last few months than I had in a lifetime," he says. "I now appreciate the everyday wonders of life: moonlight filtering through the leaves, the flowers in the garden, a caterpillar spinning its cocoon.

"What's more, I never gave up hope. And perhaps what happened to me will give others courage to never give up." Meanwhile, his feelings about the whole ordeal are perhaps best summed up in a bumper sticker on his car: THANK GOD FOR MIRACLES.



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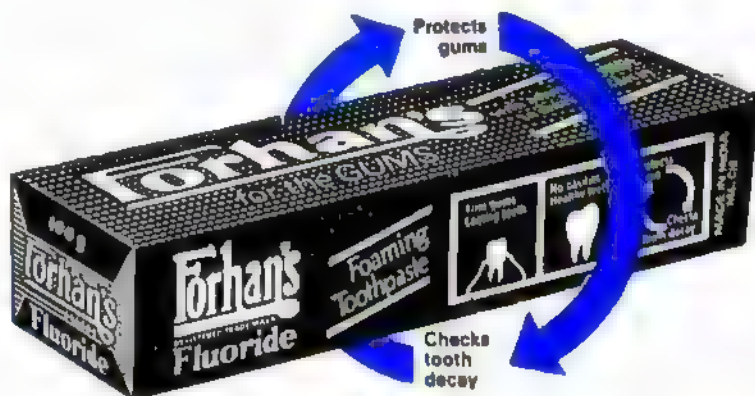
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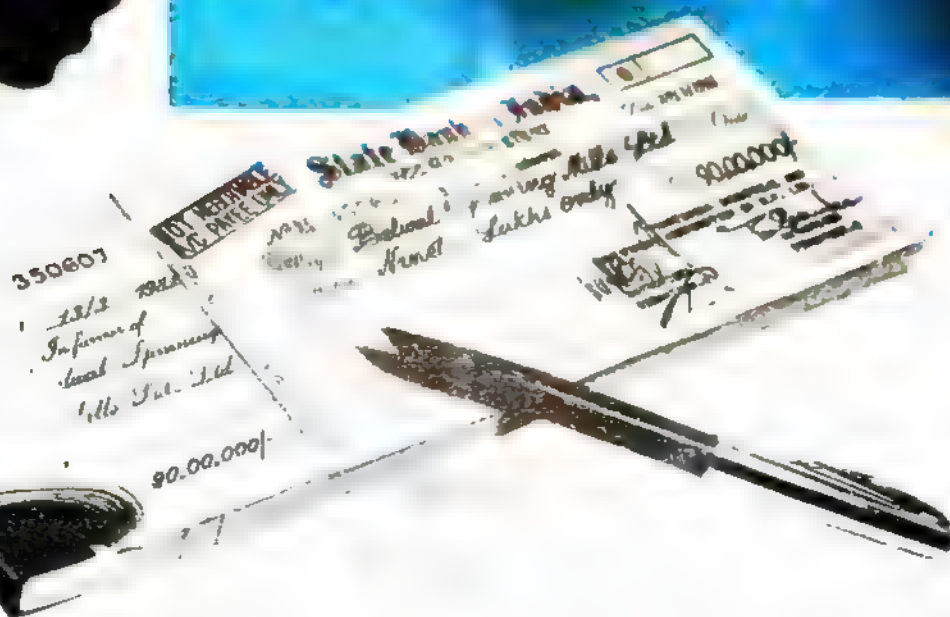
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Simply Obvious

BY EUGENE RAUDSEPP

Often new ideas and inventions look so obvious after the fact that we wonder, "Why didn't I think of that?" The set of seven problems below gives you lessons in liberating yourself from the habit of looking for a complex solution when a simple one will do. Answers are on page 155.

1. LARRY is languishing in jail in Mexico. The cell has multiple locks on the door; the walls are made of concrete extending two storeys into the ground; the floor is made of packed earth. In the middle of the ceiling, about two and a half metres above Larry, is a sky-light just wide enough for him to squeeze through. The cell is totally bare.

One night, in desperation, he has an idea. He starts digging in the floor, knowing he can never tunnel out. What is his plan?

2. How could you put your left hand *completely* in your right-hand front trouser pocket and your right hand *completely* in your left-hand front trouser pocket, both at the same time? (You are wearing the trousers.)

3. Visualize three playing cards adjacent to one another. A four is just to the right of a three, and a four is just to the left of a four. There is a diamond just to the left of a heart, and a diamond just to the right of a diamond. Can you name the three cards?

4. There are 12 five-paise stamps in a dozen, but how many ten-paise stamps are there in a dozen?

5. Sam bought a gramophone record that has a total diameter of 30 centimetres. The recording has an outer margin of 1.2 centimetres; the diameter of the unused centre of the record is 7.6 centimetres. There is an average of 100 grooves to 2.5 centimetres. How far does the stylus travel when the record is played?

6. Erica was waiting for her boy-friend to pick her up in his new car. He was late; the sky clouded over, and it suddenly started to rain. Erica had no umbrella, no raincoat, no hat, and she was far from any awning or canopy. Yet five minutes later, when her boy-friend arrived, she got into the car with her hair and clothes perfectly dry. How was that possible?

7. Jack bought an old horse and a pig for Rs 85. The horse cost Rs 55 more than the pig. How much did Jack pay for the pig?

HOME-COMING FOR THE HOSTAGES



It was an extraordinary, unforgettable moment in America's history: a week-long, yellow-ribbon-wrapped outpouring of pride, patriotism and joy — millions of fellow citizens feeling together, laughing together, praying together, crying together.

What follows are selected highlights from that emotional week — not so much the story of the hostages themselves, of their torment and heroism — but of what their regained freedom set free in America, in every proud and pulsing heart, with every tear that washed down every happy face.

The hostages were back — and Americans were one again.

They rode one last time through the blacked-out streets of Teheran. Their buses and vans slipped into Mehrabad Airport through a sealed-off back gate, and they spilled out on to the moonlit tarmac, looking dazed and lank-haired in their motley assortment of denim jeans, sandals and ill-fitting Iranian fatigues. They endured one last torment between them and the waiting Air Algerie 727 — a forced march past a gauntlet of militants raining kicks and curses. And then they were aboard, the runway lights blazed on, and — at 12.25 p.m. on Monday, January 20 — the jet roared aloft bearing the 52 hostage Americans in their long night's journey into day.

At almost precisely that moment, the new President of the United States stood on the West Front of the Capitol Building looking down over a vista of white monuments to national heroes George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln, agleam in the warming sunlight. And as the canons

boomed and the swell of patriotic hymns died away, he summoned the United States to believe once again in itself and in its capacity for great deeds. "After all," said Ronald Reagan, his voice thick with emotion, "why shouldn't we believe that? We are Americans."

—Newsweek

IMEDIATELY after the new President's speech, Jimmy Carter went to the grey limousine that was to take him to Andrews Air Force Base for the trip back to Georgia. On the way, with former Vice-President Walter Mondale at his side, Carter heard by phone of the hostages' departure from Teheran. He and Mondale looked at each other—and cried.

—Time

AT ANDREWS, Carter spotted Anita Schaefer, the wife of a hostage, and exuberantly embraced her.

"Tom is in the air," Mr Carter said, speaking of her husband, Colonel Thomas Schaefer of the Air

Force, who was the senior military officer at the US embassy in Teheran.

"Really, truly, Mr President?" she whispered.

"Really, truly—at long last. Tom is safe," he said.

"Oh, thank God, Mr President!"

They cried and embraced again.

—J. B. Treaster in *The New York Times*

IT WAS January 20, 1981, Day 444 and Day One come together in rare historic symmetry . . . the end of the long ordeal of the hostages in Iran and the beginning of what the new President promised could be "an era of national renewal."

The result was a rush of joy grown rare in the recent life of the Republic—an explosion of unabashed American patriotism, whose heroes included two Presidents and whose communicants were most of a nation. When the news came from Teheran, the mother of hostage Bruce German ran out into the street clanging a cowbell and shouting, "My Bruce is free! My Bruce is free!" —*Newsweek*.

AMERICA'S joy pealed from church belfries, rippled from flag staffs and wrapped itself in a million kilometres of yellow ribbon—tied around trees and car antennas. Barbara Deffley, wife of the United Methodist priest in Homer, Illinois, rang the church bell 444 times, once for each day of captivity.

In Mountain Home, Idaho, some 200 townspeople staged an impromptu parade, driving their cars three abreast, headlights on and horns blaring. Policeman Joseph McDermott drew his car to the side of a street in Rochester, New Hampshire, fighting back tears. Said he: "I am overjoyed. I feel proud again." —*Time*

THE LAST leg of the long journey from Iran to Germany, where the hostages would rest and get medical attention, was three hours over the Mediterranean from Algiers—just long enough for a sumptuous dinner. As the jets rolled up to the terminal at Rhine-Main Airport amidst an electric storm of television lights, wan faces pressed against the windows to watch the scenes outside.

A full moon hung cold in the dark sky before dawn. People's breath froze in the air. Children, up all night, stared out from the top of their fathers' shoulders, American flags shaking in their small hands.

It was a scene that had the hint of victory in it. To the hostages, it must have looked like heaven.

—J. Edwards in *Daily Mirror*, London

THE GERMAN news media reported the story as if the Americans were their own.

"Today in Frankfurt All Hostages Free," headlined one Frankfurt newspaper. "The Great Night

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HOME-COMING FOR THE HOST AGES

at Rhine-Main," said another.

"For us, it might seem to be a news story of middling importance," marvelled a German television commentator as he watched former captives embracing fellow Americans. "But if you could see, if you could realize what these 52 people mean to the United States. . . ." His voice trailed off.

—AP

SHORTLY after the hostages landed in West Germany, they started telephoning their loved ones. Most of the conversations lasted a few minutes, but some went on for hours. There were gasps of affection and tears. There was some recounting of life as a hostage. There were questions about what had been going on at home. But the main thing was to hear one another's voices.

Kathryn Koob, one of the two female hostages, said she had lost "a lot of weight" while in captivity. Her sister, Vivian Homeyer, jokingly said that made her jealous.

In possibly the longest of the phone calls, Duane Gillette, 25, a Navy intelligence specialist, spoke with his family in Columbia, Pennsylvania, for five hours. "They passed the phone around like a plate of food," a spokesman for the family said.

"When we got off the plane, we set our watches ahead," Marine Sergeant Rodney Sickmann told his family in Kracow, Missouri. "We

set them ahead 2,000 years."

—J.B. Treaster in *The New York Times*

THE HOSTAGES flew home from Germany aboard an Air Force VC-137 dubbed Freedom One. As they entered US airspace 135 kilometres north-east of Bangor, Maine, the first voice they heard came from a flight-control centre in Nashua, New Hampshire.

"You have just entered the United States of America," the voice said. "On behalf of the Boston Air Route Traffic Control Centre and the entire Federal Aviation Administration, we welcome you home and thank you for a job well done."

An hour later, at 2.55 p.m., Freedom One landed at Stewart Airport, 27 kilometres from the US Military Academy at West Point, New York.

"Welcome, Freedom One," the airport control tower radioed to the plane just before the landing.

The next transmission, source unknown, was "God Bless America!" — followed by a chorus of "welcome homes" from pilots of private planes and helicopters flying in the area.

—C. Haberman in *The New York Times*

THE BIG jet rolled up a concrete apron between two snow-patched hillsides, one crowned by the control tower draped in yellow, the other carpeted by human beings. The plane stopped. Its doors

READER'S DIGEST

opened. Its passengers began to emerge.

And the sounds came at last. Jubilation erupted from the hillside watchers. From the distance, one could only imagine what tears and heartaches, what laughter and love, what fears and misgivings must have flooded the tarmac and inside the airport's terminal. Yellow ribbons were everywhere, and a banner exulted: "Welcome Home. Free at Last."

As the hostages and their families left Stewart for West Point, crowds estimated by the local police to have reached 20,000—five times what had been expected—lined the route of the motorcade. In some stretches, it seemed as if every twig sported a yellow ribbon. People sported them, too. So did cars. So did dogs.

Everywhere, written messages poured out pure affection: "We care, we love you." "Teens Love You and USA." "Freedom Road." "Love, Rina, Nancy, Donna." "We Love You, We Pray for You." "Freedom—How Sweet It Is."

At one point, the ladder of a fire-engine towered over the caravan of buses. Hanging from the end of the ladder was the simplest banner of all: "Welcome Home."

And welcome they were. If there was ever any doubt in the former hostages' minds that they would be treated as conquering heroes rather than hapless victims, it likely

evaporated on the way to West Point.

—W. K. Stevens in *The New York Times*

WASHINGTON, a ceremonial city accustomed to taking in stride everything from the return of victorious armies to astronauts from outer space, welcomed home the 52 Americans with an unabashed, unashamed outpouring of emotion.

It was supposed to be a day of subdued greeting because of the suffering these Americans endured during their 14 and a half months of imprisonment (see box). Instead, it became a day of spontaneous national celebration unmatched in many years.

—Haynes Johnson in *Washington Post*

THOUSANDS of citizens waving yellow ribbons cheered as a motorcade led by Vice-President George Bush bore the freed Americans through the streets of Washington to a private reception with President and Mrs Reagan in the White House.

The Reagans watched from a window with tears in their eyes as the motorcade rolled up a drive lined by an honour guard. Moments later, as the couple formally shook hands with the hostages in the Blue Room, Nancy Reagan exclaimed, "Oh, I can't stand this!" and began hugging and kissing the freed Americans.

—H. Raines in *The New York Times*

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Torment, Triumph

MOCK EXECUTIONS carried out by white-masked "students" who clicked rifle bolts behind the backs of hostages spread-eagled against a wall. Prisoners confined in basement cells where they were prevented from seeing sunlight for months, forced to sleep for weeks in the clothes they were wearing when captured, denied baths for as long as three months, afraid even to look at each other because their captors thought they might be exchanging eye signals.

These are among the frightening and sordid circumstances of imprisonment reported by the 52 hostages during their first hours of liberty. The full story of their ordeal is far from told. But even these fragmentary reports rang in American ears as a tale of horror.

The hostages' stories are also—and more importantly—a tale of pride, studded throughout with gems of understated bravery. Though they were underfed, terrified, and tempted at times to think the USA had forgotten them, none of the hostages seems truly to have given way psychologically to the captors. Instead, they fought back. Several repeatedly tried to escape, though guards beat them with fists or rubber hoses when they were caught. Others took to jogging endlessly around their tiny cells, to stay in shape. Michael Metrisko, 34, an embassy political officer, valiantly denounced his captors as "liars, bums, everything" before Iranian television cameras that were filming propaganda pictures of the hostages; the film was supplied to US networks last Christmas, but the Iranians had erased the sound.

The last word on the 444-day ordeal was pronounced by hostage William Keough, 50, a school superintendent: "We won this thing. We really beat them mentally. They had the guns—but we won."

—*Time*

ended with the new President, Ronald Reagan, speaking exactly one week to the day after taking office, telling the returned Americans to "turn the page and look ahead," but also warning the world of lessons the United States draws from this episode.

"Let terrorists be aware that when the rules of international behaviour are violated," Reagan said, "our policy will be one of swift and

effective retribution. We hear it said that we live in an era of limits to power. Well, let it also be understood there are limits to our patience."

—H. Johnson in *Washington Post*

THAT NIGHT, the US radio news ended with an assessment by Eric Sevareid. "The bands played and the flags flew," he said, "but this was no triumph of national power.

It was a triumph for the human spirit, the private souls of the 52 who endured and the buried spirit of this country which came alive. For the moment at least, we know who we are again, and we like what we are."

THERE had been many posters put up to welcome the hostages home, but perhaps one said it all and said it best.

Just before one o'clock on the day of the release, the corner of 57th Street and Madison Avenue in New York City erupted with cheers and shouting as employees in office buildings threw open their win-

dows to tell the workmen on a construction site below that the hostages were in the air. The workers had memorialized the captured Americans with an enormous countdown sign.

Now, as a crowd of thousands gathered amidst a storm of adding-machine confetti and paper ribbons, they learned that Day 444 would be the last. With wild cheers, the workmen cut the yellow ribbon on a substitute sign. "Free at last! Free at last! Thank God they are free at last!" the sign said. And this message was added at the bottom: "Never again."

—A. Quindlen in *The New York Times*

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS AP release (January 22, 1981), (c) 1981 The Associated Press, *CBS Evening News* (January 27, 1981), (c) 1981 CBS Incorporated, *Daily Mirror* (January 22, 1981), (c) 1981 *Daily Mirror*, London; *New York Daily News* (January 21, 27, 1981) (c) 1981 New York News, Incorporated; *The New York Times* (January 21, 25, 26, 28 1981), (c) 1981 The New York Times Company; *Newsweek* (January 20, February 2, 1981) (c) 1981 Newsweek Incorporated, *Time* (February 2, 1981), (c) 1981 Time Incorporated; *Washington Post* (January 28, 1981) (c) 1981 by The Washington Post Company.

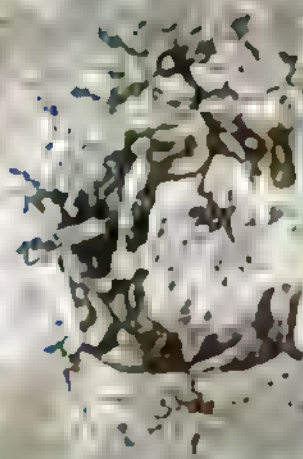
Answers to "Simply Obvious" page 145

1. He piled the earth in a mound until he reached the sky-light.
2. Put the trousers on back to front.
3. Three of diamonds, four of diamonds, four of hearts.
4. Twelve.
5. Ten centimetres. Since it is the record that turns and not the stylus that travels around the record, the number of grooves is irrelevant to the problem. From the outer margin, the stylus travels ten centimetres towards the centre of the disc—half the diameter, less the sum of the outer blank and half the inner blank.
6. She had been waiting inside a building.
7. Rs 15. The horse cost Rs 70 and the pig Rs 15, a total of Rs 85.

WHEN IT comes to fighting inflation, nothing is as effective as the customer who says, "I'll be damned if I'll pay that much." —F.F.W.

Book Section

Condensed from
"THE COVENANT"



KEEPERS OF THE COVENANT

by JAMES A. MICHENER







KEEPERS OF THE COVENANT

by JAMES A. MICHENER

James A. Michener's books—*Hawaii*, *Centennial*, *Iberia*, *Chesapeake* and many others—sell in the millions, and are transformed into films, musical theatre, television drama. Between novels Michener has turned his discerning eye to the fields of travel, sport, politics and world affairs.

For the past two years this prolific American author has devoted full time to a study of the Republic of South Africa, and has now published a major new novel entitled *The Covenant*. The story sweeps from the ancient gold mines of Zimbabwe to the stormy Cape of Good Hope; it encompasses generation after generation of blacks, English and Dutch. But the focus of the book is on one fictional family, the van Doorns, and their farm by the shores of Vrymeer (Freedom Lake), outside the town of Venloo.

Arriving at the Cape in 1652, the van Doorns were leaders in their countrymen's eastward trek across the veld, hardy pioneers sustained by a belief that God had made a covenant with them—chosen them to take this land and hold it against all opposition. But the late 1700s placed formidable obstacles in the way of this ambition: the expansion of the Afrikaners (as the Dutch began to call themselves) into the east encroached on the territories of powerful black nations; in 1795 the English occupied the Cape.

A century of violence followed: white against black at Blaauwkrantz and Blood River: black against black as Shaka, founder of the Zulu nation, set out on a career of war and conquest that eventually claimed thousands of lives; finally,

Afrikaners against English in the Boer War of 1899–1902.

Outnumbered by the British, their major cities captured, the Afrikaners refused to surrender, banding together in small groups called commandos, marauding the countryside, harrying the British. In the Venloo Commando, under General Paulus de Groot, rode Jakobus van Doorn, the eighth generation of the family in Africa.

In retaliation, the British struck at the farms that fed the commandos, putting fields and buildings to the torch, and moving the homeless women, children and blacks into concentration camps, where 26,000—the figure is for whites only—perished from disease and malnutrition. In the camp at Chrissiesmeer, Jakobus van Doorn lost his wife and two daughters. His principal hope now lay in his young son Detleef.

In the condensation that follows, Michener imagines the life of Detleef van Doorn, the effects of the war on his childhood, his education, his instruction in the stern faith of the Dutch Reformed Church, and the fruit that such influences would bear in the affairs of South Africa. Detleef, indeed, becomes the embodiment of the generation that was to mould the country in the twentieth century. Fundamentally they were decent and religious people, but scarred by the past and fearful of the future. In working out their government, they devised a cruel and tragic set of racial laws, known as apartheid, that mocked the freedom they so prized and threatened the nation gained at such great cost to all.

THE FORMAL education of Detleef van Doorn began the day he came over the hill with his sister from the concentration camp at Chrissiesmeer to see the devastation of his home. His father Jakobus and old General Paulus de Groot were waiting in the ruins, and after the briefest greetings they led him to a grassy slope where he saw, sticking from the earth at regular intervals, three wooden tombstones bearing the names of his mother and two of his sisters.

"Never forget," the general said, "these women were murdered by the English."

Detleef was seven. It was 1902.

"Where shall we stay?" his sister Johanna asked. Her total possessions were what she wore. Detleef had the same.

"We've repaired the old wagon," her father said, and he led his children to that frail relic in which his father, Tjaart van Doorn, had taken his family across the Drakensberg, then north of the Limpopo and finally back to Vrymeer. Van Doorn and the general had locked the big wheels on the wagon bed and planned to use boards to form a kind of shelter, but it could not hold a young woman like Johanna, a boy and two grown men. When de Groot saw her perplexed look, he laughed. "You two sleep up here. We two down below." Her father and the old man would make their

beds on the ground, under the wagon body.

"Father," Detleef asked, "what will you do if it rains?"

"It won't," de Groot broke in. And in the four weeks it took them to assemble a roof over one room of the ruined farmhouse, it did not.

In the second week they stopped work when Detleef cried, "People coming!" Across the veld they saw a distant file approaching them, and Jakobus reached for his gun. "Kaffirs," he said.

In the chaos after the war, bands of homeless, hungry blacks had started raiding Boer farms in the district, stealing what they could find and roughing up any farmer who tried to protest. But there was nothing to fear from this company, for Detleef shouted, "It's Micah!"

At the sight of only three van Doorns and one de Groot, tears began to roll from Micah Nxumalo's eyes. He knew that the absence of his other white people could mean only one thing. He was returning from a camp in which his family and friends had been interned, and of his four wives, only two had survived; of nine children, only three were left.

When de Groot learnt of Nxumalo's heavy loss, he was overwhelmed. In a gesture from the heart he held out his arms to his saddle companion and embraced him. "Kaffirtjie, as true as there's a God in heaven we'll not

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forget what they did to both of us. Stay close and one day we'll ride again."

So Nxumalo and his people returned to their huts at Vrymeer. Next morning they started work. They did not ask what the arrangement would be for their employment. They just carried on as before.

General de Groot came over to the van Doorn farm often, not for food or companionship but to supervise the education of young Detleef. "You must remember that your great-grandfather, one of the finest men who ever lived, was hauled to an English court, where a Kaffir was allowed to bring testimony against him." Night after night he reviewed with Detleef the wrongs done by the English. "Never trust an Englishman," de Groot kept reiterating. "They've stolen your country."

The education was fiercely effective and achieved precisely what de Groot intended. "Detleef, your father and I fought our battles, and we lost. You will fight other battles, and you will win them in more clever ways."

"How?"

De Groot tapped the boy on the forehead. "By learning. The English know things we don't. Books. Figures. Big ideas. What you are to do is go to the English school and find out what their secrets are." When Detleef nodded, the old man continued: "You

are to be the brightest boy the teacher has ever met. You must learn English as fast as you can, because that's how they hide their secrets."

He took from his pocket a newspaper containing a statement by the English high commissioner which unknowingly outlined the nature of the war the Boers now faced:

If ten years hence there are three men of British race to two of Dutch, this country will be safe and prosperous. If there are three of Dutch and two of British, we shall have perpetual difficulty.

Coldly, the wily de Groot explained the next level of strategies: "The English are doing everything they can to bring in more of their people and drown us in a sea of English books, English plays, English education."

"But you said you wanted me to learn English," Detleef said.

"I do. Detleef, I want you to learn everything. Accept English in your mind, but keep Dutch in your heart. For if a conqueror once makes you accept his language, he makes you his slave. We're defeated. . ."

When he uttered the terrible words he rose from his chair and stamped about the little room. "We have been defeated, your father and I." Then with a great roar he cried, "But the next war we shall win. The war for ideas. You

and I will see the day when Dutch is the only language in this land. There will be no English spoken where men of power assemble." Towering over Detleef, he pointed a long finger at him. "And you will be responsible."

Jelly-Jar Society

OFTEN in the biographies of important women and men one comes across the phrase: "Like a burst of light, the idea that would animate her life came upon her." In the case of Detleef van Doorn this simile was literally true.

It happened because of a packet of powdered jellies imported from Europe. Their arrival at the store in near-by Venloo excited Johanna, and swiftly she presented her men with acidy orange and lemon desserts. One day as she was pouring the jelly into her glasses it occurred to her that if she put only a small portion into each glass, allowing it to harden, she could then pour on top of it jelly of a different colour, and repeat the process until she had a multi-layered glass that would be not only tasty but attractive to look at.

Her plan succeeded and indeed, the effect was quite handsome. She placed the black-currant layer at the bottom, the light-brown apple on top of it, then the reds, and finally the orange and the light lemon. The glasses were almost works of art.

When Detleef came into the kitchen, they were perched on a window ledge, with one off by itself, and when sunlight struck that glass, the layers scintillated, each colour showing to maximum advantage.


"Look!" he cried, bringing the general and his father into the room. "See how each colour keeps to itself. It doesn't muddy the other. It shines like a diamond." With one finger he outlined the nature of humanity as he was sure God had ordained it: "Here at the bottom the black. Then the lighter brown. Then here the Indian . . ." Already he had translated the colours into racial groupings. "Up here the Englishman; he's orange. And on top of them all, the Afrikaner, clear and . . ."

"That's the way it should be," de Groot said.

Detleef's first teacher in Venloo had been English. But now a new schoolmaster appeared, a young man of much different stamp. He was Piet Krause and he let it be known on his first day that the nonsense about instruction in English was ended.

Krause rode out from Venloo to meet with the Vrymeer people and told them, "We must eliminate all areas in which we are subservient. No more English, except what the law demands." He spoke with such force that Johanna van Doorn listened with growing joy. This was

Continued on page 169



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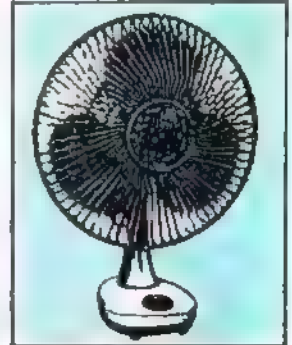
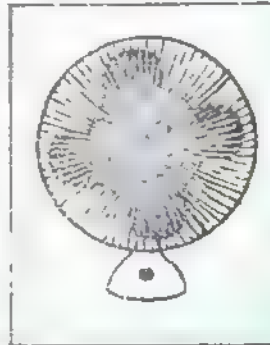
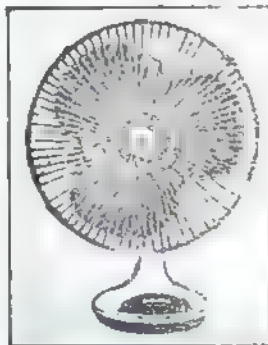
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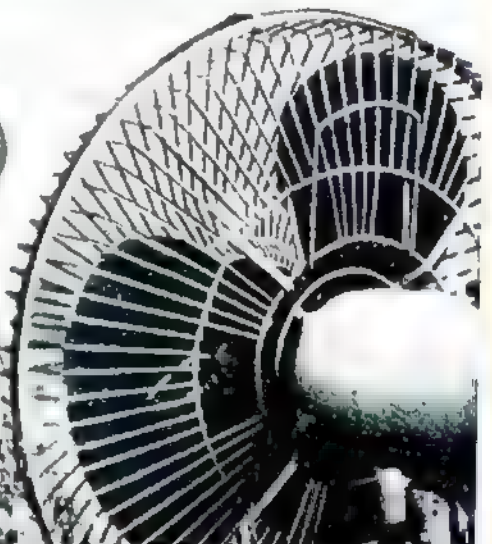
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what she believed.

Three times she invited the new teacher to Vrymeer for long discussions. "I think Krause has lost the battle," Detleef joked one night after the schoolmaster had left for Venloo. Johanna, hearing the tease, said nothing. But, during Krause's next visit, Detleef himself fell under his spell.

"What we must have in this country," Krause cried with expanding excitement, "is a system of order. Indians, Coloureds, blacks all in their proper place, all obedient to the wise laws we pass. And I don't want Englishmen passing them, either. I want Afrikaners in all positions of decision."

Detleef was not surprised when, at the end of only five weeks, Krause came nervously to the kitchen to inform the men, "Johanna and I seek to marry. We have work to do, and I ask your permission." It was granted by the general, by her father and most enthusiastically by her brother.

Venloo had now fallen solidly into place as the prototype of a small Afrikaner community: it had in General de Groot its hero of past wars, in Piet Krause a fiery teacher who wanted to remould the world and in Detleef van Doorn the typical young lad of promise. At times it seemed that all the forces of this community conspired to make this boy more intelligent, more dedicated.

At the moment, his brother-in-law Piet Krause had the greatest influence, for Detleef tended to see society through this vibrant young man's eyes. Krause saw it as his duty to keep the farm and the town of Venloo at the centre of Transvaal activity; he forced everyone to follow with careful attention everything that happened, and was always ready to explain its significance. On the memorable day in 1910 when the four disparate colonies—the English Cape and Natal, the Afrikaner Orange Free State and Transvaal—were formed into one grand Union, with its own governor-general, prime minister and parliament, Krause exulted: "Now we are set on our own course. Think of it, boys! Someone in this school may be a future prime minister of a country that is totally free."

One morning in school he excited his pupils by announcing, "I want everyone to bring his parents and his wagon, and we'll ride up to Waterval-Boven to see a magnificent sight." He would not tell them what, but at three o'clock he assembled everyone at the Waterval-Boven railway station. When the train from Pretoria appeared, he and his wife led the children in wild applause.

Fifteen roofless cattle trucks creaked to a halt, allowing the amazed schoolchildren to stare into the yellow faces of hundreds of Chinese coolies. They were the



last contingent of workers imported from China in 1904.

The government and the Englishmen who ran the gold mines had seriously believed that it was possible to bring in 50,000 vigorous young men, all of them under 30, and have them work deep in the mines without their wanting any recreation, or association with women, or any kind of sensible relaxation for a period of 10 or 20 years. When the young men began to gamble, the Dutch Church was horrified. When they began to form liaisons with black or Coloured or lowly white women, the *predikants* (preachers) screamed from their pul-

pits that God would scourge the land.

Now all the Chinese were being thrown out of the country. When this train slid down the grade towards Mozambique, South Africa would be cleared of this menace.

Krause explained, "Every person on earth has a place where he belongs. He should stay there. We've sent the Chinese back to China. We must send the Indians back to India. And the English should go back to England. This is the land of the Afrikaner."

"What about the Kaffirs?"

"They're as much a part of Africa as we are. But they're child-

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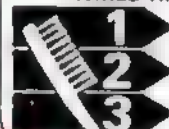
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ren. It's our responsibility to protect them, and explain to them how they must obey our laws. The Kaffers will always be with us, and we must treat them with respect, but also with firmness."

Whenever Detleef heard such preachments he thought of that glass of layered jellies, each cut out in its proper place.

Last Stand

ONE EVENING in August 1914, when dinner was over, Jakobus van Doorn pushed back his plate and looked at his son. "The time for decision is at hand," he said brusquely. "Let's go and see de Groot."

They walked to the nearby farm, where they found the old general in bed, a weary man of 81, with a long, white beard rimming his sunken face. Someone had brought him news that had excited him, and when young Detleef followed Jakobus into the shack, the general's whole body seemed to come alive. "So you're off to the war! I am proud of you."

"What is he saying?" Detleef asked.

"He's saying that war has been declared in Europe. Germany is fighting England, thank God. Of course, we'll jump in on the side of Germany, you and I, Detleef."

"The man we have to fear," the general warned, "is that Jan Christiaan Smuts. He'll want to take us into the war on the side of

England. He loves everything English: uniforms, the king, people bowing to him. Keep an eye on him."

They talked long into the night about the strategies they would follow in assuming that South Africa joined the war on the side of Germany, and what they would do when German victory set them free of the bondage in which they believed they existed.

Detleef was apprehensive about the outcome. He considered Jan Christiaan Smuts—a Boer general in the war, but now high in the government—a clever man who would defend the imperial cause effectively. Yet despite his caution he knew that if the Afrikaners did not win now, they might never win their freedom.

He thought of the names of the Boer generals: General de Wet, General Koenigs, General Kuyper, General Christiaan Beyers, and tough Manie Maritz. But the hero who impressed him most was Christoffel Steyn, who showed himself to be a man of iron courage and sober judgment.

The first two weeks of September 1914 were a hectic and dazzling experience: Paulus de Groot dispatched emissaries to the commandos, advising them that he expected them to rise as soon as the generals declared themselves in favour of Germany.

The uprising was imminent; Manie Maritz would lead his commando across the border of South-West Africa into German territory; General Beyers would resign his position with the government after releasing a fiery condemnation of Smuts; and General de Groot would summon the men in the north-eastern Transvaal. Pretoria would be taken, the government would be captured, and German power would reach from the Atlantic on the west to the Indian Ocean in Tanganyika.

On the night of September 14, Detleef rode eastwards to Venloo, where his brother-in-law had assembled 22 men of the local commando. They continued through the night to a meeting point where others were gathering for the uprising. When morning came he saw the masses of men willing to fight once more for a republican South Africa, his excitement soared and he cried to Krause, "Nothing can stop us now!"

Then the hammer blows began to fall. The general on whom they depended most to lead them, Koos de la Rey, was killed by a ricocheting bullet. Some time later, General Beyers, who might have taken the dead man's place, tried to flee across the Vaal River and drowned. Manie Maritz was neutralized across the border, and General de Wet was surrounded and forced to surrender.

Smuts made not a single

mistake. The German invading force from South-West Africa was beaten back; the Germans in Tanganyika were immobilized; and within the country only Paulus de Groot and Christoffel Steyn held out against him, pinned down in a corner of the Transvaal.

One night in November, after a tiring ride across the high veld, de Groot said to Jakobus and Detleef, "I feel tired." A bed was made for the old man, the first he had slept in for ten days. There he tried to speak, fell back and died. With his death the last commando began to dissolve. Christoffel Steyn made a valiant effort to hold the men together, and Piet Krause threatened to shoot any who deserted.

"One more battle, just one big victory," he pleaded, "and the Germans will come storming out of Mozambique to save us."

"There are no Germans in Mozambique," Jakobus van Doorn said, but Krause was so determined that he manoeuvred the men into a position from which they could not escape without giving battle, and in this fight Jakobus caught a burst of 303 bullets. After prayers at his father's grave, Detleef said, "Piet, I think we'd better go home."

It was fortunate they did, for the next day government troops surrounded the remnants of the commando and arrested Christoffel Steyn. Following the end of the

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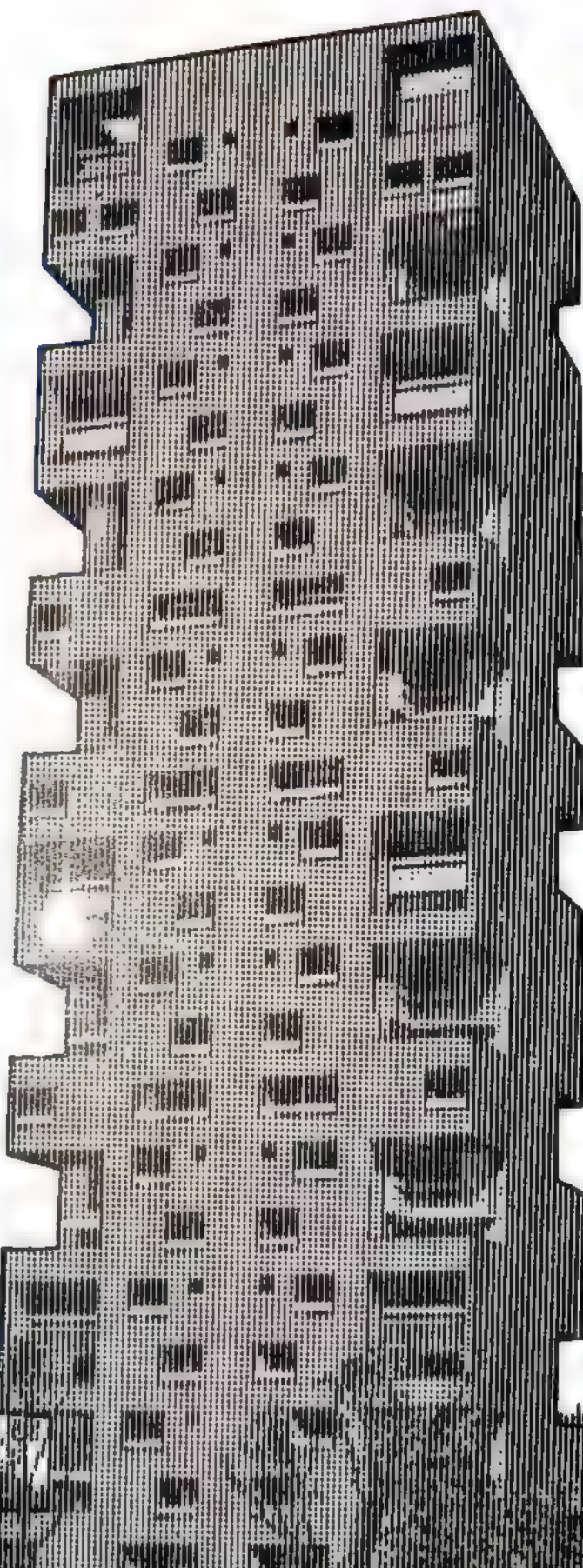
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KEEPERS OF THE COVENANT

Boer War, Steyn had accepted a position in the South African army which he had never resigned. Technically he was a traitor, and while hundreds of other rebels had been dealt with leniently, Smuts was determined to prosecute this officer. On an awful day in December 1914 a court-martial condemned Steyn to be executed. From the Afrikaner community, including many who had not supported the rebellion, came a cry of agony, pleading for the life of this brave man. But Smuts would not listen.

Detleef wrote to Maria Steyn, the rebel's daughter:

I fought alongside your father. I saw him at his noblest and his memory will always abide with me. He was executed most unfairly, and if I ever see Jan Christiaan Smuts, I will put a bullet through his brain.

Steyn's memory would be kept alive not only by his daughter but by a whole people longing for heroes. Smuts had created a martyr and left a burning wound in the soul of Afrikanerdom.

Love Thy Neighbour

DETLEEF'S return to the farm coincided with new opportunities for education. On the recommendation of The Reverend Barend Brongersma, the Venloo *predikant*, Detleef had been accepted at Stellenbosch. This presti-

gious university was an Afrikaans-speaking place, heavily tinged with religious fervour but also with an intense speculation about South African politics.

As the war in Europe stumbled to an end, the university announced a series of four lectures on the moral bases upon which any government of South Africa must rest. Detleef was especially interested because the speaker was Reverend Brongersma.

At the opening of his first lecture Brongersma said that the nation's future depended upon the way it managed its relationship with the various racial groups. He gave these data:

Group	Present Population	1950 Estimate
White	1,454,000	2,700,000
Coloured	553,000	1,200,000
Indian	164,000	366,000
Bantu*	4,598,000	8,600,000

Without comment on the relative strengths of the four groups, he launched into a review of the positions the Dutch Reformed Church had taken on the matter of race during the past two-and-a-half centuries:

Under Jan van Riebeeck, father of this nation, whites and blacks worshipped together, which was sensible because there was no alternative. Problems arose with the

* Most cultured South Africans avoided the pejorative word Kaffir, using instead the curious word Bantu, which more accurately was the name of a language, not of a tribe or nation.

rite of communion, many whites not wishing to drink from the same cup that blacks used, but various ways were devised to get around this.

At the Synod of 1857 the leaders of our church confirmed that Jesus Christ intended his people to worship as one. But, "if the weakness of some requires that the groups be separated, the congregation from the Heathen should enjoy its privilege in a separate building and a separate institution."

As a result of such pressures, extending over two centuries, a policy developed of having separate church buildings and church organizations for each of the various racial groups. The Coloured and Bantu now had churches of their own, which they could operate according to their own tastes, yet all were united the brotherhood of Christ.

He said much more in this lecture, but he left the impression that the Christian church was one and undivided, that the Coloured and Bantu preferred to have their own church off to one side, and that the present division of the church into its various components was ordained by God, approved by Jesus and eminently workable in a plural society.

Reverend Brongersma's second lecture dealt almost exclusively with the teachings of the New Testament and the nature of Christ's church on earth. He

read a passage from Matthew:

Master, which is the great commandment in the law? Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

This led to what Brongersma warned was the key text of his entire series, the noble passage on which a God-fearing nation should build. It came from Ephesians and summarized, he said, the whole teaching of Jesus:

"The spirit of Jesus Christ resides in the bosom of every man and woman and child living in this nation," Brongersma said. "It takes no cognizance of white or black, of Indian or Coloured, of woman or man, and it does not distinguish between Englishman and Afrikaner. We are all one in Jesus. He loves us equally. He cares for us evenly."

There was some restiveness in the audience at this revolutionary doctrine. When Brongersma concluded with the stern warning that Christianity required its adherents to apply these fundamentals in their private and public lives, and especially in the organization of their nation, there was actually a rumble of disapproval. But he stalked from the podium without taking cognizance of it.

Order or Freedom?

WHEN Reverend Brongersma stepped boldly to the podium for his third lecture, he quickly told his audience, "To govern well, we must govern justly, and to govern justly we must govern wisely."

As Brongersma elucidated the text, it became clear: God created all men as brothers, but he quickly divided them into distinctive groups, each man to his own kind, each nation separate and to itself.

God wanted tribes to be different, to retain their distinctive qualities; and Brongersma suggested that if South Africa had existed when Acts was delivered, the litany might have ended thus:

Cretes and Arabians, Afrikaners and Englishmen, Coloureds and Asians, Xhosa and Zulu, all spake in their own tongues.

Detleef snapped bolt upright, for these local names were recited in the exact order he had seen them in the glass of jellies. His world was in order; the races were distinct and they were separated, each in its proper place.

In these lectures, among the most important ever delivered at Stellenbosch, Brongersma spelt out the problem facing any theocracy: how does one organize a society so as to attain the order of the Old Testament and the freedom of the New? Detleef van Doorn heard only the first half

of that question.

A Better Way

ON THE page of the van Doorn Bible reserved for family records was written:

Detleef van Doorn = Maria Steyn
Kinders van ons helde. Getroud
14 Maart 1919

[Children of our heroes. Married
14 March 1919]

Maria Steyn, daughter of the man martyred by Smuts, was not beautiful: she was a heavy girl like her rotund father, and her hair was pulled back tight in the old fashion. But she exuded a moral solidity that Detleef admired.

By 1921 Detleef was 26, the father of a robust boy, the master of a growing farm. When a picture of him appeared in a paper, it showed a stocky farmer, feet apart, rope around his ample stomach as a belt, and with absolutely no neck.

Pitet Krause now had a job in Johannesburg as labour adviser to the government, specializing in gold-mine problems. When he returned to Venloo for a visit, Detleef could see the excitement with which he attacked his new duties.

In wild bursts of words, he explained why the burgeoning city had become the focus of the country: "It's there the real battles are being fought."

He insisted that Detleef come back with him to witness the struggle of the white Afrikaner workman against the English mine owner, the financier and especially the Bantu worker.

Detleef's education up to that moment had been largely romantic: old generals fighting lost battles. Now his realistic instruction was to begin; he experienced it first in the section of Johannesburg called Vrededorp, where thousands of rural Afrikaners, driven off their farms by rinderpest (a highly contagious cattle disease) and drought, had collected. They stopped at a small house occupied by a family named Troxel: tall, gaunt husband who should have been back on the open veld; scrawny wife; unkempt, hungry children.

"Tomorrow we'll see what lies behind the starving," Piet said, and he took Detleef to a workers' hall, where there was much agitation about new rules that the Chamber of Mines had proposed. "They're cutting back the proportion of white workers," an agitator explained. Tradition in the gold fields had been that for every eight Bantu diggers there had to be one white man: "Now they want to make it ten blacks to one white. Extermination of the white Afrikaner, that's what it means."

That night Detleef could not sleep, seeing the pinched faces

bearing in upon him, for he knew what starvation was. Abruptly he informed Piet and Johanna that he was going home. When they accused him of rejecting his own people, he assured them: "I'll be back."

And he was, with a convoy of three wagons bringing all the spare food he had been able to collect in Venloo. He drove the lead wagon, Micah Nxumalo the second, and Micah's son Moses the third. They brought the food into the centre of Vrededorp and started to distribute it, but they occasioned such a disturbance that a riot would surely have ensued had not communist agitators swept in, taken charge and told the hungry miners that this food came from their committee.

This second visit had one by-product neither Detleef nor Piet had intended. Micah, left in charge of the three empty wagons, took them to a section of Johannesburg where his people clustered. It was called Sophiatown, and when Micah came back to tell Detleef where he was, van Doorn decided to go with him to see how urban blacks lived.

Sophiatown had come into existence some two decades earlier, planned as a suburb for whites but spurned by them when a sewage works was located near by. For Detleef it was a journey into hell. Sophiatown had no proper

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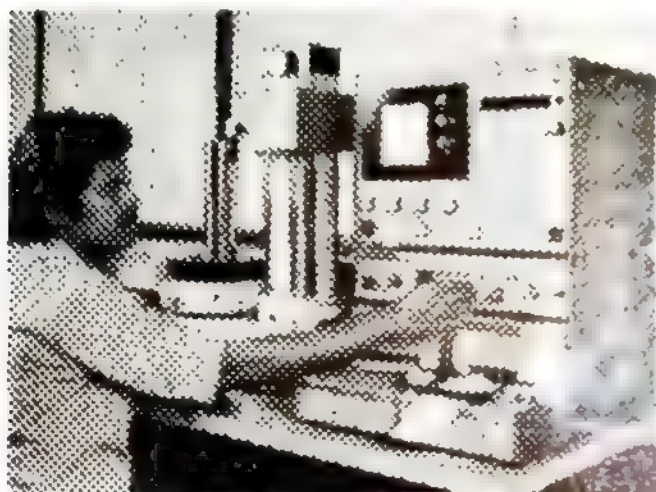
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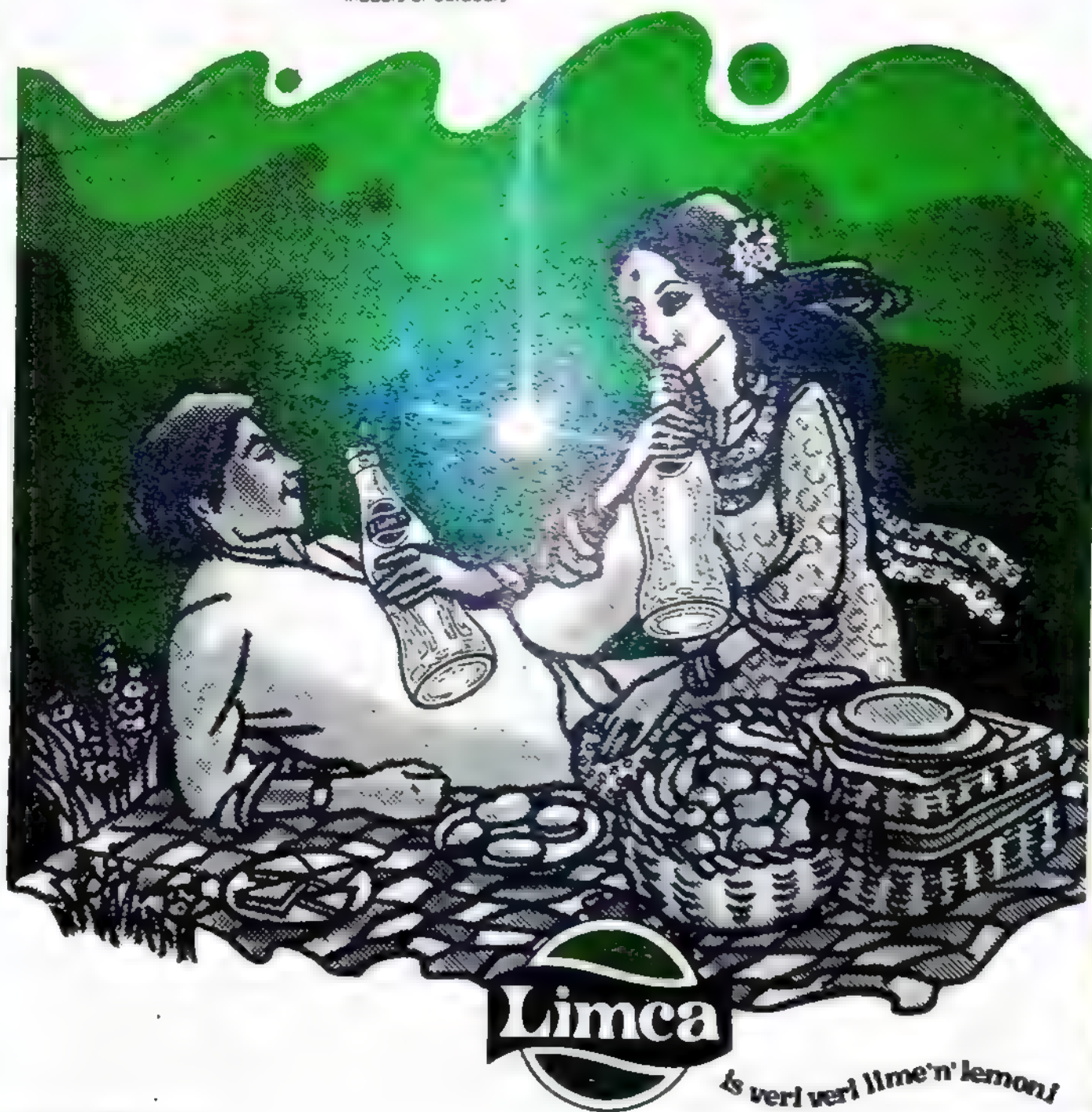
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streets, few proper houses and no proper water supply. It was a *mélange* of prostitutes, hoodlums, and decent mothers trying to maintain a home against phenomenal odds while their husbands worked 10 and 12 hours for a daily wage of 20 pennies.

When Detleef looked at Sophiatown he saw a festering sore, dark and malignant, threatening to spread over a clean, white city, reaching dangerously towards Afrikaner communities to engulf them. He was shocked to learn that blacks could actually own land here, which meant that they could stay permanently.

Detleef left Sophiatown with the certain knowledge that the blacks were hungry to improve their lot, but that would be possible only at the expense of the white Afrikaners already trapped in poverty. He found that Troxel and the other white miners were willing to express themselves quite forcefully: for the supremacy of the white man. "We want this to be a white nation run by whites and not a black nation run by blacks." Detleef could not imagine the huddled blacks of Sophiatown running anything; when the callous owners announced new rules that could cost 2,000 white men their jobs, he knew there would be a strike.

It was a battle much more fundamental than the pro-German rebellion of 1914. Miners were

fighting for survival; owners were fighting for sensible financial control; and the government, led by Jan Christiaan Smuts, was fighting for continuation of an orderly society.

It was real combat.

The death toll was 50, then 100, then 153, with food running low and arson becoming common. There was talk of shutting off water, and children in the streets were slain by stray bullets.

"Why are Afrikaners fighting Afrikaners?" Detleef wanted to know, and Troxel growled, "Because Afrikaners want to keep this nation white." He was a brave man, and when General Smuts in total frustration warned that artillery would shell a stronghold of the strikers near Vrededorp, Troxel refused to move his family. "Shells matter nothing," he muttered. But when they began to fall—monstrous things intended for shattering forts—he quivered. Detleef thought, *This is insanity. There must be a more sensible way.*

Brotherhood

In 1923 Detleef joined the Broederbond, a secret organization dedicated to making the Afrikaner supreme. After three years of the most exciting participation, he saw with satisfaction that every teacher appointed in a vast area had been an Afrikaner. Of 100 new employees of the railway system, all had been

Afrikaners. But it was a proposal offered by Piet Krause to a plenary session in Pretoria that moved the Broederbond on to an even more effective level. He launched a strategy whereby every available administrative programme would fall into the hands of Afrikaners.

"Let the Englishmen hold the big front offices. We'll take the unseen jobs, none of them attractive or well paid." An essential factor in such a strategy was the proliferation of minor administrative posts: "Where one man is needed, let us appoint three. Whether they're needed or not, create more jobs, and always in the legislation creating them insert the phrase, 'The occupant must be bilingual.' With Afrikaans we will strangle them to death."

By the late 1930s, Krause had drifted further into radical politics, and after a trip to Germany he openly espoused Hitler's racial policies. Although South Africa narrowly voted to join the Allied cause, Krause, escaping police attention, swung into violent action, organizing disruptive squads which secretly attacked power lines, military installations and training camps. Despite cautionary warnings and disapproval from Reverend Brongersma, Krause persisted—and was killed in one of these raids. Johanna Krause, Detleef's sister, supported him to the end.

For Maria Steyn van Doorn, as

for many Afrikaner women, there could be no reconciliation with the English. Her family had been decimated in concentration camps, her father shot as a traitor. But she did not encourage Detleef to participate in the local brawling. She prayed not for a German victory but for an English loss, and hoped that in the process something very bad would happen to Jan Christiaan Smuts.

The Nxumalos were perplexed. Their reaction was much as it had been during the Boer War: they were astounded that the white segments of the South African population should be behaving with such violence between themselves with never a thought given to the fact that the vast majority of the people concerned were black. About the outcome, they were resigned. As old Micah had said at the end of a long life, "Whoever wins, we lose."

In 1946, when Detleef and Maria were once more peaceful farmers at Vrymeer, the Broederbond offered Detleef a job with the Commission on Racial Affairs. The commission was in those years a trivial operation with so little work to do that Detleef slipped into place with no notice of his appointment appearing in any newspaper.

Two years later, Jan Christiaan Smuts lost the election, with men who had been in internment camps during the war because of

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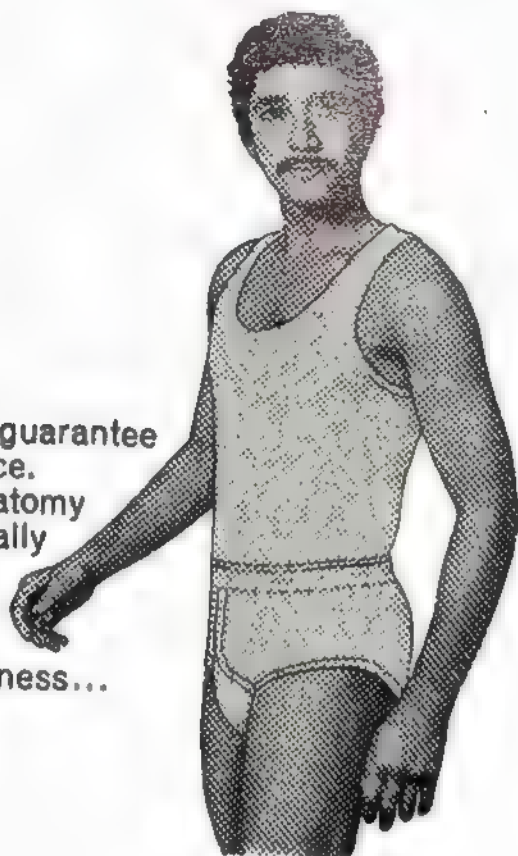
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their pro-Hitler stance winning astounding victories. Detleef and Maria boarded the train for Cape Town, where, with a new majority in Parliament, they would begin the arduous work of reorganizing the nation.

The first thing Detleef did was to make life so miserable for his superior, the senior secretary to the Commission on Racial Affairs, that the only sensible thing the Englishman could do was to resign. After several weeks the man left in disgust, beginning the hemorrhage that would cleanse every department until the civil service became almost totally Afrikaner-minded and managed.

With Detleef in position, the commission was ready to tackle the vast problems of whipping the various elements of society into shape, and it fell to van Doorn to draft the preliminary directives, then construct the laws that would convert them into a permanent discipline. He worked endlessly at this problem—at first a faceless bureaucrat, but as his accomplishments became known, a nationally acclaimed hero in the movement to protect the race.

Like Puritans in all countries, Detleef started with sex. His first law was simple: no white person regardless of his or her situation could marry a non-white. If he attempted to do so, he was thrown in jail; and if he actually entered into such a marriage, it was

invalid.

Then Detleef carried this to its next logical step by reinforcing an already existing act criminalizing sexual relations between persons of *any* different colour. Next he began to codify customs and rules forbidding contact between whites and non-whites in public amenities. Toilets, restaurants, trams, taxis, lifts, post-office windows, station platforms and even park benches had to be clearly designated with large signs as to who could use them, and across the nation "Whites Only" signs proliferated.

He also helped his men in Parliament pass a Group Areas Act, which would enable the government to divide the entire nation, and especially every city, into segments allocated to specific groups. Thus the central urban areas would be cleared so that whites alone could live there. Huge areas now occupied by Coloureds in Cape Town would be reserved for whites only; the Coloureds would be kicked out to new housing tracts on the windy Cape Flats. The Bantu would be confined to vast locations outside the limits of white cities and towns, and would be allowed to stay even there only so long as they provided meaningful labour for white interests.

Uprisings

In 1951 Detleef grasped the

worrisome nettle of what to do about the Coloureds. They were not of any one clear race—white-black-Malay-Indian-Hottentot—or of any one religion, for some were Muslims. They had no specific terrain, for they lived everywhere. But they were in a sense unidentified, unspecified, and as such they could not be ignored.

"They're mongrels," Johanna said. "I wish we could cleanse the nation of them as we did the Chinese."

"They really are children of sin," Detleef agreed. "They're a rebuke to God-fearing Christians, a reminder of our fathers' transgressions." "Not our fathers," Maria protested. "It was sailors from the ships that stopped here."

"It was the sailors," Detleef repeated. As he thought of this blot on the nation, he resolved to do something about it.

In 1910, when England had engineered the Union, two clauses in the enabling legislation were judged so vital that they could be altered only by a vote of two-thirds of the two houses of Parliament. Section 137 protected English and Dutch (later Afrikaans) as languages of equal merit; Section 35 assured the Coloureds that they would always have the right to vote in Cape Province.

Although no Coloured man could stand for Parliament—that would be repugnant—Coloureds

did vote on a common roll with whites. In 1948 some 50,000 had cast a ballot, almost all for Smuts's party, and in seven crucial constituencies their vote defeated the opposition. They were a growing power, and the vote must be taken from them.

It was a controversial move and engaged Detleef's attention for five years. He drew up a bill to strip the Coloureds of their rights. In the first attempt to make it law, the entrenched clause in the 1910 Act of Union was challenged, and when the appellate division of the supreme court declared this action unconstitutional, other tactics were devised. Eventually in 1956, new senate seats were created, the membership of the supreme court was more than doubled, and the law was passed.

Protest against all of these moves could be expected, and in 1960 South Africa was torn nearly apart by a fusillade of police bullets at Sharpeville, a black township near the Vaal River.

Black protest had swelled against the laws that placed increasingly severe restrictions on black freedom, and so had white repression: Albert Luthuli, soon to win the Nobel Peace Prize, was confined to his home district for five years; African women marching in protest were charged by nightstick-wielding police; in the Transkei and Natal, uprisings had left dozens dead and injured.

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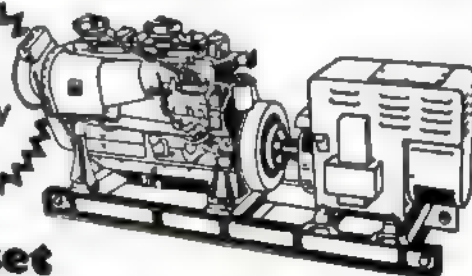
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At Sharpeville the blacks decided to try peaceful protest. They would turn in the pass books that identified them by race and offer themselves for arrest, holding it to be an insult to carry such identification in their own country; 15,000 converged on the police station. Without a warning shot to turn them back, police opened fire. Sixty-seven men, women and children were killed, and more than 180 were wounded.

"It was inevitable," Detleef said when he heard the news. "We do what is right for the country and they refuse to co-operate."

The same year, a maniac, mentally distressed by the anxieties thrown upon him by recent changes in national life, fired a revolver point-blank into Prime Minister Hendrick Verwoerd's head. Miraculously, Verwoerd survived, and in October engineered a plebiscite that authorized the government to break all relations with the English crown and declare itself a republic.

Five years later, Verwoerd was stabbed to death by a half-white, half-black assassin who approached him in the guise of a uniformed page boy.

"What we must do, Maria," Detleef told his wife, "is pass stricter laws. And then enforce them better."

A Living Death

THE COMPLEX fabric of old cus-

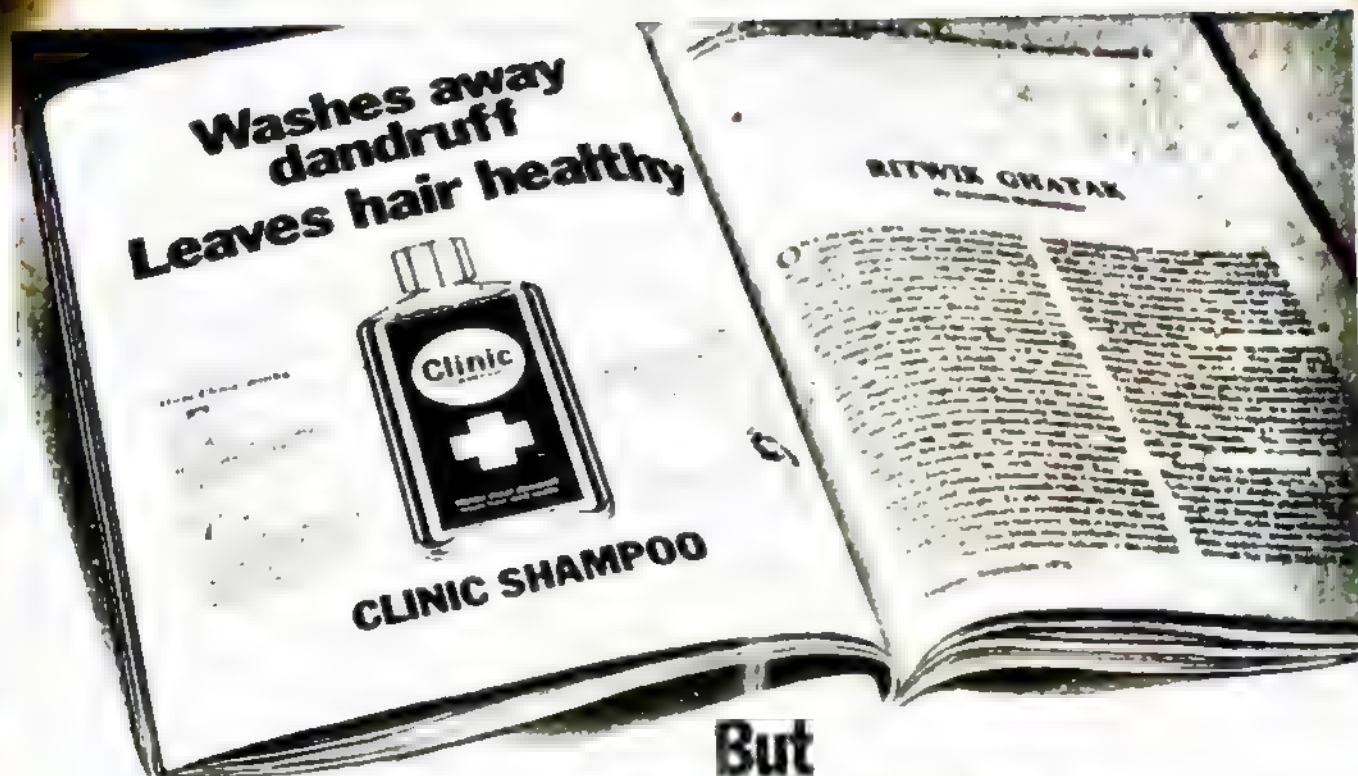
tom and new law woven by Detleef van Doorn and his peers came to be known as apartheid. The word meant apartness, but was pronounced apart-hate, an offensive connotation that its authors did not contemplate. Look at several typical examples of how apartheid operated in the daily lives of ordinary people.

At Venloo there developed a girls' school with a reputation for producing excellent Afrikaans-speaking graduates who did well at university. The principal, Roelf Sterk, was especially proud of two girls, Petra Albertyn, aged nine, and Minna van Valck, aged ten.

It was arithmetic that started the trouble. Little Petra had an uncanny skill and in this subject received the highest marks, well ahead of her friend Minna. This did not disturb Minna, for she told her mother, "I don't like numbers anyway and I'm not very good at them."

Mrs van Valck was not satisfied and demanded to see who this superior child was. Dr Sterk consented. Later, testifying before the Race Classification Board, he would recall: "When Mrs van Valck first saw Petra Albertyn her jaw dropped and she froze. I noticed it at the time but could think of no reason for this strange behaviour."

Mrs van Valck said nothing, just stared at Petra, then hastened from the school, going straight to



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see her husband. "Leopold," she said, "there's a Coloured girl in Minna's school."

The van Valcks stayed awake most of that night, debating what course to pursue. For a Coloured child to pass as white was immoral, illegal and dangerous to their daughter.

They decided that they must place the problem in the lap of Sterk, a man of proven competence and a stout defender of Afrikanerdom.

To make such a charge in South Africa was not the same as saying in Hungary, "I think Lazlo's a Romanian." Or saying in the west of England, "If you look into it, you'll find that Masterson is really Irish." In normal countries such charges were matters of social judgment; in South Africa they determined life and sometimes death.

The school was reluctant to act, suggesting that the Albertyns voluntarily remove Petra from the school to avoid trouble. The Albertyns refused.

Informed of this, the van Valcks lodged formal charges, preparing two affidavits detailing the grounds for their complaint, and posted them to the director of census in Pretoria.

When the Race Classification Board met in one of Venloo's two court-rooms it spent the first days taking testimony from any interested parties. The intention was

to learn whether the Albertyns' friends and others regarded them as white persons. Testimony was conclusive that they did.

But the vital evidence was taken on the third day when a motorcar brought the Albertyns, including two older children, but without Petra, to be questioned by the three commissioners: "Who were your grandparents?" "Have you any Coloured friends?" "Is your church exclusively for whites?"

The questioning went on for three hours and then the commissioners actually inspected the bodies of the suspects. Each commissioner had his or her special clues for detecting Coloured blood, the result of rural superstitions. Mr van Valck, coached by his wife, placed emphasis on freckles and ear lobes: "White people freckle, Coloureds don't." But when he examined the Albertyns, he found Mrs Albertyn and one son with no freckles, Mr Albertyn and the other son with a copious supply. "Now the ears." He explained to everyone in the room, "With whites there's an indentation. With Coloureds there isn't." But again the Albertyns divided two and two in alignments contrary to the preceding test.

Detleef van Doorn, the chairman, trusted only hair. He asked for a pencil. "We twist the hair over the ears tightly around this pencil," he explained to the watchers, "and if the subject is



white, the hair unravels quickly when the pencil is withdrawn. With blacks, as you know, the hair remains crinkled."

Now came the time to investigate the little girl herself. Petra was brought before the interrogators. Carefully the three commissioners studied her hands, noting the absence of freckles, the shape of the half-moons on the fingernails, the twist of the hair.

"Petra, walk to the end of the room and back." It was clear to Mr van Valck that she walked like a Coloured.

"Now, Petra, we come to the most important part." It was Mr van Valck speaking in a rather conciliatory voice, for he was

about to impose the one inspection that some people deemed foolproof. "Slip down your dress."

The little girl, shyly but with no fierce embarrassment, dropped her dress. Adjusting her petticoat, the commissioners paid special attention to the small triangle at the base of the spine. For, as Mr van Valck had assured them, "if that's dark, you can be sure she has Bantu blood." This completed, the Albertyns were dismissed.

Before the voting could begin, an investigator from the Department of the Interior broke in to hand the chairman a report, compiled at van Doorn's request, but only now completed. This

investigator and four associates from Pretoria had been scrutinizing the Albertyn past for three weeks and what they had uncovered was astonishing. The Albertyns did indeed carry Coloured blood in their veins.

In the year 1694 Petronella van Doorn, a distant relative of De-leef's, had scandalized her family by taking as her husband the son of a Malay and Hottentot. There had been such marriages in those early days when frontier licence had not yet given way to settled respectability.

Subsequent generations of van Doorns had succeeded in burying the scandal (Detleef's branch had no direct bloodline with this off-

shoot). A descendant of Petronella had married into the Albertyn family, her skin as light as theirs. Thus the stained genesis was erased – but not quite. Through all the generations since 1694, jealous defenders of racial purity had maintained a record of Petronella's descendants. The Albertyns had been found out.

The results were quick and brutal. As Coloureds the Albertyns were absolutely forbidden to continue living where they had for the past 40 years; they must move into some township reserved for their race. But no such area existed in Venloo, so they uprooted their entire family and moved to Cape Town, where the vast majority of

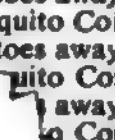


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Coloureds lived.

The only accommodation they could find was in a collection of three-storey hovels originally designed as a transit camp for the military. It was now one of the shames of South Africa, with multiple families crammed into each flimsy-walled flat.

Petra was in school again, at a bigger institution staffed by a group of dedicated Coloured men and women. When her father attended a parent-teacher meeting, the chairman of the school committee sought him out: "Albertyn, our teachers tell me that your Petra is a near-genius. You must give thought to her future."

"What can a Coloured do in this country?"

"You mustn't limit your horizon to this country. My daughter has gone to Canada. She tells me the universities there have many bursaries open to a child like Petra. Australia, too, or even London."

Such thoughts were beyond Albertyn's means or ken, but he realized he must learn to grapple with them, for as the chairman said, "To leave a girl like Petra in this country is to commit her to death."

Temporary Sojourner

OLD BLOKE NGQIKA delivered letters at the Cheston Building in Johannesburg. He was 54, but looked older. In his early years he had worked at heavy labour in

industry, where he had acquired numerous skills that could have been utilized in any of several advanced positions, but since he was a black he was prohibited from taking them.

After an accident in a tool-making foundry that left him with a shuffle, he was extremely lucky to land the job delivering official papers by hand. It paid little, and the hours it took to commute to work and back home were intolerable; but he dared not leave because it was possible for a black to qualify for a legal pass to remain in Johannesburg and permission to occupy a house in Soweto only if he had worked for one employer for ten years. If he left or was sacked, he lost the endorsement in his pass book, lost his house and his right to remain in Johannesburg. He was like a medieval serf, bound perpetually not to the land but to a specific job. This meant that his employer could pay him scant wages, and he was powerless to protest.

One day Old Bloke stepped off a pavement on Commissioner Street into the path of a truck and was killed. He did not have to die. The first ambulance on the scene was "Whites Only" and could not help. Old Bloke lay on the pavement for nearly half an hour before the proper ambulance arrived, and on arrival at the non-white casualty ward of the hospital he was certified dead.

On the third day after the funeral, his wife, Miriam, was summoned to the office of the superintendent of the sub-division in Soweto where the Ngqika home was located. He informed her that, since she was no longer married to a working-man with a legal right to remain in Soweto, she had become what the law called "a superfluous appendage" and as such had lost all right to remain in Johannesburg.

"You can stay here to collect your things. Then you must leave for Soetgrond."

"I've never been there. I don't even know where it is."

"But you're a Xhosa. Your papers say that."

"I was born in Bloemfontein. I've never been in Xhosa country."

"The law says that you are now a temporary sojourner . . ."

She was not being evicted because Old Bloke had been careless with his money. He had even gone to the superintendent to ask if he could not buy their little home, but the law/book was explicit: "No non-white may own land in Soweto." And since Johannesburg non-whites were forbidden to live anywhere but in Soweto, home ownership was impossible.

Some nights later a group of black ladies met in Miriam Ngqika's kitchen to console her

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and to bid her farewell. There was an awesomeness about the gathering, for these women knew that if their husbands died, they too could be exiled to some distant spot for blacks which they had never seen and with which they had no affiliation whatever except by dictate of the new laws.

A few days later the superintendent appeared with a government truck. Miriam's possessions were thrown in and taken to the Johannesburg railway station. It was a tedious trip south; in the rude third-class compartments provided by South African Railways for their black customers, women from various towns, whose husbands had died, were heading for homelands they had never seen. There were young men, too, who had failed to establish themselves in Johannesburg.

Late on the second day the train reached a small station—Hillary Siding—in the Eastern Cape Province, and there the women destined for Soetgrond were ordered into trucks. They came at last to a village, some 200 flimsy houses recently erected on eroded land without a tree, without one square of grass or garden. There was a store, lit with kerosene lamps, and the beginning of two roads, mostly mud. Evacuees who had been moved down during the preceding year gathered to ogle the newcomers and give them such encouragement as was

possible. A government official told Mrs Ngqika, "You have Lot 234." He pointed down one of the dark and muddy roads. "You'll find a placard."

And that is *all* she found. Lot 234 was a vacant area.

"That's how they all started," the guard explained. "They got their area and did something with it."

The government had plans to move 3.8 million people. About one in six. In India that would be the equivalent of 100 million people being uprooted from good homes and moved to bad. That was the law.

Afoul of BOSS

DESPITE the deprivations imposed by apartheid, the blacks of South Africa never lost their courage. They dreamt of a resurrection when they would again be free, and it is important to differentiate between the character of this dream prior to 1975 (the year leading up to the Soweto riots) and after. The crucial change can be perceived in the contrasting lives of two men from the Vrymeer area: Daniel Nxumalo, grandson of Micah who had served the van Doorns for so many years, and Matthew Magubane, whose parents worked on a near-by farm.

Daniel Nxumalo showed such promise as a child that as soon as possible he went to the black college at Fort Hare, staffed by

dedicated blacks who glimpsed the possibility of an awakening among their people. Each had devised tricks of speech and emphasis to signal to their wiser students: "The police won't let me say what I ought to say next, but ask yourselves if Napoleon ever destroyed the national aspirations of any land he temporarily conquered." Clever students at Fort Hare learnt that what happened in the rest of the world could also happen in South Africa.

Daniel Nxumalo derived from college two generalizations that determined his life pattern: it was imperative to learn what was happening to blacks elsewhere in the world, but to do it so as never

to attract attention from the Bureau for State Security, known as BOSS. The first was easier to carry out than the second, for as he learnt more and more about Africa and Europe he moved even closer to the danger line.

It was not easy for an involved black scholar to stay clear of BOSS, and by the time Daniel Nxumalo left Fort Hare he had entered their note-books in four instances: (1) at a student gathering, as reported by a spy, he had given a rather pointed talk on Brazil's black population that contained certain parallels to South Africa; (2) at a mock United Nations convention he was assigned the role of Gromy-

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ko—he hadn't sought it, but someone had to be the Russian, so he accepted and, as a good student, studied Gromyko's life and opinions; (3) at a cricket match in Port Elizabeth he was noted by BOSS as having cheered not for the South African team but for England; (4) on several occasions he was observed singing the freedom hymn, popular with students, "with more than necessary enthusiasm."

It seemed pretty clear that Daniel Nxumalo was headed for trouble. But when he reported to Witwatersrand University, to take an advanced degree, he fell in with a white professional who summoned him to his office one day and roared at him, "You damned fool! How can you exercise any leverage if you're in jail? Your task is to learn, then teach others."

At the conclusion of his doctorate, Daniel Nxumalo, having utilized the system to maximum advantage, was an educated man with a burning determination to effect revolutionary change in his birthplace, and a firm resolve to escape entanglement with BOSS. Few men graduating that year from universities like Harvard or Oxford were undertaking a more difficult, tightrope assignment.

Meanwhile, in his early years Matthew Magubane showed little promise—a stocky, bull-necked boy who resented discipline. His

education might well have ended at 14, except that his father knew the Nxumalos and asked Daniel, already studying for his doctorate, to talk with his son.

Thus encouraged, Magubane completed his secondary education and entered the University of Zululand, a black institution, where Nxumalo was teaching. But Magubane was more at home with radical students who met around back tables at the cafeteria, and it was through association with them that he fell afoul of BOSS. Trouble started on a train excursion to Durban when Matthew led a gang of noisy students in a selection of revolutionary songs:

There's a sun in the east
Rising, rising.

There's a moon in the west
Falling, falling.

I follow the sun no matter how bright,
There goes the moon down into the night.

Oh, glorious sun!

Before the end of the second term, Magubane was picked up by BOSS operatives and transferred to a police interrogation centre in remote Hemelsdorp, where many infamous inquisitions had been conducted and where Coenraad Krause, son of Piet Krause, was determined to stamp out even the slightest signs of black insurgency.

As soon as the door closed behind Magubane, Krause said to

his assistant, a sergeant, "Bring him here." With a mighty sweep of his right arm, the sergeant struck Magubane from behind, knocking him forward, and as the black stumbled towards Krause's desk, the latter swung his right fist and smashed Matthew in the face. As the young man fell, both Krause and his assistant leapt at him, punching and kicking until he fainted.

A security investigation anywhere in South Africa was a solemn affair. Over the years some 50 men had fallen carelessly from eight-storey buildings, or hung themselves with public-works blankets and died. But in Hemelsdorp investigation was an art,

and such mistakes were avoided. When Magubane revived, he found himself facing the sergeant who held an electric cattle prod.

"Undress," he said.

When Magubane hesitated, the sergeant summoned two assistants who ripped Matthew's clothes away. As soon as he stood naked, they applied the cattle prod to his testicles, watching with satisfaction as Matthew leapt to avoid the torture.

Sun in the East

FOR THREE days Magubane was punched and kicked and tormented. He was fed and allowed to go to the toilet and drink as he re-

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quired, but the torture was incessant. On the fourth day, he heard the first serious charge against him. The officers were singing the freedom song:

There's a sun in the east
rising, rising.

"What do you mean, 'a sun in the east'?"

Each answer prompted renewed beatings.

On the seventh day he heard the second serious charge: "People say you're a black-consciousness activist."

"I am for black power, yes."
Smash to the jaw.

"You're a Bantu, a stupid Kaffir Bantu with no power at all!"

"Yes, Boer, I am an African."
Fist in the mouth.

BOSS was never so callous: plan a murder; all it sought was to scare potential troublemakers. The danger was that after nine or ten days of interrogation the black man might be beyond freedom: "Case Number 51. Verdict: death while trying to escape."

And this might have been Magubane's end except for a man outside the jail who had never met Magubane. He was Andre Malan, white, 29, and a reporter for the *Durban Gazette*. On the day of Magubane's arrest two black men had slipped into Malan's office with a premonition that Magubane was exactly the kind of young black who would prove so

intractable that Coenraad Krause would be tempted to forget what regulations said about avoiding undue pressure. "Watch what happens," the blacks warned.

So Malan began writing articles about the detention of Magubane, and he asked the police to issue reports on Magubane's well-being.

There was a law in South Africa which said that BOSS could invade the quarters of any writer at any time without a warrant. If they found any notes or materials or photographs which *might* be used to write an article which *might* be offensive to the government, that writer could be detained indefinitely without any charges being brought against him.

One morning a BOSS crew appeared at Malan's flat. He had destroyed most of his papers, but they did find one report published by the World Council of Churches in Geneva, a group opposed to apartheid. And it was this which justified their hauling Malan away to jail.

The police were free to continue their probing of Magubane's life and beliefs as they wished, except that on a farm near Vrymeer a rebellious young black named Jonathan Nxumalo—Daniel's brother—had been following the newspaper record of Magubane's detention. Now he deduced that Magubane was about to be murdered. Convening four friends, he

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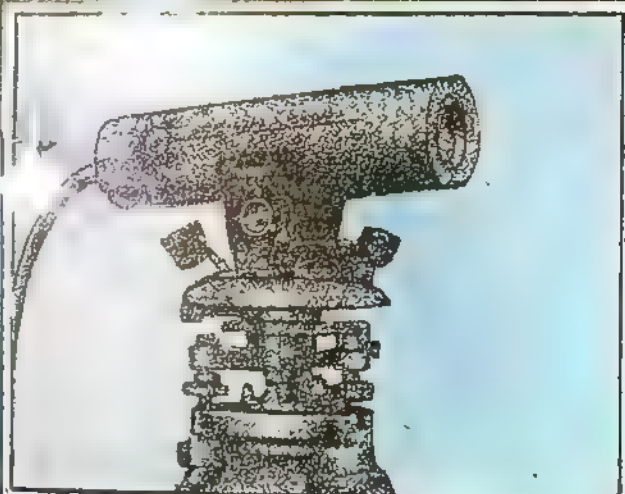
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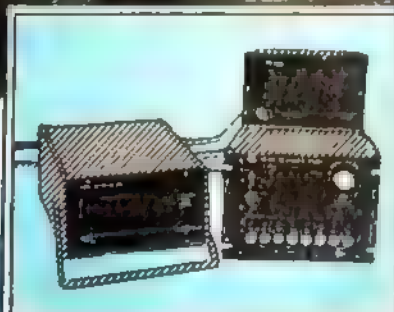
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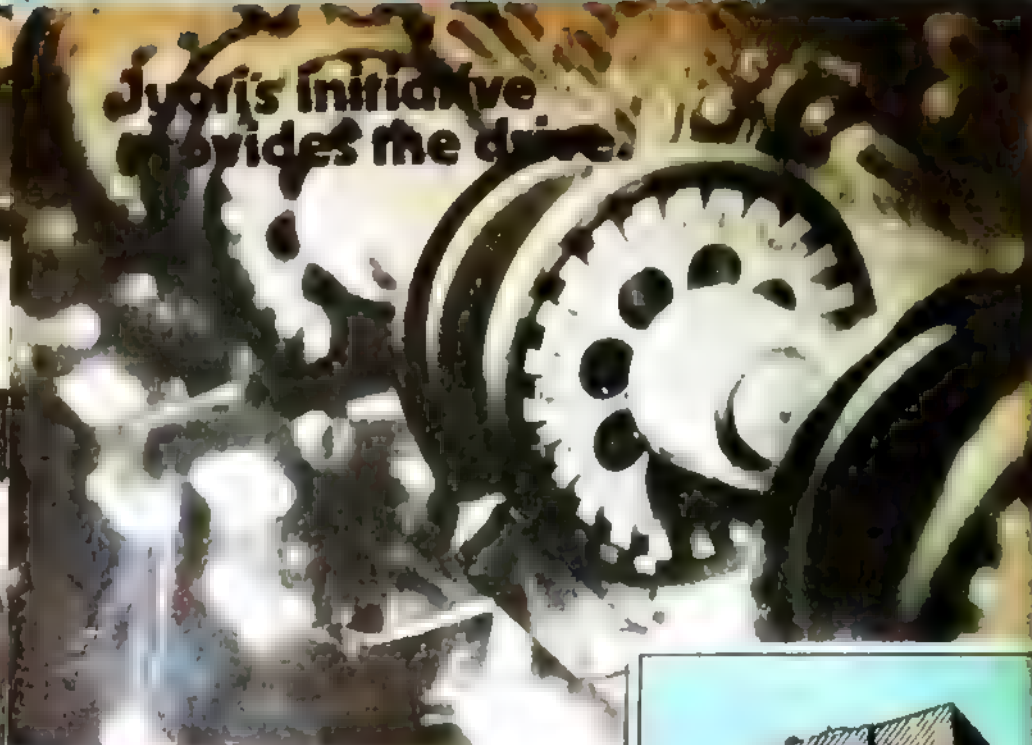
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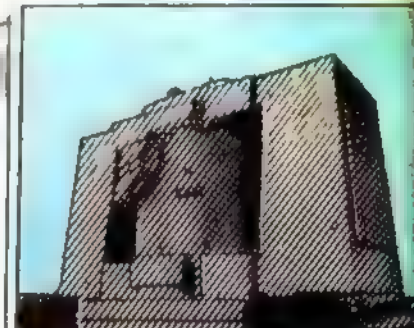
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asked, "How many say we try to rescue Magubane and then flee to Mozambique?"

Daniel was home on leave: they wanted his advice, and runners were sent to fetch him. As he stood at the entrance to the small room in which they met, he realized that to take even one step in would make him a part of a revolutionary movement, with the possibility of a lifetime in jail, or death. He joined them.

"I wish you could do it without guns," he said.

"This is the year of the gun," Jonathan said. "If we get to Mozambique, what do you think we should do?" Professor Nxumalo felt old and out of place; like many teachers he was alarmed at where his teaching led, but he was also profoundly excited by the challenge.

"When you reach Mozambique, consolidate. Make no move till you can rely upon help from all frontiers: Namibia, Zimbabwe, Botswana, Mozambique. Then move subtly, a push here, a retreat there. In a dozen years—with help from Russia, East Germany and Cuba—the monolith will crumble."

By separate routes the five young men journeyed to Hemelsdorp. They walked resolutely into police headquarters, took possession of the desk and hallways, and hurriedly searched the rooms till they found

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In Reader's Digest
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magubane.

"What's happening?" he asked
through swollen lips.

"Off to Mozambique!"

They ran from the barracks with-
out having fired a round, concealed
their guns and went into exile.

Final Testament

ONE OF the most gratifying days
in Detleef van Doorn's life occur-
red on December 16, 1966, when
he was invited to deliver the main
speech at Day of the Covenant
celebrations at the new housing
development which had risen,
under his direction, on the site
from which the black township of
Sophiatown had been bulldozed.
The area had been renamed
Triomf and was now occupied by
white families who kept their little
houses neat and their flower beds
sparkling.

In many ways, his speech was a
summation of his vision regarding
the future of the Volk, and frag-
ments would be remembered:

"Never forget, this is the land of
the Afrikaner, paid for with our
blood and held through our faith.
When the father of this nation, Jan
van Riebeeck, first set foot on this
soil in 1652 he found it empty of
any Xhosa or Zulu, who had not
yet crossed south of the Limpopo.
Now that they are here, it is our
duty to guide and discipline and
govern them.

"To protect what God gave us
in his Covenant we have fought

and won great battles, and we shall forever be ready to move back into laager* to resist any onslaught against us. This we must do because we were placed here by God to do his work.

"Sons and daughters! Be physically and spiritually prepared for the assaults our enemies will make. Protect your identity. Allow no terrorist regiments on your soil, no communist propaganda, no liberalist weakness, no Anglican bishops spreading lies. And when you fight, know that you are doing God's will, for he ordained that you should be here. This is the hour of Afrikaner triumph."

*A circle of wagons used, as in the American West, for defence.

As he moved away from the podium, he felt a pain in his chest; he swayed unsteadily, but reached his chair and sat down. There the pains assailed him again, accompanied by a heaviness in the chest which he had to recognize as serious. He was whisked to a private ward in the Johannesburg General Hospital, and his family was summoned from Vrymeer.

As older people often will, he leapt a generation and extended his shaking hand towards his granddaughter, flaxen-haired Susanna, named after his sister who had died at Chrissiesmeer. "Come closer, Sannie," he whispered, and when he kissed her hand, a gesture most inappropriate

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from him, the others realized that death must be near.

"Sannie," the dying man said, "you must always do the thing that is right for your country."

This had been the dictate of his life: the honest move, the just act; he was satisfied that since well-intentioned men, attentive to God's teachings, had made these decisions, to question them endangered the republic.

As the afternoon wore on he began to visualize the enemies who endangered his land, and reeled off a litany of persecutions ending with that infamous name: "Chrissiesmeer!" Impatiently he

reached out again for his granddaughter. When he saw her bright face he whispered, "Sannie, never forget what they did to us at Chrissiesmeer."

He rose on his arm and began shouting, "*Laager toe, broers*. Draw the wagons into a circle! Sannie, tell the drivers to draw..." He fell back, breathing his last. "Warn your sons.... Everyone must hold to his assigned place."

NEXT MONTH'S Reader's Digest will feature a second condensation from James A. Michener's major new novel *The Covenant*, bringing the saga of South Africa abreast of today's headlines.

Pathetic

VETERAN American comedian George Burns told a TV audience: "I can do anything at 80 that I could do at 18—which just goes to show you how pathetic I was at 18."

—J.D.S.



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